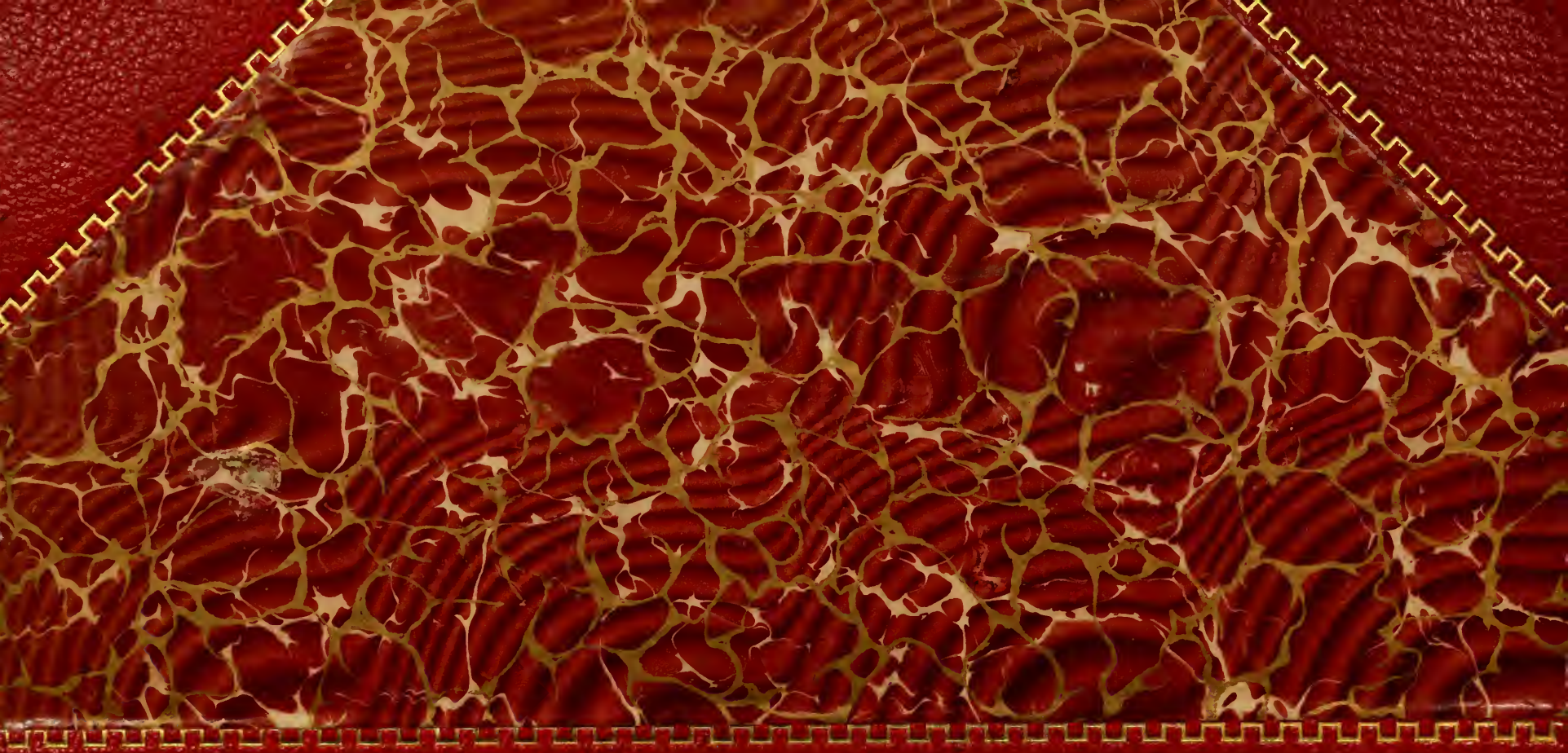

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

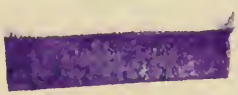
VOLUME IV.

PAGE

The Literature of Religious Criticism. Introduction by FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR.

The Vengeance of Dionysus . . . . . *Euripides (tr. Way)* . 33
Choruses from Aristophanes:
Women (Collins) 44
Song of the Clouds (Lang) 44
The Birds' Cosmology (Frere) 45
His Vindication (Frere) 47
The Mock Hercules . . . . . *Aristophanes (tr. Frere)* 50
Greek Wit and Philosophy . . . . . *Selected* . . . 61
The Campaign of Cyrus the Younger . . . *Xenophon* . . . 68
Alcibiades' Account of Socrates . . . . *Plato* 81
The Trial of Socrates . . . . . *Plato* 85
A Grecian Sunset . . . . . *Lord Byron* . . 100
The Sword of Damocles . . . . . *Cicero* 101
Damon and Pythias . . . . . *Miss Yonge* . . 103
A Dialogue from Plato . . . . . *Austin Dobson* . . 107
Plato and Bacon . . . . . *Lord Macaulay* . . 108
The Battle of Leuctra . . . . . *George Grote* . . 120
Educating a Citizen . . . . . *Plato* 127
The Ten Attic Orators 134
Antiphon: on an Accidental Homicide 136
Andocides: on Making Peace with Lacedæmon 139
Lysias: against the Younger Alcibiades 144
Isocrates: in Defense of the Same 151
Isæus: on a Disputed Will 159
Lycurgus: against Leocrates 164
Æschines: against Demosthenes, "On the Crown" 167
Demosthenes: "On the Crown" 173
Dinarchus: against Demosthenes, Harpalus Case 186
Hyperides: against Athenogenes 192
Alexander at his Best and Worst . . . *Plutarch* . . . 198
Alexander's Feast . . . . . *Dryden* . . . 213
Alexander the Great . . . . . *J. P. Mahaffy* . . 217
The Voyage of Nearchus . . . . . *Arrian* . . . 227
The Forged Will . . . . . *W. A. Becker* . . 240
The Golden Mean . . . . . *Aristotle* . . . 255
Characters of Men . . . . . *Theophrastus* . . 266
Fragments of Greek Tragic Poets:

Thespis	277	Neophron	279
Phrynichus	277	Achæus	279
Pratinas	277	Ion	280
Aristias	278	Agathon	280
Aristarchus	278	Ariston	280



	PAGE		PAGE
Chœrilus	281	Dionysius of Syracuse	284
Critias	281	Theodectes	285
Moschion	282	Chæremon	286
Astydamas Junior	283	Crates	286
Carcinus Junior	283	Sositheus	287
Diogenes Œnomaus	284	Philiscus	287

Fragments of Greek Comic Poets:

"OLD COMEDY."

Susarion	288	Ecdorus	296
Chionides	288	Sosiphanes	296
Epicharmus	288	Hermippus	296
Phrynichus	289	Eupolis	297
Magnes	290	Pherecrates	298
Teleclides	290	Plato ("Comicus")	300
Cratinus	291	Amipsias	301
Crates	293	Strattis	301
Python	294	Theopompus	302
Moschion	295	Philonides	302
Patrocles	295	Polyzelus	302
Apollonides	296	Demetrius	302

"MIDDLE COMEDY."

Antiphanes	302	Alexis	310
Anaxandrides	305	Amphis	312
Eubulus	306	Diodorus	313
Nicostratus	306	Dionysius	313
Philetærus	307	Heniochus	314
Ephippus	307	Mnesimachus	314
Anaxilas	307	Timocles	315
Aristophon	308	Xenarchus	316
Epicrates	309	Theophilus	317

"NEW COMEDY."

Menander	317	Euphron	323
Philemon	319	Phœnicides	323
Diphilus	321	Posidippus	324
Philippides	322	Strato	324
Apollodorus	322	Bato	325

Mimes		*Herondas*	326
Hymn to Zeus		*Cleanthes*	336
Invasion of Greece by the Gauls		*Pausanias*	338
Idyls (tr. by Lang and Mrs. Browning)		*Theocritus*	348
Lament for Adonis (tr. by Lang)		*Bion*	363
Cassandra's Prophecy		*Lycophron*	367
Epigrams and Epitaphs		*Callimachus*	370
The Voyage of the *Argo*		*Apollonius Rhodius*	372
Lament for Bion		*Moschus*	379
Leaders and Fortunes of the Achæan League		*Polybius*	383
Hellas and Rome		*Lord de Tabley*	398
The Millennial Greece		*P. B. Shelley*	403

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME IV.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

A SUMMER NIGHT IN OLD POMPEII 88

DEMOSTHENES 174

VENETIAN DIPLOMA OF SEMITICOLO. Illuminated Manuscript 310

ROME 398

THE LITERATURE OF RELIGIOUS CRITICISM

By Dean Farrar

Religious criticism has always been active in every age in which there has been any intellectual life at all. Religion—by which, in the broadest sense of the word, we ultimately mean the theory and the practice of duties which result from the relations between God and man—must always be a primary concern of human life. All who believe that the Creator has not remained eternally silent to the creatures of His hands, but that,

> E'en in the absolutest drench of dark,
> God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
> For those i' the dark to walk by,—

will form their conception of religion from what they regard as His direct revelations to the soul of man. Our view as to what God requires of us is of such infinite importance as to surpass all others. In many ages the Priests of every variety of religion have tried to suppress enquiry by authority. They have claimed to be the *sole* authorised repositories of divine influence—the sole authorised interpreters of God's will; the sole dispensers of His grace. Whenever their views—often emphasised by free resort to torture and the stake—have acquired a tyrannous dominance, the religion of the multitude has usually sunk into a mechanical fetish-worship, which, relying for salvation on outward observances, has admitted of the widest possible divorce between religion and morality. Whatever may be the perils of free enquiry they are infinitely less to be dreaded than those of a stagnant mummery, or of a subservient ignorance which rests content with the most glaring falsities. No

sacerdotal caste, no human being, no Pope of Rome or Llama of Thibet, has the remotest right to claim infallibility. The education of the human race constantly advances. I have just quoted the lines of Robert Browning; but we may adduce the equally emphatic testimony of the other foremost poet of our generation—Lord Tennyson. He wrote—

> Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day, and cease to be:
> They are but broken lights of thee,
> And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

and again—

> Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.
> . . . . .
> Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
> Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

The light is constantly shining on amid the darkness, and "God," says George Eliot, "shows all things in the slow history of their ripening."

Since then, the views of every progressive age *must* differ, in many particulars, from those which prevailed in the generations which preceded it, it becomes a most pertinent enquiry for us, at the close of another century, whether the incessant and unfettered activity of the human mind in all matters of enquiry has resulted in shaking any of the fundamental conceptions in the religion of those millions—amounting to nearly one-third of the entire human race—"who profess and call themselves Christians."

Obviously—considering that no century has been more intellectually restless than this, and in no century has education in Europe been more widely disseminated—it would require not one brief paper, but several volumes, to enter in detail into the whole subject; to estimate the religious effect produced by many epoch-making writings during an age in which "of making books there is no end"; and to define the changes of opinion caused by the discoveries of science during times in which—more than at any

other period of the world's history—"many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased." Such a book, written by a student of competent wisdom and learning, and given to the world before the beginning of the year 1900, might be a very precious boon. But to so full an enquiry this paper must only be regarded as an infinitesimal contribution.

I

First, as to the most fundamental of all enquiries—Has the progress of science, or the widening of all sources of enquiry, weakened our sense *of the existence of God?* We are, I think, justified in meeting the question with a most decided negative. Judging by all the data open to us, we may safely assert that Infidelity has *not* increased. It is much less prevalent than it seems to have been in the days of the French Revolution; nor have we in modern society any phenomenon which resembles the state of things in the eighteenth century, when we are told that "wits" and men of the world openly repudiated all religion, and when, as Bishop Butler tells us at the beginning of his "Analogy," the essential truths of Christianity were often scoffed at as though they were exploded absurdities not worth discussion. "It is come," he says, "I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of enquiry, but that it is, now at length, discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly, they treat it as if, in the present age, *this were an agreed point among all people of discernment;* and nothing *remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule.*" No one would say that such broad and coarse infidelity is now at all common. It is sometimes supposed that there are many infidels among our working men. I can only say that when I was the Rector of a London Parish, and was familiar with the condition of a large number of working men of various grades, I found many who were addicted to drink, and many who rarely if ever set foot inside a church, but I cannot recall even one of them who had the smallest leaning towards infidel opinions.

Infidelity is sometimes confused with Agnosticism, but they

are wide as the poles asunder. "Agnosticism" is a word of recent birth. It has as yet hardly found its way into our dictionaries. It does not occur either in Latham's edition of Johnson's Dictionary, or in Littré's French Dictionary.[1] It was, I believe, first suggested by the late Professor Huxley in a meeting of the Metaphysical Society in 1869. But as one who had the privilege of knowing Professor Huxley for many years, and of frequently meeting him, I can say that, so far from being an infidel, he was a man of a reverent and even of a religious mind. Never in his life did he, or Darwin, or Tyndall, dream of denying the existence of God. Their scientific enquiries had no doubt deepened in their minds the sense of the uncertainties of all human belief; the conviction that the limits of truth are vaster and more vague than is allowed for in many systems; the feeling that if the curtain which hangs between us and the unseen world be but "thin as a spider's web," it is yet "dense as midnight." But a *reverent and limited* Agnosticism is by no means an unmitigated evil. Even the ancient Jewish Rabbis, whom none can accuse of a spirit of incredulity, had the apothegm "*Learn to say, I do not know.*" A sense of our human limitations may serve as a counterpoise to the easy familiarity which, as it has been said, talks of God "as though He were a man in the next room," or writes scholastic folios of minute dogmatism which have about as much stability as a pyramid built upon its apex. "Agnosticism" may be no more than a strengthened conviction that "what we know is little, what we are ignorant of is immense." In the most solemn parts of Scripture we are warned of this truth. In Exodus we are told that "the people stood afar off," and only Moses "drew near into the thick darkness, where God was." "Canst thou by searching find out God?" asks Zophar in the Book of Job.

> Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?
> It is as high as Heaven, what canst thou do?
> Deeper than Sheol: what canst thou know?

"Verily thou art a God that hidest Thyself," says Isaiah. "How

[1] It is fully handled in Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary. An Agnostic is one who holds "that God is unknown and unknowable."

unsearchable are God's judgments," says St. Paul, "and His ways past finding out!"[1] For who hath known the mind of the Lord, and who hath been his counsellor? But the greatest and best Agnostic men of science of modern days, even while with the Psalmist they would say of God that "clouds and darkness are round about Him," would nevertheless have been the first to add that "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne." And this gradually became the mental attitude even of J. S. Mill, in spite of the effects of his early training. If he held that we are built around by an impenetrable wall of darkness, and that "*omnia exeunt in mysterium*," his later writings show that he also believed that man has a lamp in his hand, and may walk safely in the little circle of its light. It may, I think, be truly said that many great Agnostics *inclined* to believe and *did* believe, even when they were unable to say that they *knew*. They would have sympathised with the condemned criminal, who, though he had been denying the existence of God, was heard to fling himself on his knees, a moment afterwards, in an agony of prayer; and they would have been inclined to utter, though without its tone of despair, the wild cry which he uttered on the scaffold, "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" If, with the late Sir James Stephen, they might have compared life to "a mountain pass, in the midst of whirling snow and blinding mist, through which we get glimpses now and then of paths which may be deceptive," they would have added with him—in answer to the question "What must we do?"—"Be strong and of a good courage. Act for the best; hope for the best; and take what comes."

Next to the fundamental conviction that there is a God of Love and Righteousness, who cares for the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hands, religious enquiry in our century has mainly turned on three subjects—the nature of Inspiration as regards the Holy Scriptures; the character of future Retribution; and the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

[1] See Rom. xi. 33; Job xi. 7-9; Ps. xxxvi. 6; Col. ii. 2, 3, etc.

II

As to the belief in man's *immortality and the doctrine of a future life*, little need here be said. All that study and criticism have done for us in this direction has resulted in pure gain. The all-but-universal belief in a future life is instinctive in human nature, and has never been shaken. It is a conviction which transcends disproof, and does not depend on logical demonstration. The heart of man cries aloud to God with perfect confidence.

> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
> Thou madest man, he knows not why;
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And Thou hast made him:—Thou art just!

As to the belief in the *nature* and *conditions* of our future life, modern thought has inclined more and more to the view that they can only be described in symbols which cannot be crudely interpreted—that Heaven does not mean a golden city in the far-off blue, but the state of a soul cleansed from the stain of sin, and enjoying the Grace and Presence of God; and that Hell is not a crude and glaring everlasting bonfire, where those who are the creatures of God's hand writhe in the interminable anguish of torturing flames, but the misery of alienation from all that is pure and holy, which must continue until that alienation has been removed, and God has become all in all.

III

As regards *the Scriptures*, enough books have been written in the nineteenth century alone to stock a very large library. Has the time come in which we can form a true estimate as to their general results?

1. Unquestionably the theoretic conception of the manner in which Scripture has been given to us has undergone a wide and permanent change. The notion of what is called "Verbal Inspiration" in its narrowest sense, does not seem to have prevailed in the Early Church. The later forms of Judaism, after the days of Ezra, had indeed made a sort of fetish of the Old Testament, much

as the Mussulman makes of his Qu'ran. The Scribes had counted the number of letters which the book contained; they could tell you the middle letter of the whole volume; they could say how many verses began with this or that letter; and that there were only three verses which began with the letter S. They observed that the word *Vau* ("and") occurs fourteen times in Gen. ix. 20-25; and that in the first and last verses of the Old Testament, such and such a letter occurred exactly the same number of times. Yet even in the midst of this stereotyped fetishism, there were occasional gleams of biblical criticism. They did not place the book of Daniel among the prophets, but in the *Kethubim*, or *Hagiographa*. It was a very long time before the book of Esther was admitted into the Canon. Great doubts were felt about Ecclesiastes; the school of Shammai pronounced against it.[1] The final and secure admission of Ezekiel as one of the sacred books was only secured by the elaborate ingenuity of Rabbi Chananiah ben Chiskiyah.[2] It "would have been suppressed because of its contradictions to the law, but the Rabbi by the help of 300 bottles of oil prolonged his lucubrations till he succeeded in reconciling all the discrepancies." And biblical criticism took the form of "explaining away" all that was felt to be obsolete or undeniable even in the regulations of the Levitic law.

By means of the ingenious shufflings known as "*Erubhin*" or "mixtures," the school of Hillel managed to get rid of limitations as soon as they were found to be disagreeable. In the New Testament we find absolutely nothing to sanction the utterly false, meaningless, and fanatical dogma, that (as Dean Burgon expressed it) "every book, every chapter, every verse, every word—what say I?—*every letter*" of the Holy Book came direct from God! The Apostles had never been encouraged in any such doctrines by their Lord. On the contrary, He freely criticised fundamental positions of the Mosaic law. He told the Jews that Moses had given them divorce because of the hardness of their hearts, but that in the beginning it was not so; and He not only treated as a matter of

[1] *Shabbath*, f. 30. 2; *Mishnah Yadaim*, iii. 5. [2] *Shabbath*, f. 13. 2.

indifference, but completely abrogated, so far-reaching a regulation as that of "clean" and "unclean" meats—that law of *Kashar* and *Tamê* which continues valid among Jews to this day. For when He taught that it is only that which cometh from *within* which defileth a man, "this He said, making all meats clean."[1] Many of the early Christians indeed gave up, in great measure, all respect for the authority of Mosaic dispensation. So early and widely popular a book as the Epistle of Barnabas, went so far as to say that circumcision of the flesh had been enacted, not by God, but by an evil Demiurge.[2] In course of time something of the former Judaic notion of mechanical inspiration was reintroduced. Yet St. Augustine said even of the Evangelists that they wrote "*ut quisque meminerat vel ut cuique cordi erat*"—which is a notion widely different from that of "verbal dictation." St. Jerome was imbued with the spirit of a critic; and when his contemporaries raged against him as a "*corruptor sanctarum scripturarum*," he called them "two-footed asses" (*aselli bipedes*)! There was of course no "biblical criticism" amid the sacerdotal despotism, and during the "deep slumber of decided opinions" which prevailed in the Middle Ages. But with the revival of learning came the New Testament of Erasmus, and—heedless of the outrageous clamour excited by fearless truthfulness, he rightly omitted the spurious text about the "three heavenly witnesses" in St. John's Epistles. Luther was an even audacious critic. He attached supreme authority to his own subjective views; and unable to see the importance and glory of the Epistle of St. James, he called it "A right-down strawy Epistle, which contained no evangelic truth." Like many in the Reformed Churches, he also slighted the Book of Revelation as an insoluble enigma, and scarcely regarded it as a true part of canonical Scripture. Even in the Roman Church, R. Simon, in his *Critical History of the Old Testament*, pointed out the remarkable difference between the Jehovistic and Elohistic documents in Genesis. That difference had been noticed as far back as the thirteenth century by the Jew Kalonymus, who wrote these remarkable words: "From the beginning of Genesis up to the passage of the Sabbatic rest (ii. 1-3)

[1] *Mark* vii. 19. [2] *Ep. Barn.* c. 9.

only *Elohim* occurs, and not once *Jehovah.* From ii. 4, 5, we find *Jehovah-Elohim;* from v.-vi. 9, only *Jehovah.* This strange use of the names of God cannot be accidental, but gives, according to my opinion, some hidden hints which are too wonderful for me to understand." R. Simon's *Histoire Critique* was suppressed in France by the influence of Bossuet, but his hint was followed up by the physician Astruc (d. 1766), who first developed in his anonymous "Conjectures" the theory of four separate documents (A.B.C.D. and A.B.) which had been already mentioned by Simon, Le Clerc, and Fleury. In spite of the frantic screams of ignorant opposition, the labour and genius of open-minded scholars, such as Mill, Bentley, Bengel, Wetstein, and in this century of Griesbach, Lachmann, Tregelles, and Tischendorf, slowly but inevitably paved the way for the broader, yet deeply reverent views of the nature of inspiration which have been established by the greatest biblical writers of the present day, such as Westcott, Hort, Lightfoot, Driver, and Cheyne; and by hosts of German scholars, of whom it may now be said that there is not one of the smallest fame or distinction who does not believe (as did Bishop Colenso), that in the gift of inspiration there are human elements commingling with the divine.

The labours of several generations of eminent and holy scholars, who have loved Truth more than Tradition, have broken down the ignorant bigotry of mechanical and untenable hypotheses, and have shown that the facts which result from the criticism and history of each book and part of the Old Testament must be carefully considered apart from a supposed orthodoxy, which is often no better than stereotyped unprogressiveness and opinionated infallibility. *God's Orthodoxy,* it has been well said, "is the truth." Hence it is now regarded as a matter of established fact, among all serious and competent scholars, that the Pentateuch is composed of composite documents. Professor Cheyne, in a paper read before the Church Congress in 1883, did not hesitate to make the confident assertion that, if either exegesis or the church's representation of religious truth is to make any decided progress, the results of the literary analysis of the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua into

several documents must be accepted as facts; and that the Book of Deuteronomy was not known as a whole till the age of Josiah; and that some of those Levitic ordinances which are not so much as alluded to in the entire Old Testament, may not have been established till after the days of the prophet Ezekiel. There is a general acceptance among scholars of the opinion that the Books of Isaiah and Zechariah, respectively, were the works of at least *two* writers, one of whom (in each instance) wrote at a considerably later date than the other. It is a view which is becoming daily more widely accepted, that there are "Haggadistic" elements in the Books of Jonah and of Daniel, and that both books are of much later dates than those of the prophets whose name they bear. These opinions have long been regarded as indisputable by leading scholars. Defence after defence has been written of the authenticity of the Book of Daniel, both before and since the elaborate volume of Dr. Pusey; but the defenders differ from each other on the most important questions, and now even the most conservative theologians are beginning to see that the old positions are entirely untenable. Professor Stanton of Cambridge, a cautious student, yet says, in his *Hulsean Lectures* on the Jewish Messiah, that the Book of Daniel is assigned to the Maccabean era even by many orthodox critics; and that "the chief difficulty which the earlier date must have, consists in the fact that the communication of such detailed information about events in a comparatively distant future would not be according to the laws of Divine Revelation which we trace in other cases."

I have used the word "Haggadistic"; and a right appreciation of the meaning of the word is of the utmost importance.

There were among the Jews two schools of ancient commentary —the one called the *Halacha*, which consisted of minute exposition of, and inferences from, the written and oral law; the other called *Haggada*, which dealt more with moral and religious teaching, and gave play to the imagination. The latter method of instruction had practically existed in all ages, and there is nothing whatever derogatory to the sacred majesty of the Bible in the beliefs that divine truths should have been sometimes conveyed in the form of

allegory or Parable. Our Lord's parables convey the divinest lessons which God has ever communicated to man; yet they are confessedly "*Parables*"—*i.e.* they are truths conveyed by imaginary stories. The notion that some of the biblical narratives are of this Haggadistic character goes back even to the days of the Fathers. For instance, St. Gregory of Nyssa, the brother of St. Basil of Cæsarea, and a writer of learning and genius, goes so far as to apply the terms Ἰουδαϊκὴ φλυαρία, "Jewish babble" to a merely *literal* acceptance of the story of Babel; and even as far back as 1782, we find Bishop Horsley (Sermon XVI.) saying of the earliest narratives of Genesis, that they are not necessarily meant to be literally taken. "Divines of the most unimpeachable orthodoxy, says Coleridge, "and most averse to the allegorising of scripture history in general, have held without blame the allegoric explanation. And indeed no unprejudiced man can pretend to doubt that if, in any other book of Eastern origin, he met with trees of life and knowledge, or talking snakes, he would want no other proofs that it was an allegory that he was reading, and intended to be understood as such." Imaginations which are not yet wholly paralysed by the arrogant infallibility of self-satisfied nescience, will soon get to see that the grandeur and value of the uniquely noble lessons conveyed by the Book of Jonah are not in the slightest degree impaired by the supposition that they are conveyed under the form of imaginary incidents. That the book was written, in whole or in part, after the Exile is the view of Kleinert, Ewald, Bleek, Nöldeke, Schrader, Reuss, Orelli, Hitzig, Köhler, and many others. Gesenius, De Wette, Knobel, Orelli, Cheyne, Kuenen, Dean Plumptre, and most modern critics admit the legendary element. Dr. Otto Zöckler says that the book is "didactic, not historic," and it is now generally held that the idea of the sea-monster is derived from the metaphoric language in such passages as Isa. xxvii. 1; Jer. ii. 34.[1]

Human language is and must be an imperfect medium for the conveyance of truth. "Language," it has been said, "is but an

[1] For further information I may refer to my little book on *The Minor Prophets* ("Men of the Bible," Nisbet).

asymptote to thought." Ages ago the wisest Rabbis said and taught that "the law speaks in the tongue of the sons of men."

There is nothing which, in the light of history and criticism we have learnt respecting the Bible which is not involved in the principle that in inspired utterances there is still a human element. At any rate, knowledge is knowledge. The light which comes from heaven—the light which is derived from earnest and truthful study—cannot lead us astray. The grandeur of that which is uttered to us by the voice of God has not been in the smallest degree impaired by any of the certain conclusions which study has revealed. We feel none the less the thrill and splendour of Isaiah's magnificent utterances, if we are convinced that there are two Isaiahs, of whom the second may have lived a century later than the first; nor do we lose the large lessons of toleration, of pity, of the impossibility of flying from God, of God's abounding tenderness, of the shaming into fatuity of man's little hatreds, if advancing knowledge compels us to recognise that the book of Jonah is, as a whole, a Jewish Haggadah.

2. Let us turn to the New Testament. It may now be regarded as indisputable that the Epistle to the Hebrews was not written by St. Paul. No critic worth the name would any longer maintain that it is. It may also be regarded as certain that if St. Peter had any hand at all in the Second Epistle which goes by his name, yet other hands have been at work upon it. There are still unsettled problems about the Apocalypse. But on the whole the assaults of criticism on the stronghold of the New Testament have been defeated all along the line. There are arguments of overwhelming strength to prove that the thirteen Epistles which are attributed to St. Paul are the genuine expressions of his teeming intellect. The authenticity and credibility of the three Synoptists have been fiercely attacked, but have never been shaken. Book after book has been written to prove that the Fourth Gospel was not the work of the Apostle St. John; but those books have not brought conviction to the most learned and open-minded critics. If any one will read the introduction to this Gospel by Bishop Westcott in the *Speaker's Commentary*, he will see how

marvellously strong, how varied, how minute, and in many particulars how unexpected, is the mass of cogent evidence to convince us that in the Gospel we are reading the very words of the "Disciple whom Jesus loved";—and, in any case, we can say with Herder, "That little book is a still, deep sea in which the heavens, with the sun and stars, are mirrored; and if there are eternal truths—and such there are—for the human race, they are to be found in the Gospel of St. John."

It is no longer disputable that the last sixteen verses of St. Mark are a later and dubious appendix to that Gospel; that the narrative of the woman taken in adultery, in John viii. 1-11, —though bearing evidence of its own truth—was no part of the original Gospel: that the text about the three heavenly witnesses (1 John v. 7, 8) is spurious; that the verse about the angel troubling the water of the Pool of Bethesda (John v. 4) should have no place in the genuine text of the Fourth Gospel; that the Eunuch's confession is an interpolation into the text of Acts viii. 37; and that the word "fasting" has been introduced by ascetic scribes into Matt. xvii. 21, Mark ix. 29, 1 Cor. vii. 5, Acts x. 30. But although criticism has, in hundreds of instances, amended the text and elucidated the meaning of almost every page of the New Testament, it has done nothing to shake, but rather much to enhance, our conviction that throughout its treatises the witness of God standeth sure. And, as a general result, we may affirm that the Jewish race possessed an insight respecting the nature of God and His relations to men, which was a special gift to them, for the dissemination of which they were set apart; and that by this inspired mission they have rendered higher and deeper services to mankind than it gained from the æsthetic susceptibilities of Greece, or the strong imperialism of Rome. When we read their sacred books, we are listening to the Prophets of a prophetic race. Nor are these the mere assertions of believers; they have been stated quite as strongly by advanced sceptics. If Cardinal Newman said of the Bible that "its light is like the body of heaven in its clearness, its vastness like the bosom of the sea, its variety like scenes of nature," Renan said with no less strength of con-

viction, "C'est après tout le grand livre consolateur de l'Humanité." Heinrich Heine, after a day spent in the unwonted task of reading it, exclaimed with a burst of enthusiasm, "What a book! vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven! Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity are all in this book! Its eclipse would be the return of chaos; its extinction the epitaph of history." And to quote but one more testimony, Professor Huxley, one of the most candid-minded of men, in a speech, delivered, if I remember rightly, before the London School Board, said, "I have been seriously perplexed to know how the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, can be kept up without the use of the Bible. For three centuries this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history. It forbids the veriest hind who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilisations, and of a great past stretching back to the farthest limits of the oldest nations of the world. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanised, and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills like themselves but a momentary interspace between the two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all time according to its efforts to do good and hate evil, even as they are also earning the payment for their work?"

Let all humble and earnest believers rest assured that biblical criticism, so far as it is reverent, earnest, and well founded, may remove many errors, but cannot rob them of one precious and eternal truth. As Bishop Butler so wisely said a century ago, "the only question concerning the authority of Scripture is whether it be what it claims to be, not whether it be a book of such sort and so promulged as weak men are apt to fancy."[1] He also quotes with approval the remark which Origen deduced from analogical reasoning, that "He who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the Author of Nature may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it as are found in the

[1] *Analogy*, ii. 3.

constitution of Nature." And he adds, "He who denies the Scripture to have been from God, upon account of these difficulties, may for the very same reason deny the world to have been formed by Him."[1]

IV

We now approach the central subject of our religion—our belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. With the belief in Him, the belief in Christianity must stand or fall. It is but a few months since we committed to the grave, amid a nation's tears, the foremost statesman of our century—Mr. W. E. Gladstone. He was a man of splendid intellectual power, as well as of the loftiest eloquence; and it is one sign of the unshaken dominance of the faith in Christ that he—familiar as he was with the literature of almost every nation—could yet say from his heart, "All I write, and all I think, and all I hope, is based upon the Divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor wayward race." It is not long since we lost in Robert Browning one of the deepest and greatest of our poets; and Mr. Browning wrote that—

> The acknowledgment of God in Christ,
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All problems in the world, and out of it.

Now the Divinity of Christ has been the subject of vehement attack in all ages. The Jews from the first represented Him as a *mezîth* or "deceiver"; and besides the angry and disdainful allusions to Him in Talmudic writings, which spoke of Him as a *Mamzer*, and as "that man," Jewish hatred in the Middle Ages concentrated itself into an amazing mixture of nonsense and blasphemy in the *Toldoth Jeshu*. Among Gentiles, Celsus, the Epicurean Philosopher, wrote his famous "True Discourse," to destroy all His claims for ever; and he was effectually answered by Origen. In the thirteenth century appeared the book now only known by its name, "*De tribus impostoribus*," which was attributed to the Emperor Frederick II., and ranked Christ with Moses and Mahomet. All these attacks have fallen absolutely

[1] *Id. Introd.*

flat and dead, and have ceased to have a particle of significance. But in the eighteenth century in England—through the writings of Hobbes, Bolingbroke, and Hume; in France, by those of Voltaire, Von Holbach and the Encyclopædists; in Germany as the gradual outcome of systems of philosophy which culminated in Hegel, and of which the sceptical elements were brought to a head by the Wolfenbüttel Fragments and the *Leben Jesu* of Strauss,—the belief of thousands was for a time impaired, if not finally destroyed. Out of a mass of sceptical literature two books may be selected as representing the culmination of disbelief in the Divinity of Christ, and as having been specially influential in the spread of that disbelief—the *Leben Jesu* of Strauss, and the *Vie de Jésus* of Ernest Renan. To these I will not add the anonymous work on *Supernatural Religion*, for it was full of the grossest inaccuracies, and it ceased to have any influence when its many instances of sciolism were exposed by the learning and power of Bishop Lightfoot.

Strauss was a pupil of Hegel, and the main position of his once famous, but already half forgotten, *Life of Jesus*, was that it was not history but "a myth": in other words, that it was nothing but a series of symbols dressed up in an historic form,—convictions thrown into the form of poetry and legend. He went much farther than Hegel, or De Wette, or Schleiermacher, and instead of urging that Jesus had created round him an atmosphere of imagination and excitement, tried to show "that Christ had not founded the Church, but that the Church had invented Christ, and formed him out of the predictions of the Old Testament, and the hopes and expectations of the days founded on them."[1] He admitted little or nothing which was truly historical in the Gospel miracles. The attempt to establish this opinion broke down under its own baselessness. It was seen in its naked absurdity when Bruno Bauer attributed Christianity to the direct invention of an individual, and Feuerbach treated *all* human religion as self-deception. Herder truly said that "If the fishermen of Galilee invented such a history, God be praised that they

[1] See Hagenbach's *German Rationalism*, p. 371.

invented it"; and further, we may say that if they *did* invent it, the inventors would be as great as the hero. Strauss himself tore to shreds the old attempts of Dr. Paulus to represent the miracles as mere natural events; but how impossible it was to support anything like a religion on views such as his, he himself showed in his subsequent *Glaubenslehre* (1840), in which he expressed his belief that no reconciliation was possible between science and Christianity. Strauss's whole method is vitiated by his two pre-assumptions—(1) that all miracles are impossible; and (2) that the Gospels have no pretence to historical authority. The readers of the Gospels have felt that "It is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth"; and ordinary reasoners realise at once that the trivial and fantastic hypotheses of a rationalising scepticism are shattered on the two vast facts of Christianity and Christendom. And, like all who have attacked the Divinity of our Lord, even Strauss seems almost compelled to fall down on his knees before Him. He says that "Jesus stands foremost among those who have given a higher ideal to Humanity;" that "It is impossible to refrain from admiring and loving Him; and that never at any time will it be possible to rise above Him, nor to imagine any one who shall be even equal with Him."

Renan's *Vie de Jésus* appeared in 1865. In many respects, if its scepticism be subtracted from it, it was a beautiful book. The author was a learned and brilliant man of genius, and was the master of an eminently fascinating style, through which breathes a charming personality. Yet how utterly inefficient were the deplorable methods by which he tried to set at naught the faith of Christians! Let two instances suffice. For nearly nineteen centuries the religion, the history, and the moral progress of mankind have been profoundly affected by the Resurrection. And yet Renan thinks it sufficient to account for the Resurrection by saying, "Divine power of love! sacred moments in which the passion of an *hallucinée* gives to the world a resuscitated God!" Such a mode of treating the convictions of centuries of Christians, who have numbered in their ranks some of the keenest and most brilliant thinkers in the race of man, can only be regarded as

utterly frivolous. For the sake of a subjective prejudice it sets aside all the records of the New Testament, and the nineteen centuries of splendid progress which have had their origin in the faith which those records founded. So far was "la passion d'une hallucinée," from having founded the belief in the Resurrection that the Apostles, who had found it impossible to realise the prophecies of Resurrection which they had heard from the lips of their Lord, were most reluctant, and most slow of heart to believe the most positive evidence. So far from being prepared beforehand to accept or to invent a Resurrection, "they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a Spirit," when Christ Himself stood before them. When Mary of Magdala and the other women told them that they had seen Jesus, so far from being credulous enough to be carried away by hallucinations, they regarded their words as "idle talk" (λῆρος "babble," a word of entire contempt)—and they disbelieved them: nay, they even rejected the witness of the two disciples to whom He had appeared on the way to Emmaus, and Thomas was dissatisfied with the affirmation of the whole Apostolic band. So far from "regarding it as the height of absurdity to suppose that Jesus could be held by death," their despairing conviction that the bridegroom had indeed been taken from them, was so all but insuperable that it required the most decisive personal eye-witness to overcome it. Again, consider the way in which Renan treats the Resurrection of Lazarus! Although Eleazar was one of the commonest of Jewish names, he assumes that the story of the resuscitation of Lazarus rose from some confusion about the Lazarus of the Parable who was carried into Abraham's bosom; and in some very confused sentences he more than hints that the story of his death and resurrection was the result of a conspiration between Jesus, Mary, and Martha, and that Jesus in some way or other gave way to the suggestion of the sisters, because, in the impure city of Jerusalem he had lost "something of his original transparent clearness,"[1] "Peut-être l'ardent désir de fermer la bouche à ceux qui niaient outrageusement la mission divine le leur ami, entraîna-t-elle ces personnes passionnées

[1] *Vie de Jésus*, 372.

au delà de toutes les bornes. Il faut se rappeler que, dans cette ville impure et pesante de Jérusalem, *Jésus n'était pas lui-même.* Sa conscience, par la faute des hommes, et non par la sienne, *avait perdu quelque chose de la limpidité primordiale.*" Strange that a man of even ordinary intelligence could expect any one to get rid of a miracle by the hypothesis that the Lord of truth,—He whose life and teaching have created in the world the conviction that "it is better to die than lie,"—lent Himself to a coarse and vulgar make-believe! Christianity surely has nothing to fear from such reconstructions of the Gospel History as these!

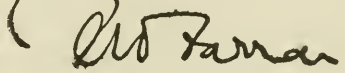
Most of the books written to disprove the Divinity of the Saviour suggest some *brand-new hypothesis;* one after another they have their brief vogue, are trumpeted by unbelievers as a refutation of Christianity, and then pass into oblivion, if not into contempt. They have not shaken the belief reigning in millions of hearts in every region of the habitable globe; and the Christian world, without the smallest misgiving, will still exclaim, in the words of the inscription on the obelisk reared by the Pope Sixtus in front of St. Peter's at Rome, on soil once wet with the blood of martyrs:—

"CHRISTUS VINCIT, CHRISTUS REGNAT, CHRISTUS IMPERAT, CHRISTUS AB OMNI MALO PLEBEM SUAM DEFENDAT."

The Christian world continues, and will for long ages hence continue, to offer up the prayer—

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made!



THE VENGEANCE OF DIONYSUS.

By EURIPIDES.

(From the "Bacchæ": translated by Arthur S. Way.)

[EURIPIDES: The last of the three Greek tragic poets; born on the island of Salamis in B.C. 480, according to popular tradition, on the day of the famous naval battle. He received instruction in physics from Anaxagoras, in rhetoric from Prodicus, and was on terms of intimate friendship with Socrates. He early devoted his attention to dramatic composition, and at the age of twenty-five obtained a prize for his first tragedy. After a successful career at Athens, he retired for unknown reasons to Magnesia in Thessaly, and thence proceeded to the court of Archelaus, king of Macedonia, where he died in B.C. 405. Of over seventy-five tragedies there have come down to us only eighteen, the best known being "Alcestis," "Medea," "Hippolytus," "Hecuba," "Andromache," "Iphigenia at Aulis," "Iphigenia among the Tauri," "Electra," "Orestes," "Bacchæ."]

[ARGUMENT. — Semelê the daughter of Kadmus, a mortal bride of Zeus, was persuaded by Hera to pray the God to promise her with an oath to grant her whatsoever she would. And when he had consented, she asked that he would appear to her in all the splendor of his godhead, even as he visited Hera. Then Zeus, not of his will, but constrained by his oath, appeared to her amidst intolerable light and flashings of heaven's lightning, whereby her mortal body was consumed. But the God snatched her unborn babe from the flames, and hid him in a cleft of his thigh, till the days were accomplished wherein he should be born. And so the child Dionysus sprang from the thigh of Zeus, and was hidden from the jealous malice of Hera till he was grown. Then did he set forth in victorious march through all the earth, bestowing upon men the gift of the vine, and planting his worship everywhere. But the sisters of Semelê scoffed at the story of the heavenly bridegroom, and mocked at the worship of Dionysus. And when Kadmus was now old, Pentheus his grandson reigned in his stead, and he too defied the Wine giver, saying that he was no god, and that none in Thebes should ever worship him. And herein is told how Dionysus came in human guise to Thebes, and filled her women with the Bacchanal possession, and how Pentheus, essaying to withstand him, was punished by strange and awful doom. — WAY.]

Pentheus —

We must not overcome by force
The women. I will hide me midst the pines.

Dionysus —

Such hiding shall be thine as fate ordains,
Who com'st with guile, a spy on Bacchanals.

Pentheus —
Methinks I see them mid the copses caught,
Like birds, in toils of their sweet dalliance.
Dionysus —
To this end then art thou appointed watchman:
Perchance shalt catch them — if they catch not thee.
Pentheus —
On through the midst of Thebes' town usher me,
For I, I only of them, dare such deed.
Dionysus —
Alone for Thebes thou travailest, thou alone;
Wherefore for thee wait tug and strain foredoomed.
Follow: all safely will I usher thee.
Another thence shall bring thee, —
Pentheus — Ay, my mother.
Dionysus —
To all men manifest —
Pentheus — For this I come.
Dionysus —
High borne shalt thou return —
Pentheus — O silken ease!
Dionysus —
On a mother's hands.
Pentheus — Thou wouldst thrust pomp on me!
Dionysus —
Nay, 'tis but such pomp —
Pentheus — As is my desert.
Dionysus —
Strange, strange man! Strange shall thine experience be.
So shalt thou win renown that soars to heaven.
[*Exit* PENTHEUS.
Agavê, stretch forth hands; ye sisters, stretch,
Daughters of Kadmus! To a mighty strife
I bring this prince. The victor I shall be
And Bromius. All else shall the issue show.
[*Exit* DIONYSUS.
Chorus —
Up, ye swift hell hounds of Madness! Away to the mountain glens where
Kadmus's daughters hold revel, and sting them to fury, to tear
Him who hath come woman-vestured to spy on the Bacchanals there,

Frenzy-struck fool that he is! — for his mother shall foremost descry
Him, as from waterworn scaur or from storm-riven tree he would spy
That which they do, and her shout to the Mænads shall peal from on high: —

"Who hath come hither, hath trodden the paths to the mountain that lead,
Spying on Kadmus's daughters, the maids o'er the mountains that speed,
Bacchanal sisters? — what mother hath brought to the birth such a seed?

Who was it? — who? — for I ween he was born not of womankind's blood:
Rather he sprang from the womb of a lioness, scourge of the wood;
Haply is spawn of the Gorgons of Libya, the demon brood."

Justice, draw nigh us, draw nigh, with the sword of avenging appear:
Slay the unrighteous, the seed of Echion the earth born, and shear
Clean through his throat, for he feareth not God, neither law doth he fear.

Lo, how in impious mood, and with lawless intent, and with spite
Madness distraught, with thy rites and thy mother's he cometh to fight,
Bacchus — to bear the invincible down by his impotent might!

Thus shall one gain him a sorrowless life, if he keepeth his soul
Sober in spirit, and swift in obedience to heaven's control,
Murmuring not, neither pressing beyond his mortality's goal.

No such presumptuous wisdom I covet: I seek for mine own —
Yea, in the quest is mine happiness — things that not so may be known,
Glorious wisdom and great, from the days everlasting forth shown,

Even to fashion in pureness my life and in holiness aye,
Following ends that are noble from dawn to the death of the day,
Honoring Gods, and refusing to walk in injustice's way.

Justice, draw nigh us, draw nigh, with the sword of avenging appear:
Slay the unrighteous, the seed of Echion the earthborn, and shear
Clean through his throat; for he feareth not God, neither law doth he fear.

O Dionysus, reveal thee! — appear as a bull to behold,
Or be thou seen as a dragon, a monster of heads manifold,
Or as a lion with splendors of flame round the limbs of him rolled.

Come to us, Bacchus, and smiling in mockery compass him round
Now with the toils of destruction, and so shall the hunter be bound,
Trapped mid the throng of the Mænads, the quarry his questing hath found.

Enter MESSENGER.

Messenger —

O house of old through Hellas prosperous
Of that Sidonian patriarch, who sowed
The earthborn serpent's dragon teeth in earth,
How I bemoan thee! What though thrall I be,
Their lords' calamities touch loyal thralls.

Chorus —

What now? — hast tidings of the Bacchanals?

Messenger —

Pentheus is dead: Echion's son is dead.

Chorus —

Bromius, my King! thou hast made thy godhead plain!

Messenger —

How, what is this thou say'st? Dost thou exult,
Woman, upon my lord's calamities?

Chorus —

An alien I, I chant glad outland strain,
Who cower no more in terror of the chain.

Messenger —

Deemest thou Thebes so void of men [that ills
Have left her powerless all to punish thee?]

Chorus —

Dionysus it is, 'tis the King of the Vine
That hath lordship o'er me, no Thebes of thine!

Messenger —

This might be pardoned, save that base it is,
Women, to joy o'er evils past recall.

Chorus —

Tell to me, tell, — by what doom died he,
The villain devising villainy?

Messenger —

When, from the homesteads of this Theban land
Departing, we had crossed Asopus' streams,
Then we began to breast Kithairon's steep,
Pentheus and I, — for to my lord I clave, —
And he who ushered us unto the scene.
First in a grassy dell we sat us down
With footfall hushed and tongues refrained from speech
That so we might behold, all unbeheld.

There was a glen crag-walled, with rills o'erstreamed,
Closed in with pine shade, where the Mænad girls
Sat with hands busied with their blithesome toils.
The faded thyrsus some with ivy sprays
Twined, till its tendril tresses waved again.
Others, like colts from carven wain yokes loosed,
Reëchoed each to each the Bacchic chant.
But hapless Pentheus, seeing ill the throng
Of women, spake thus: "Stranger, where we stand,
Are these mock-mænad maids beyond my ken.
Some knoll or pine high-crested let me climb,
And I shall see the Mænads' lewdness well."
A marvel then I saw the stranger do.
A soaring pine branch by the top he caught,
And dragged down — down — still down to the dark earth.
Arched as a bow it grew, or curving wheel
That on the lathe sweeps out its circle's round:
So bowed the stranger's hands that mountain branch,
And bent to earth — a deed past mortal might!
Then Pentheus on the pine boughs seated he,
And let the branch rise, sliding through his hands
Gently, with heedful care to unseat him not.
High up into the heights of air it soared,
Bearing my master throned upon its crest,
More by the Mænads seen than seeing them.
For scarce high-lifted was he manifest,
When lo, the stranger might no more be seen;
And fell from heaven a voice — the voice, most like,
Of Dionysus, — crying: "O ye maids,
I bring him who would mock at you and me,
And at my rites. Take vengeance on him ye!"
Even as he cried, up heavenward, down to earth,
He flashed a pillar splendor of awful flame.
Hushed was the welkin: that fair grassy glen
Held hushed its leaves; no wild thing's cry was heard.
But they, whose ears not clearly caught the sound,
Sprang up, and shot keen glances right and left.
Again he cried his hest: then Kadmus' daughters
Knew certainly the Bacchic God's command,
And darted: and the swiftness of their feet
Was as of doves in onward-straining race —
His mother Agavê and her sisters twain,
And all the Bacchanals. Through torrent gorge,
O'er bowlders, leapt they, with the God's breath mad.
When seated on the pine they saw my lord,

First torrent stones with might and main they hurled,
Scaling a rock, their counter bastion,
And javelined him with branches of the pine:
And others shot their thyrsi through the air
At Pentheus — woeful mark! — yet naught availed.
For, at a height above their fury's pitch,
Trapped in despair's gin, horror-struck he sat.
Last, oak limbs from their trunks they thundered down,
And heaved at the roots with levers — not of iron.
But when they won no end of toil and strain,
Agavê cried, "Ho, stand we round the trunk,
Mænads, and grasp, that we may catch the beast
Crouched there, that he may not proclaim abroad
Our God's mysterious rites!" Their countless hands
Set they unto the pine, tore from the soil: —
And he, high-seated, crashed down from his height:
And earthward fell with frenzy of shriek on shriek
Pentheus, for now he knew his doom at hand.
His mother first, priestlike, began the slaughter,
And fell on him: but from his hair the coif
He tore, that she might know and slay him not, —
Hapless Agavê! — and he touched her cheek,
Crying, "'Tis I — O mother! — thine own son
Pentheus — thou bar'st me in Echion's halls!
Have mercy, O my mother! — for my sin
Murder not thou thy son — thy very son!"
But she, with foaming lips and eyes that rolled
Wildly, and reckless madness-clouded soul,
Possessed of Bacchus, gave no heed to him;
But his left arm she clutched in both her hands,
And set against the wretch's ribs her foot,
And tore his shoulder out — not by her strength,
But the God made it easy to her hands.
And Ino labored on the other side,
Rending his flesh: Autonoë pressed on — all
The Bacchanal throng. One awful blended cry
Rose — the king's screams while life was yet in him,
And triumph yells from them. One bare an arm,
One a foot sandal-shod. His ribs were stripped
In mangled shreds: with blood-bedabbled hands
Each to and fro was tossing Pentheus' flesh.
Wide-sundered lies his corse: part 'neath rough rocks,
Part mid the tangled depths of forest shades: —
Hard were the search. His miserable head
Which in her hands his mother chanced to seize,

Impaled upon her thyrsus point she bears,
Like mountain lion's, through Kithairon's mid
Leaving her sisters in their Mænad dance;
And, in her ghastly quarry exulting, comes
Within these walls, to Bacchus crying aloud,
Her fellow-hunter, helper in the chase
Triumphant — all its triumph-prize is tears! . .

Enter AGAVÊ, *carrying the head of* PENTHEUS.

Agavê —
Asian Bacchanals!
Chorus — Why dost thou challenge me? — say.
Agavê —
Lo, from the mountain side I bear
A newly severed ivy spray
Unto our halls, a goodly prey.
Chorus —
I see — to our revels I welcome thee.
Agavê —
I trapped him, I, with never a snare!
'Tis a lion — the whelp of a lion, plain to see.
Chorus —
Where in the wilderness, where?
Agavê —
Kithairon —
Chorus — What hath Kithairon wrought?
Agavê —
Him hath Kithairon to slaughter brought.
Chorus —
Who was it smote him first?
Agavê — Mine, mine is the guerdon.
Their revel rout singeth me — "Happy Agavê!" their burden.
Chorus —
Who then?
Agavê —
Of Kadmus —
Chorus —
Of Kadmus what wilt thou tell?
Agavê —
His daughter after me smote the monster fell —
After me! O fortunate hunting! Is it not well?
Now share in the banquet! —
Chorus — Alas! wherein shall I share?

Agavê —
This whelp is yet but a tender thing,
And over its jaws yet sprouteth fair
The down 'neath the crest of its waving hair.
Chorus —
Yea, the hair of a beast of the wold might it be.
Agavê —
Uproused was the Mænad gathering
To the chase, by a cunning hunter full cunningly.
Chorus —
Yea, a hunter is Bacchus our King.
Agavê —
Dost thou praise me?
Chorus — How can I choose but praise?
Agavê —
Ay, and full soon shall Kadmus' race —
Chorus —
And Pentheus thy son —
Agavê —
Yea, I shall have praise of my scion
For the prey that is taken, even this whelp of a lion.
Chorus —
Strange quarry! —
Agavê — And strangely taken. . . .
Where is mine ancient sire? Let him draw near.
And my son Pentheus where? Let him upraise
A ladder's stair against the palace wall,
That to the triglyphs he may nail this head,
This lion's head that I from hunting bring.

Enter KADMUS, *with* ATTENDANTS *carrying a bier.*

Kadmus —
Follow me, henchmen, to the palace front;
Follow me, bearing Pentheus' ghastly load,
Whose limbs by toilsome searchings manifold,
About Kithairon's glens all rent apart
I found, and bring — no twain in one place found,
But lying all about the trackless wood. . . .
Agavê —
My father, proudest boast is thine to make,
To have begotten daughters best by far
Of mortals — all thy daughters, chiefly me,
Me who left loom and shuttle, and pressed on
To high emprise, to hunt beasts with mine hands.
And in mine arms I bring, thou seest, this

The prize I took, against thy palace wall
To hang: receive it, father, in thine hands.
And now, triumphant in mine hunting's spoil,
Bid to a feast thy friends; for blest art thou,
Blest verily, since we have achieved such deeds.

Kadmus—

O anguish measureless that blasts the sight!
O murder compassed by those wretched hands!
Fair victim this to cast before the Gods,
And bid to such a banquet Thebes and me!
Woe for our sorrows!—first for thine, then mine!
How hath the God, King Bromius, ruined us!—
Just stroke—yet ruthless—is he not our kin?

Agavê—

How sour of mood is graybeard eld in men,
How sullen-eyed! Framed in his mother's mold
A mighty hunter may my son become,
When with the Theban youths he speedeth forth
Questing the quarry!—But he can do naught
Save war with Gods! Father, our part it is
To warn him not to joy in baneful wisdom.
Where is he? Who will call him hitherward
To see me, and behold mine happiness?

Kadmus—

Alas! when ye are ware what ye have done,
With sore grief shall ye grieve! If to life's end
Ye should abide on aye in this your state,
Ye should not, though unblest, seem all accurst.

Agavê—

What is not well here?—what that calls for grief?

Kadmus—

First cast thou up thine eye to yonder heaven.

Agavê—

Lo, so I do. Why bid me look thereon?

Kadmus—

Seems it the same? Or hath it changed to thee?

Agavê—

Brighter it is—more clear than heretofore.

Kadmus—

Is this delirium tossing yet thy soul?

Agavê—

This comprehend I not: yet—yet—it passes,
My late mood—I am coming to myself.

Kadmus—

Canst hearken aught then? Clearly canst reply?

Agavê —
Our words late-spoken — father, I forget them.
Kadmus —
To what house camest thou with bridal hymns?
Agavê —
Echion's — of the Dragon seed, men say.
Kadmus —
Thou barest — in thine halls, to thy lord — whom?
Agavê —
Pentheus — born of my union with his sire.
Kadmus —
Whose head — *whose?* — art thou bearing in thine arms?
Agavê —
A lion's — so said they which hunted it.
Kadmus —
Look well thereon: small trouble this, to look.
Agavê —
Ah-h! *what* do I see? What bear I in mine hands?
Kadmus —
Gaze, gaze on it, and be thou certified.
Agavê —
I see — mine uttermost anguish! Woe is me!
Kadmus —
Seems it to thee now like a lion's head?
Agavê —
No! — wretched! — wretched! — Pentheus' head I hold!
Kadmus —
Of me bewailed ere recognized of thee.
Agavê —
Who murdered him? How came he to mine hands?
Kadmus —
O piteous truth that so untimely dawns!
Agavê —
Speak! Hard my heart beats, waiting for its doom.
Kadmus —
Thou! — thou, and those thy sisters murdered him.
Agavê —
Where perished he? — at home, or in what place?
Kadmus —
There, where Aktaion erst by hounds was torn.
Agavê —
How to Kithairon went this hapless one?
Kadmus —
To mock the God and thy wild rites he went.

Agavê —
But we — for what cause thither journeyed we?
Kadmus —
Ye were distraught: all Thebes went Bacchant-wild.
Agavê —
Dionysus ruined us! I see it now.
Kadmus —
Ye flouted him, would not believe him God.
Agavê —
Where, father, is my son's belovèd corse?
Kadmus —
Here do I bear it, by hard searching found.
Agavê —
Is it all meetly fitted limb to limb?
Kadmus —
[Yea — now I add thereto this dear-loved head.]
Agavê —
But — in my folly what was Pentheus' part?
Kadmus —
He was as ye, revering not the God,
Who therefore in one mischief whelmed you all,
You, and this prince, so ruining all our house
And me, who had no man child of mine own,
Who see now, wretched daughter, this the fruit
Of thy womb horribly and foully slain.
To thee our house looked up, O son, the stay
Of mine old halls; my daughter's offspring thou,
Thou wast the city's dread: was none dared mock
The old man, none that turned his eyes on thee,
O gallant head! — thou hadst well requited him.
Now from mine halls shall I in shame be cast —
Kadmus the great, who sowed the seed of Thebes,
And reaped the goodliest harvest of the world.
O best beloved! — for, though thou be no more,
Thou shalt be counted best beloved, O child,
Thou who shalt fondle never more my head,
Nor clasp and call me "Mother's father," child,
Crying, "Who wrongs thee, ancient? — flouts thee who?
Who vexeth thee to trouble thine heart's peace?
Speak, that I may chastise the wrong, my sire."
Now am I anguish-stricken, wretched thou,
Woeful thy mother, and her sisters wretched!
If any man there be that scorns the Gods,
This man's death let him note, and so believe.

CHORUSES FROM ARISTOPHANES.

Women.

(From the "Thesmophoriazusæ": translated by W. Lucas Collins.)

They're always abusing the women,
As a terrible plague to men;
They say we're the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again;
Of war and quarrel and bloodshed,
All mischief, be what it may:
And pray then why do you marry us,
If we're all the plagues you say?
And why do you take such care of us,
And keep us safe at home,
And are never easy a moment
If ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking heaven
That your Plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting —
Where *is* my Plague to-day?
If a Plague peeps out of the window,
Up go the eyes of the men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring
Until she looks out again.

Song of the Clouds.

(From "The Clouds": translated by Andrew Lang.)

Immortal Clouds from the echoing shore
Of the father of streams from the sounding sea,
Dewy and fleet, let us rise and soar;
Dewy and gleaming and fleet are we!
Let us look on the tree-clad mountain crest,
On the sacred earth where the fruits rejoice,
On the waters that murmur east and west,
On the tumbling sea with his moaning voice,
For unwearied glitters the Eye of the Air,
And the bright rays gleam;
Then cast we our shadows of mist, and fare
In our deathless shapes to glance everywhere
From the height of the heaven, on the land and air,
And the Ocean Stream.

Let us on, ye Maidens that bring the Rain,
Let us gaze on Pallas' citadel,
In the country of Cecrops fair and dear,
The mystic land of the holy cell,
Where the Rites unspoken securely dwell,
And the gift of the gods that know not stain,
And a people of mortals that know not fear.
For the temples tall and the statues fair,
And the feasts of the gods are holiest there;
The feasts of Immortals, the chaplets of flowers,
And the Bromian mirth at the coming of spring,
And the musical voices that fill the hours,
And the dancing feet of the maids that sing!

The Birds' Cosmology.

(From "The Birds": translated by John Hookham Frere.)

Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the Sovereign Birds
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air),
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labor, and care.
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky. . . . We propose by and by
(If you'll listen and hear) to make it all clear.
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,
When his doubts are explained and expounded at once.

Before the creation of Ether and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight,
Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,
Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm:
At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,

By Night the primeval in secrecy laid —
A mystical egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatched, till time came about,
And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
Sparkling and florid, with stars in his forehead,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnished
To range his dominions on glittering pinions,
All golden and azure, and blooming and burnished.
He soon, in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses
Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatched
To being and life, begotten and hatched
The primitive Birds: but the Deities all,
The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth
More tamely combined, of a temperate kind;
When chaotical mixture approached to a fixture.
Our antiquity proved; it remains to be shown
That Love is our author and master alone,
Like him we can ramble, and gambol and fly
O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky;
And all the world over, we're friends to the lover,
And when other means fail, we are found to prevail,
When a Peacock or Pheasant is sent as a present.
All lessons of primary daily concern
You have learned from the Birds, and continue to learn,
Your best benefactors and early instructors;
We give you the warning of seasons returning.
When the Cranes are arranged, and muster afloat
In the middle air, with a creaking note,
Steering away to the Libyan sands,
Then careful farmers sow their lands;
The crazy vessel is hauled ashore,
The sail, the ropes, the rudder, and oar
Are all unshipped, and housed in store.
The shepherd is warned, by the Kite reappearing,
To muster his flock, and be ready for shearing,
You quit your old cloak at the Swallow's behest,
In assurance of summer, and purchase a vest.
For Delphi, for Ammon, Dodona, in fine
For every oracular temple and shrine,
The Birds are a substitute equal and fair,
For on us you depend, and to us you repair

For counsel and aid when a marriage is made,
A purchase, a bargain, a venture in trade:
Unlucky or lucky, whatever has struck ye,
An ox or an ass that may happen to pass,
A voice in the street, or a slave that you meet,
A name or a word by chance overheard,
If you deem it an omen, you call it a Bird;
And if birds are your omens, it clearly will follow,
That birds are a proper prophetic Apollo.

Then take us as gods, and you'll soon find the odds,
We'll serve for all uses, as prophets and muses;
We'll give ye fine weather, we'll live here together;
We'll not keep away, scornful and proud, atop of a cloud
(In Jupiter's way); but attend every day
To prosper and bless all you possess,
And all your affairs, for yourselves and your heirs.
And as long as you live, we shall give
You wealth and health, and pleasure and treasure,
In ample measure;
And never bilk you of pigeon's milk
Or potable gold; you shall live to grow old,
In laughter and mirth, on the face of the earth,
Laughing, quaffing, carousing, boozing,
Your only distress shall be the excess
Of ease and abundance and happiness.

His Vindication.

(From "The Acharnians": same translation.)

Our poet has never as yet
Esteemed it proper or fit
To detain you with a long,
Encomiastic song,
On his own superior wit.
But being abused and accused,
And attacked of late,
As a foe to the state,
He makes an appeal in his proper defense
To your voluble humor and temper and sense,
With the following plea:
Namely, that he
Never attempted or ever meant
To scandalize
In any wise

Your mighty imperial government.
Moreover he says,
That in various ways
He presumes to have merited honor and praise,
Exhorting you still to stick to your rights,
And no more to be fooled with rhetorical flights;
Such as of late each envoy tries
On the behalf of your allies,
That come to plead their cause before ye,
With fulsome phrase, and a foolish story
Of violet crowns, and Athenian glory;
With "sumptuous Athens" at every word;
"Sumptuous Athens" is always heard,
"Sumptuous" ever; a suitable phrase
For a dish of meat or a beast at graze.
He therefore affirms,
In confident terms,
That his active courage and earnest zeal
Have usefully served your common weal:
He has openly shown
The style and tone
Of your democracy ruling abroad.
He has placed its practices on record;
The tyrannical arts, the knavish tricks
That poison all your politics.
Therefore we shall see, this year,
The allies with tribute arriving here,
Eager and anxious all to behold
Their steady protector, the bard so bold:
The bard, they say, that has dared to speak,
To attack the strong, to defend the weak.
His fame in foreign climes is heard,
And a singular instance lately occurred.
It occurred in the case of the Persian king,
Sifting and cross-examining
The Spartan envoys. He demanded
Which of the rival states commanded
The Grecian seas? He asked them next
(Wishing to see them more perplext)
Which of the two contending powers
Was chiefly abused by this bard of ours?
For he said, "Such a bold, so profound an adviser
By dint of abuse would render them wiser,
More active and able; and briefly that they
Must finally prosper and carry the day."

Now mark the Lacedæmonian guile!
Demanding an insignificant isle!
"Ægina," they say, "for a pledge of peace,
As a means to make all jealousy cease."
Meanwhile their privy design and plan
Is solely to gain this marvelous man, —
Knowing his influence on your fate, —
By obtaining a hold on his estate
Situate in the isle aforesaid.
Therefore there needs to be no more said.
You know their intention, and know that you know it.
You'll keep to your island, and stick to the poet.
And he for his part
Will practice his art
With a patriot heart,
With the honest views
That he now pursues,
And fair buffoonery and abuse;
Not rashly bespattering, or basely beflattering,
Not pimping, or puffing, or acting the ruffian;
Not sneaking or fawning;
But openly scorning
All menace and warning,
All bribes and suborning:
He will do his endeavor on your behalf;
He will teach you to think, he will teach you to laugh.
So Cleon again and again may try;
I value him not, nor fear him, I!
His rage and rhetoric I defy.
His impudence, his politics,
His dirty designs, his rascally tricks
No stain of abuse on me shall fix.
Justice and right, in his despite,
Shall aid and attend me, and do me right:
With these to friend, I ne'er will bend,
Nor descend
To an humble tone
(Like his own),
As a sneaking loon,
A knavish, slavish, poor poltroon.

THE MOCK HERCULES.

By ARISTOPHANES.

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 3, p. 385.]

(From "The Frogs": translated by John Hookham Frere.)

BACCHUS *and his slave* XANTHIAS *go to Hades to bring back* EURIPIDES, *whose death has taken away Athens' last great tragic artist.* BACCHUS, *having called on* HERCULES *for directions, is eager to emulate him. Scene: the gate of* PLUTO'S *palace.*

Bacchus [*going up to the door with considerable hesitation*] —
Well, how must I knock at the door now? Can't ye tell me?
How do the native inhabitants knock at doors?

Xanthias —
Pah! don't stand fooling there; but smite it smartly, with the very spirit and air of Hercules.

Bacchus —
Holloh!

Æacus [*from within, with the voice of a royal and infernal porter*] —
Who's there?

Bacchus [*with a forced voice*] — 'Tis I, the valiant Hercules!

Æacus [*coming out*] —
Thou brutal, abominable, detestable,
Vile, villainous, infamous, nefarious scoundrel!
— How durst thou, villain as thou wert, to seize
Our watch-dog, Cerberus, whom I kept and tended,
Hurrying him off, half strangled in your grasp?
— But now, be sure we have you safe and fast,
Miscreant and villain! — Thee, the Stygian cliffs,
With stern adamantine durance, and the rocks
Of inaccessible Acheron, red with gore,
Environ and beleaguer; and the watch,
And swift pursuit of the hideous hounds of hell;
And the horrible Hydra, with her hundred heads,
Whose furious ravening fangs shall rend and tear thee;
Wrenching thy vitals forth, with the heart and midriff;
While inexpressible Tartesian monsters
And grim Tithrasian Gorgons toss and scatter
With clattering claws, thine intertwined intestines.
To them, with instant summons, I repair,
Moving in hasty march with steps of speed.

[ÆACUS *departs with a tremendous tragical exit, and* BACCHUS *falls to the ground in a fright.*]

Xanthias —
Holloh, you! What's the matter there ——?
Bacchus —
Oh dear, I've had an accident.
Xanthias — Poh! poh! jump up!
Come! you ridiculous simpleton! don't lie there,
The people will see you.
Bacchus — Indeed, I'm sick at heart; lah! . . .
Xanthias —
Was there ever in heaven or earth such a coward?
Bacchus — Me?
A coward! Did not I show my presence of mind —
And call for a sponge and water in a moment?
Would a coward have done that?
Xanthias — What else would he do?
Bacchus —
He'd have lain there like a nasty coward;
But I jumped up at once, like a lusty wrestler,
And looked about, and wiped myself, withal.
Xanthias —
Most manfully done!
Bacchus — By Jove, and I think it was;
But tell me, weren't you frightened with that speech? —
Such horrible expressions!
Xanthias [*coolly, but with conscious and intentional coolness*] —
No, not I; I took no notice ——
Bacchus — Well, I'll tell you what,
Since you're such a valiant-spirited kind of fellow —
Do you be me — with the club and the lion skin,
Now you're in this courageous temper of mind;
And I'll go take my turn and carry the bundles.
Xanthias —
Well — give us hold — I must honor you forsooth;
Make haste [*he changes his dress*]: and now behold the
Xanthian Hercules,
And mind if I don't display more heart and spirit.
Bacchus —
Indeed and you look the character completely.

Enter PROSERPINE'S *Servant Maid* (*a kind of Dame Quickly*), *who immediately addresses* XANTHIAS.

Dear Hercules. Well, you're come at last. Come in,
For the goddess, as soon as she heard of it, set to work,
Baking peck loaves and frying stacks of pancakes,
And making messes of furmety; there's an ox

Besides, she has roasted whole, with a relishing stuffing,
If you'll only just step in this way.
Xanthias [*with dignity and reserve*] — I thank you,
I'm equally obliged.
Servant Maid — No, no, by Jupiter!
We must not let you off, indeed. There's wild fowl
And sweetmeats for the dessert, and the best of wine;
Only walk in.
Xanthias [*as before*] — I thank you. You'll excuse me.
Servant Maid — No, no, we can't excuse you, indeed we can't;
There are dancing and singing girls besides.
Xanthias [*with dissembled emotion*] — What! dancers?
Servant Maid —
Yes, that there are; the sweetest, charmingest things that ever
you saw — and there's the cook this moment
Is dishing up the dinner.
Xanthias (*with an air of lofty condescension*) — Go before, then,
And tell the girls — those singing girls you mentioned —
To prepare for my approach in person presently.
[*To* Bacchus] — You, sirrah! follow behind me with the bundles.
Bacchus —
Holloh, you! what, do you take the thing in earnest,
Because, for a joke, I drest you up like Hercules?
[Xanthias *continues to gesticulate as* Hercules.
Come, don't stand fooling, Xanthias. You'll provoke me.
There, carry the bundles, sirrah, when I bid you.
Xanthias [*relapsing at once into his natural air*] —
Why, sure? do you mean to take the things away
That you gave me yourself of your own accord this instant?
Bacchus —
I never mean a thing; I do it at once.
Let go of the lion's skin directly, I tell you.
Xanthias [*resigning his heroical insignia with a tragical air and tone*] —
To you, just Gods, I make my last appeal,
Bear witness!
Bacchus — What! the Gods? — do you think they mind you?
How could you take it in your head, I wonder —
Such a foolish fancy for a fellow like you,
A mortal and a slave, to pass for Hercules?
Xanthias — [God
There. Take them. — There — you may have them — but please
You may come to want my help some time or other.

Enter Two Women, *Sutlers or Keepers of an Eating House.*

1 *Woman* —
What, Platana! Goody Platana! there! that's he,

The fellow that robs and cheats poor victualers;
That came to our house and eat those nineteen loaves.

2 *Woman* —

Ay, sure enough that's he, the very man.

Xanthias [*tauntingly to Bacchus*] —

There's mischief in the wind for somebody!

1 *Woman* —

And a dozen and a half of cutlets and fried chops,
At a penny halfpenny a piece —

Xanthias [*significantly*] — There are pains and penalties
Impending —

1 *Woman* — And all the garlic: such a quantity
As he swallowed —

Bacchus [*delivers this speech with Herculean dignity, after his fashion, having hitherto remained silent on the same principle*] —

Woman, you're beside yourself;
You talk you know not what —

2 *Woman* — No, no! you reckoned
I should not know you again with them there buskins.

1 *Woman* —

Good lack! and there was all that fish besides.
Indeed — with the pickle, and all — and the good green cheese
That he gorged at once, with the rind, and the rush baskets;
And then, when I called for payment, he looked fierce,
And stared at me in the face, and grinned, and roared —

Xanthias —

Just like him! That's the way wherever he goes.

1 *Woman* —

And snatched his sword out, and behaved like mad.

Xanthias —

Poor souls! you suffered sadly!

1 *Woman* — Yes, indeed;
And then we both ran off with the fright and terror,
And scrambled into the loft beneath the roof;
And he took up two rugs and stole them off.

Xanthias —

Just like him again — but something must be done.
Go call me Cleon, he's my advocate.

2 *Woman* —

And Hyperbolus, if you meet him send him here.
He's mine; and we'll demolish him, I warrant.

1 *Woman* [*going close up to* Bacchus *in the true attitude of rage and defiance, with the arms akimbo, and a neck and chin thrust out*] —

How I should like to strike those ugly teeth out
With a good big stone, you ravenous greedy villain!

You gormandizing villain, that I should —
Yes, that I should; your wicked ugly fangs
That have eaten up my substance, and devoured me.

2 *Woman* —

And I could toss you into the public pit
With the malefactors' carcasses; that I could,
With pleasure and satisfaction; that I could.

1 *Woman* —

And I should like to rip that gullet out
With a reaping hook that swallowed all my tripe,
And liver and lights, — but I'll fetch Cleon here,
And he shall summon him. He shall settle him,
And have it out with him this very day.

[*Exeunt 1st and 2d Woman.*

Bacchus [*in a pretended soliloquy*] —

I love poor Xanthias dearly, that I do;
I wish I might be hanged else.

Xanthias — Yes, I know —
I know your meaning — No; no more of that,
I won't act Hercules ——

Bacchus — Now pray don't say so,
My little Xanthias.

Xanthias — How should I be Hercules?
A mortal and a slave, a fellow like me?

Bacchus —

I know you're angry, and you've a right to be angry:
And if you beat me for it I'd not complain;
But if ever I strip you again, from this time forward,
I wish I may be utterly confounded,
With my wife, my children, and my family,
And the blear-eyed Archedemus into the bargain.

Xanthias —

I agree, then, on that oath and those conditions.

ÆACUS *enters again as a vulgar executioner of the law, with suitable understrappers in attendance.*

[Æacus is exhibited in the following scene as the ideal character of a perfect and accomplished bailiff and thief-taker, and is marked by traits which prove that the genus has remained unchanged in the two thousand years between the times of Aristophanes and Fielding. The true hardness of mind is most strikingly apparent in those passages where he means to be civil and accommodating. Thus Foote has characterized his Miser by traits of miserly liberality.]

Æacus —

Arrest me there that fellow that stole the dog.
There! — Pinion him! — Quick!

Bacchus [*tauntingly to* XANTHIAS] —
There's somebody in a scrape.
Xanthias [*in a menacing attitude*] —
Keep off, and be hanged.
Æacus — Oh, hoh! do you mean to fight for it?
Here! Pardokas, and Skeblias, and the rest of ye,
Make up to the rogue, and settle him. Come, be quick.

[*A scuffle ensues, in which* XANTHIAS *succeeds in obliging* ÆACUS's *runners to keep their distance.*]

Bacchus [*mortified at* XANTHIAS's *prowess*] —
Well, is not this quite monstrous and outrageous —
To steal the dog, and then to make an assault
In justification of it.
Xanthias [*triumphantly and ironically*] — Quite outrageous!
Æacus [*gravely, and dissembling his mortification*] —
An aggravated case!
Xanthias [*with candor and gallantry*] — Well, now — by Jupiter,
May I die; but I never saw this place before —
Nor ever stole the amount of a farthing from you:
Nor a hair of your dog's tail — But you shall see now,
I'll settle all this business nobly and fairly.
— This slave of mine — you may take and torture him;
And if you make out anything against me,
You may take and put me to death for aught I care.
Æacus [*in an obliging tone, softened into deference and civility by the liberality of* XANTHIAS's *proposal*] —
But which way would you please to have him tortured?
Xanthias [*with a gentlemanly spirit of accommodation*] —
In your own way — with .... the lash — with .... knots and screws,
With .... the common usual customary tortures.
With the rack — with .... the water torture — any way —
With fire and vinegar — all sorts of ways.
[*After a very slight pause.*
There's only one thing I should warn you of:
I must not have him treated like a child,
To be whipt with fennel, or with lettuce leaves.
Æacus —
That's fair — and if so be .... he's maimed or crippled
In any respect — the valy shall be paid you.
Xanthias —
Oh no! — by no means! not to me! — by no means!
You must not mention it! — Take him to the torture.

Æacus —
It had better be here, and under your own eye.
[*To* Bacchus.
Come you — put down your bundles and make ready.
And mind — let me hear no lies!
Bacchus — I'll tell you what:
I'd advise people not to torture me;
I give you notice — I'm a deity.
So mind now — you'll have nobody to blame
But your own self ——
Æacus — Wnat's that you're saying there?
Bacchus —
Why, that I'm Bacchus, Jupiter's own son:
That fellow there's a slave. [*Pointing to* Xanthias.
Æacus [*to Xanthias*] — Do you hear?
Xanthias — I hear him —
A reason the more to give him a good beating;
If he's immortal, he need never mind it.
Bacchus —
Why should not you be beat as well as I, then,
If you're immortal, as you say you are?
Xanthias —
Agreed — and him, the first that you see flinching,
Or seeming to mind it at all, you may set him down
For an impostor and no real deity.
Æacus [*to* Xanthias, *with warmth and cordiality*] —
Ah, you're a worthy gentleman, I'll be bound for't;
You're all for the truth and the proof. Come — strip there,
both o' ye.
Xanthias —
But how can ye put us to the question fairly,
Upon equal terms?
Æacus [*in the tone of a person proposing a convenient, agreeable arrangement*] — Oh, easily enough.
Conveniently enough — a lash apiece,
Each in your turn: you can have 'em one by one.
Xanthias —
That's right [*putting himself in an attitude to receive the blows*].
Now mind if you see me flinch or swerve.
Æacus [*strikes him, but without producing any expression of pain*] —
I've struck.
Xanthias — Not you!
Æacus — Why, it seems as if I had not.
I'll smite this other fellow. [*Strikes* Bacchus.

Bacchus [*pretending not to feel*] — When will you do it?

[Æacus perseveres, and applies his discipline alternately to Bacchus and Xanthias, and extorts from them various involuntary exclamations of pain, which they immediately account for, and justify in some ridiculous way. The passage cannot be translated literally, but an idea may be given of it. Suppose Bacchus to receive a blow, he exclaims—]

Oh dear! [*and immediately subjoins*] companions of my youthful years —

Xanthias [*to* Æacus] —

Did ye hear? he made an outcry.

Æacus — What was that?

Bacchus —

A favorite passage from Archilochus.

[Xanthias *receives a blow, and exclaims*] —

O Jupiter! [*and subjoins*] that on the Idean height — [*and contends that he has been repeating the first line of a well-known hymn.*]

Æacus [*at length gives the matter up*] —

Well, after all my pains, I'm quite at a loss
To discover which is the true, real deity.
By the Holy Goddess — I'm completely puzzled;
I must take you before Proserpine and Pluto:
Being gods themselves, they're likeliest to know.

Bacchus —

Why, that's a lucky thought. I only wish
It had happened to occur before you beat us.

Scene: Xanthias *and* Æacus.

[When two persons, perfectly strangers, are thrown together in a situation which makes it advisable for them to commence an immediate intimacy, they commonly begin by discovering a marvelous coincidence of taste and judgment upon all current topics. This observation, which is not wholly superfluous here, appears to have been so far trite and hackneyed in the time of Aristophanes as to allow of its being exemplified in a piece of very brief burlesque. Xanthias and Æacus are the strangers; they discover immediately an uniformity of feeling and sentiment upon the topics most familiar to them as slaves, and conclude by a sudden pledge of friendship. It is to be observed that, in the dialogue which follows, Æacus never departs from the high ground of superiority in point of local information. All his answers have a slight tinge of irony, as if he was saying, "Yes — much you know about it!"]

Æacus —

By Jupiter! but he's a gentleman,
That master of yours.

Xanthias — A gentleman! To be sure he is:
Why, he does nothing but wench and drink.

Æacus —
His never striking you when you took his name —
Outfacing him and contradicting him! —
Xanthias —
It might have been worse for him if he had.
Æacus —
Well, that's well spoken, like a true-bred slave.
It's just the sort of language I delight in.
Xanthias —
You love excuses?
Æacus — Yes, but I prefer
Cursing my master quietly in private.
Xanthias —
Mischief you're fond of?
Æacus — Very fond, indeed.
Xanthias —
What think ye of muttering as you leave the room
After a beating?
Æacus — Why, that's pleasant, too.
Xanthias —
By Jove, is it! But listening at the door
To hear their secrets?
Æacus — Oh, there's nothing like it.
Xanthias —
And then the reporting them in the neighborhood.
Æacus —
That's beyond everything. — That's quite ecstatic.
Xanthias —
Well, give me your hand. And there, take mine — and buss me —
And there again — and now for Jupiter's sake! —
(For he's the patron of our cuffs and beatings)
Do tell me what's that noise of people quarreling
And abusing one another there within?
Æacus [*as if to say, "You're a new man — we're used to this"*] —
Æschylus and Euripides only!
Xanthias — Heh? — ? — ?
Æacus —
Why, there's a desperate business has broke out
Among these here dead people; — quite a tumult.
Xanthias —
As how?
Æacus — First, there's a custom we have established
In favor of professors of the arts.
When any one, the first in his own line,
Comes down amongst us here, he stands entitled

To privilege and precedence, with a seat
At Pluto's royal board.

Xanthias — I understand you.

Æacus —

So he maintains it, till there comes a better
Of the same sort, and then resigns it up.

Xanthias —

But why should Æschylus be disturbed at this?

Æacus —

He held the seat for tragedy, as the master
In that profession.

Xanthias — Well, and who's there now?

Æacus —

He kept it till Euripides appeared:
But he collected audiences about him,
And flourished, and exhibited, and harangued
Before the thieves, and housebreakers, and rogues,
Cut-purses, cheats, and vagabonds, and villains,
That make the mass of population here;
[*Pointing to the audience.*
And they — being quite transported and delighted
With his equivocations and evasions,
His subtleties and niceties and quibbles —
In short — they raised an uproar, and declared him
Arch-poet, by a general acclamation.
And he with this grew proud and confident,
And laid a claim to the seat where Æschylus sat.

Xanthias —

And did not he get pelted for his pains?

Æacus [*with the dry concise importance of superior local information*] —

Why, no — the mob called out, and it was carried,
To have a public trial of skill between them.

Xanthias —

You mean the mob of scoundrels that you mentioned?

Æacus —

Scoundrels indeed! Ay, scoundrels without number.

Xanthias —

But Æschylus must have had good friends and hearty?

Æacus —

Yes; but good men are scarce both here and elsewhere.

Xanthias —

Well, what has Pluto settled to be done?

Æacus —

To have an examination and a trial
In public.

Xanthias — But how comes it? — Sophocles? —
Why does not he put forth his claim amongst them?
Æacus —
No, no! — He's not the kind of man — not he!
I tell ye; the first moment that he came,
He went up to Æschylus and saluted him
And kissed his cheek and took his hand quite kindly;
And Æschylus edged a little from his seat
To give him room, so now the story goes
(At least I had it from Cleidemides);
He means to attend there as a stander-by,
Proposing to take up the conqueror;
If Æschylus gets the better, well and good,
He gives up his pretensions — but if not
He'll stand a trial, he says, against Euripides.
Xanthias —
There'll be strange doings.
Æacus — That there will — and shortly
— Here — in this place — strange things, I promise you;
A kind of thing that no man could have thought of;
Why, you'll see poetry weighed out and measured.
Xanthias —
What, will they bring their tragedies to the steelyards?
Æacus —
Yes, will they — with their rules and compasses
They'll measure, and examine, and compare,
And bring their plummets, and their lines and levels,
To take the bearings — for Euripides
Says that he'll make a survey, word by word.
Xanthias —
Æschylus takes the thing to heart, I doubt.
Æacus —
He bent his brows and pored upon the ground;
I saw him.
Xanthias — Well, but who decides the business?
Æacus —
Why, there the difficulty lies — for judges,
True learned judges, are grown scarce, and Æschylus
Objected to the Athenians absolutely.
Xanthias —
Considering them as rogues and villains mostly.
Æacus —
As being ignorant and empty generally;
And in their judgment of the stage particularly.
In fine, they've fixed upon that master of yours,
As having had some practice in the business.

GREEK WIT AND PHILOSOPHY.

(Mainly from Diogenes Laërtius.)

Maxims of Pythagoras.

Do not stir the fire with a sword [roil the powerful].

Do not sit down on a bushel [idle in daily labor].

Do not eat your heart [poison your life with envy].

Do not help men to lay down burdens, but to bear heavier ones.

Keep your bed packed up [be ready for misfortune].

Do not wear a god's image on a ring [trivialize sacred things].

Efface the traces of a pot in the ashes [keep your private affairs secret].

Do not wipe a seat with a lamp [use unsuitable or dangerous means].

Do not walk in the main street [be independent in judgment].

Do not offer your right hand lightly.

Do not cherish swallows under your roof [? for fear those trying to smoke them out may fire the thatch: a warning against one-sided alliances?]

Do not cherish birds with crooked talons [birds of prey].

Defile nothing.

Do not stand upon your nail parings or hair cuttings [sweep away all traces of cast-off foibles; make each advance in character permanent].

Avoid a sharp sword [as dangerous to the owner as to the foe].

When traveling, do not look back at your own borders ["let the dead past bury its dead"].

Aristippus.

The tyrant Dionysius asked him why philosophers infest rich men's houses, not rich men philosophers' houses. Aristippus answered, "Because philosophers know what they need and rich men don't." The same sneer being uttered at another time, he answered, "Yes, and physicians infest sick men's houses; but nobody would be the patient rather than the doctor."

He once asked Dionysius for money. Dionysius replied, "I thought philosophers had no need of money." "Give," said Aristippus, "and I will answer you." Dionysius gave him some gold pieces. "*Now*," said Aristippus, "I have no need of money."

Being censured for wasting money on costly food, he answered, "If you could buy the same things for a dime, wouldn't you do it?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," he said, "it is you that are stingy, not I that am a gourmet."

In a storm on shipboard, he showed such fright that another passenger said to him, "We common people keep our heads; it takes you philosophers to play coward." "That is because we risk losing something more than such worthless lives as yours," was the reply.

Having vainly tried to gain Dionysius' consent to a request, he at last threw himself at the tyrant's feet, and was successful. On being reproached for so meanly humiliating himself, he replied, "It is not my fault, but that of Dionysius, who carries his ears in his feet."

He said he took his friends' money, not so much to use it himself as to teach them how to use it.

His capricious obedience now to lofty theoretic principles and now to self-indulgent practical action caused Plato to say to him, "You are the only one who can wear a sound cloak and a mass of rags at once."

Bias.

He too was once overtaken by a storm on shipboard. Among his companions were some very bad characters, who began to call on the gods for help. Bias said, "Hold your tongues; don't let them know you are on board!"

An unprincipled man asked him what piety was. He made no answer; and on being asked the reason for his silence, replied, "Because you are inquiring about things you have no concern with."

Being shown a temple where votive offerings were hung, from sailors who had been saved from shipwreck after prayers to the gods for help, he asked, "But where are the offerings from those who were drowned after praying for help?"

Diogenes.

Some one asked him why people gave money to beggars and would not give it to philosophers. He replied, "Because they think they are much more likely to become beggars than philosophers themselves."

Plato had defined man as a featherless biped. Diogenes picked the feathers off a chicken and brought it to Plato's school, saying, as he showed it, "This is one of Plato's men."

Asked when people should marry, he said, "Young men, not yet; old men, never."

Asked the best hour to dine, he answered, "If you are rich, when you like; if you are poor, when you can."

It being argued that there was no such thing as motion, he got on his feet and walked off.

Urged to be initiated into the religious mysteries for his good after death, he answered, "It is ridiculous to suppose Agesilaus and Epaminondas will stay in the dirt, and any scrub who has been initiated will live in the 'Islands of the Blest.'"

At a banquet of Plato's where there were costly carpets, Diogenes stamping on them remarked, "Thus I trample on Plato's pride"; to which Plato retorted, "With equal pride."

Being captured and put up for sale as a slave, when asked what he could do, he replied, "Govern men"; and told the crier to announce that if any one wished to buy a master, here was a chance.

Being shown around the ostentatiously furnished house of a vulgar man, and asked not to spit on anything that would hurt, he spit in the owner's face; and on being asked the reason, replied, "Because I had to spit, and there was no other suitable place."

Alexander the Great came to see him, when he was sitting in the sun, and asked if there was any favor he could do him. Diogenes replied, "Only to stand out of my sunshine." Alexander asking, "Are you not afraid of me?" Diogenes replied, "Why, are you a calamity?"

A profligate put the inscription above his door, "Let nothing evil enter." Said Diogenes to the master, "Where are you going to live?"

He once went around with a lighted candle in daytime; and on being asked the reason, answered, "I am looking for an honest man."

At another time he called out, "Holloa, men"; when they came, he beat them off with a stick, saying, "I called men, not scum."

The bystanders once pitying his forlorn condition, Plato said, "If you want him to be really an object of pity, come away and don't notice him."

Perdiccas threatened to put Diogenes to death for not coming to him when ordered. Diogenes answered, "A scorpion could do as much: a real threat would be that you would be very happy if I stayed away."

He said that an ignorant rich man was like a sheep with a golden fleece (a temptation to shear him).

He praised a bad harp player on the ground that at least he took to harp playing instead of stealing.

Being taunted, "The people of Sinope condemned you to banishment," he answered, "And I condemned them to remain in Sinope." Heine copied this when, after telling of the bad ends his early *bêtes noire* had come to, he closed, "and Professor ——— is still a professor at Göttingen."

He asked for a public statue, and explained later that he was practicing how to bear disappointment.

To a man of whom he was begging, he said, "If you have ever given to any one, give to me too; if not, then begin with me."

He said Dionysius treated his friends like bags: he hung up the full ones and threw away the empty ones.

Seeing a ruined profligate making a meal of a few olives, he said to him, "If you had dined so, you would not be supping so."

He said a flatterer's speech was like a honeyed halter.

Asked what wine he liked best, he said, "Another man's."

Advised to search for his runaway slave, he said, "It is absurd if my slave can live without me and I can't without him."

A man reproaching him with previous bad conduct, he replied, "Yes, there was a time when I was like you; but there never was and never will be one when you are like me."

Censured for eating in the streets, he replied, "Why, it was there I got hungry."

When told, "People laugh at you," he replied, "And very likely the asses laugh at them: and both of us pay the same attention to it."

He said debauchees were like figs growing on a precipice: the fruit cannot be gathered by men, but only by crows and vultures.

He was the first to call himself a citizen of the world.

Hearing a handsome youth talking nonsense, he said, "Aren't you ashamed to draw a leaden sword out of an ivory scabbard?"

He begged a mina ($20) of a spendthrift, instead of the usual obol (penny). Asked his reason, he said, "I can get something from the rest another time."

Listening to two men quibbling over an alleged theft, instead of talking straightforwardly, he said they were evidently both guilty: the first was lying when he said he had lost the article, the second when he said he had not stolen it.

Seeing an unskillful archer shooting, he went and sat down by the target.

He said education was good behavior to the young, comfort to the old, riches to the poor, and decoration to the rich.

Antisthenes.

He counseled the Athenians to vote that asses were horses. On their protesting that it was absurd, he rejoined, "But you make generals the same way."

Told that Plato spoke ill of him, he said, "It is a royal privilege to do well and be slandered."

Jeered at as not the son of free citizens, he said, "And I am not the son of good wrestlers; but I can beat you at wrestling."

He said that envious people were disarmed by their own dispositions, as iron is by rust.

Asked the most needful branch of learning, he said it was to unlearn one's bad habits.

Miscellanea.

Aristotle, being told that some one had slandered him in his absence, replied, "He may beat me too — in my absence."

Asked why we linger around beautiful things, he answered, "That is a blind man's question."

Theophrastus said to a man who kept silence at a symposium, "If you don't know anything, you are acting wisely; if you do, you are acting foolishly."

Demetrius, told that the Athenians had pulled down his statues, answered. "But not my virtues, which they set them up for."

He said young men ought to show respect to their parents at home, to the public in public, to themselves when alone.

He said that men ought to visit prosperous friends when invited, distressed ones of their own accord.

Alexander the Great ordering the Greek cities to proclaim him a god, the Spartans gave out the decree, "If Alexander wishes to be a god, let him be a god."

When Phocion was applauded by the crowd, he said, "What bad action have I done now?"

Zeno taught the doctrine of foreordination. One of his servants, caught in a theft, said, "It was fated that I should steal;" Zeno replied, "Yes, and that you should be beaten for it."

He said a friend was another I.

Asked why he never corrected a certain one of his pupils, he answered, "Because there is nothing to be made of him."

Lacydes, sent for by Attalus, replied, "Statues ought to be seen at a distance."

Some one sneering at his studying geometry late in life, and asking, "Is this a time to be studying?" he replied, "If it isn't now, when will it be?" So Diogenes, when he was told, "You ought to rest in your old age," replied, "If I had run a race to reach the goal, should I stop instead of pressing on?"

Bion, blamed for failure to keep a pupil interested, said, "You can't draw up cheese with a hook till it is hard."

(Collected by Lord Bacon.)

Agesilaus was told that there was a man who could imitate the nightingale to perfection. "Why," he said, "I have heard the nightingale herself."

Themistocles, when the representative of a slender estate put on a lofty tone, said, "Friend, your words would require a whole state to back them up."

Demosthenes was taunted by Æschines that his speeches smelt of the lamp. "Yes," he answered, "there is a vast difference between what you and I do by lamplight."

Alexander the Great had great offers made him by Darius of Persia after the battle of Issus, if he would retire from Persia. One of his generals, Parmenio, said, "I would accept them if I were Alexander." Alexander replied, "So would I if I were Parmenio."

His father Philip wished him to compete in the foot race at the Olympian Games. He said he would if he could have kings for competitors.

Philip of Macedon was advised to banish a nobleman for speaking ill of him. He replied, "Better have him speak where we are both known than where we are both unknown."

During the trial of a certain prisoner Philip was drowsy with drink, and at the end sentenced the accused to death. The prisoner said, "I appeal." Philip, rousing up, asked, "To whom?" The prisoner answered, "From Philip drunk to Philip sober."

After the battle of Chæronea, he sent triumphant letters to Archidamus, king of Sparta. Archidamus wrote back that if he measured his shadow he would find it no longer than before.

He was once peremptorily disputing some technical point with a musician. The latter said, "Sire, God forbid you should have had such hard fortunes as to learn these things better than I."

He refused to hear an old woman's petition because he had no time. She replied, "Then quit being king."

When Crœsus, the Lydian king, showed Solon his vast treasures, Solon said, "If some one attacks you that has better iron than you, he will have all this gold himself." Crœsus was in fact conquered by Cyrus.

At a banquet to which the "Seven Wise Men of Greece" had been invited by a barbarian king's ambassador, he told them his master was menaced with destruction by a neighboring king, who made impossible demands under threat of war. The last order was that he should drink up the sea. One of the wise men said, "Let him agree to do it." "How?" said the ambassador. "Why," said the Greek sage, "let him tell the other king to first shut off all the rivers which run into the sea, as being no part of the bargain, and then he will fulfill his part."

THE CAMPAIGN OF CYRUS THE YOUNGER.

By XENOPHON.

(Translated by H. G. Dakyns.)

[XENOPHON, the famous Greek general and historian, was born at Athens about B.C. 450. He was a pupil and friend of Socrates, whose biography he wrote in the "Memorabilia." He joined the expedition of Cyrus the Younger as a volunteer, and on the murder of the generals after the battle of Cunaxa was made commander of the retreat, the celebrated "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." Later he served in the Spartan army and was banished by Athens; he lived some twenty years in Elis, but the time and place of his death are not known. His chief work is the "Anabasis," describing the expedition of Cyrus and the retreat. He also wrote a history of Grecian affairs, the "Hellenica"; the "Cyropædia," a pretended biography of Cyrus the Great, really an ideal dream of a boy's education and a social state; and other things.]

DARIUS and Parysatis had two sons: the elder was named Artaxerxes, and the younger Cyrus. Now, as Darius lay sick and felt that the end of life drew near, he wished both his sons to be with him. The elder, as it chanced, was already there, but Cyrus he must needs send for from the province over which he had made him satrap, having appointed him general, moreover, of all the forces that muster in the plain of the Castolus. Thus Cyrus went up, taking with him Tissaphernes as his friend, and accompanied also by a body of Hellenes, three hundred heavy armed men, under the command of Xenias the Parrhasian.

Now when Darius was dead, and Artaxerxes was established in the kingdom, Tissaphernes brought slanderous accusation against Cyrus before his brother, the king, of harboring designs against him. And Artaxerxes, listening to the words of Tissaphernes, laid hands upon Cyrus, desiring to put him to death; but his mother made intercession for him, and sent him back again in safety to his province. He then, having so escaped through peril and dishonor, fell to considering, not only how he might avoid ever again being in his brother's power, but how, if possible, he might become king in his stead. Parysatis, his mother, was his first resource; for she had more love for Cyrus than for Artaxerxes upon his throne. Moreover, Cyrus's behavior towards all who came to him from the king's

court was such that when he sent them away again, they were better friends to himself than to the king his brother. Nor did he neglect the barbarians in his own service; but trained them, at once to be capable as warriors and devoted adherents of himself. Lastly, he began collecting his Hellenic armament, but with the utmost secrecy, so that he might take the king as far as might be at unawares.

The manner in which he contrived the levying of the troops was as follows: First, he sent orders to the commandants of garrisons in the cities (so held by him), bidding them to get together as large a body of picked Peloponnesian troops as they severally were able, on the plea that Tissaphernes was plotting against their cities; and truly these cities of Ionia had originally belonged to Tissaphernes, being given to him by the king; but at this time, with the exception of Miletus, they had all revolted to Cyrus. In Miletus, Tissaphernes, having become aware of similar designs, had forestalled the conspirators by putting some to death and banishing the remainder. Cyrus, on his side, welcomed these fugitives, and, having collected an army, laid siege to Miletus by sea and land, endeavoring to reinstate the exiles; and this gave him another pretext for collecting an armament. At the same time he sent to the king, and claimed, as being the king's brother, that these cities should be given to himself rather than that Tissaphernes should continue to govern them; and in furtherance of this end, the queen, his mother, coöperated with him, so that the king not only failed to see the design against himself, but concluded that Cyrus was spending his money on armaments in order to make war on Tissaphernes. Nor did it pain him greatly to see the two at war together, and the less so because Cyrus was careful to remit the tribute due to the king from the cities which belonged to Tissaphernes.

A third army was being collected for him in the Chersonese, over against Abydos, the origin of which was as follows: There was a Lacedæmonian exile, named Clearchus, with whom Cyrus had become associated. Cyrus admired the man, and made him a present of ten thousand darics [$50,000]. Clearchus took the gold, and with the money raised an army, and using the Chersonese as his base of operations, set to work to fight the Thracians north of the Hellespont, in the interests of the Hellenes, and with such happy result that the Hellespontine cities, of their own accord, were eager to contribute funds for the

support of his troops. In this way, again, an armament was being secretly maintained for Cyrus.

Then there was the Thessalian Aristippus, Cyrus's friend, who, under pressure of the rival political party at home, had come to Cyrus and asked him for pay for two thousand mercenaries, to be continued for three months, which would enable him, he said, to gain the upper hand of his antagonists. Cyrus replied by presenting him with six months' pay for four thousand mercenaries, only stipulating that Aristippus should not come to terms with his antagonists without final consultation with himself. In this way he secured to himself the secret maintenance of a fourth armament.

Further, he bade Proxenus, a Bœotian, who was another friend, get together as many men as possible, and join him on an expedition which he meditated against the Pisidians, who were causing annoyance to his territory. Similarly two other friends, Sophænetus the Stymphalian, and Socrates the Achæan, had orders to get together as many men as possible and come to him, since he was on the point of opening a campaign, along with the Milesian exiles, against Tissaphernes. These orders were duly carried out by the two in question.

But when the right moment seemed to him to have come, at which he should begin his march into the interior, the pretext which he put forward was his desire to expel the Pisidians utterly out of the country; and he began collecting both his Asiatic and his Hellenic armaments, avowedly against that people. From Sardis in each direction his orders sped. . . .

But Tissaphernes did not fail to note these proceedings. An equipment so large pointed to something more than an invasion of Pisidia: so he argued; and with what speed he might, he set off to the king, attended by about five hundred horse. The king, on his side, had no sooner heard from Tissaphernes of Cyrus's great armament, than he began to make counter preparations. . . .

As Cyrus advanced from this point (opposite Charmande), he came upon the hoof prints and dung of horses at frequent intervals. It looked like the trail of some two thousand horses. Keeping ahead of the army, these fellows burned up the grass and everything else that was good for use. Now there was a Persian, named Orontas; he was closely related to the king by birth: and in matters pertaining to war reckoned among the

best of Persian warriors. Having formerly been at war with Cyrus, and afterwards reconciled to him, he now made a conspiracy to destroy him. He made a proposal to Cyrus: if Cyrus would furnish him with a thousand horsemen, he would deal with these troopers, who were burning down everything in front of them; he would lay an ambuscade and cut them down, or he would capture a host of them alive: in any case, he would put a stop to their aggressiveness and burnings; he would see to it that they did not ever get a chance of setting eyes on Cyrus's army and reporting its advent to the king.

The proposal seemed plausible to Cyrus, who accordingly authorized Orontas to take a detachment from each of the generals, and be gone. He, thinking that he had got his horsemen ready to his hand, wrote a letter to the king, announcing that he would erelong join him with as many troopers as he could bring; he bade him, at the same time, instruct the royal cavalry to welcome him on arrival as a friend. The letter further contained certain reminders of his former friendship and fidelity. This dispatch he delivered into the hands of one who was a trusty messenger, as he thought; but the bearer took and gave it to Cyrus. Cyrus read it. Orontas was arrested. Then Cyrus summoned to his tent seven of the noblest Persians among his personal attendants, and sent orders to the Hellenic generals to bring up a body of hoplites. These troops were to take up a position round his tent. This the generals did, bringing up about three thousand hoplites. Clearchus was also invited inside, to assist at the court martial: a compliment due to the position he held among the other generals, in the opinion not only of Cyrus, but also of the rest of the court. When he came out, he reported the circumstances of the trial (as to which, indeed, there was no mystery) to his friends.

He said that Cyrus opened the inquiry with these words: "I have invited you hither, my friends, that I may take advice with you, and carry out whatever, in the sight of God and man, it is right for me to do, as concerning the man before you, Orontas. The prisoner was, in the first instance, given to me by my father, to be my faithful subject. In the next place, acting, to use his own words, under the orders of my brother, and having hold of the acropolis of Sardis, he went to war with me. I met war with war, and forced him to think it more prudent to desist from war with me: whereupon we shook hands, exchanging

solemn pledges. After that," and at this point Cyrus turned to Orontas, and addressed him personally, — "After that, did I do you any wrong?" Answer, "Never." Again, another question, "Then later on, having received, as you admit, no injury from me, did you revolt to the Mysians and injure my territory, as far as in you lay?" — "I did," was the reply. "Then, once more having discovered the limits of your power, did you flee to the altar of Artemis, crying out that you repented? and did you thus work upon my feelings, that we a second time shook hands and made interchange of solemn pledges? Are these things so?" Orontas again assented. "Then what injury have you received from me," Cyrus asked, "that now, for the third time, you have been detected in a treasonous plot against me?" — "No injury," Orontas replied. And Cyrus asked once more, "You plead guilty to having sinned against me?" — "I must needs do so," he answered. Then Cyrus put one more question, "But the day may come, may it not, when you will once again be hostile to my brother, and a faithful friend to myself?" The other answered, "Even if I were, you could never be brought to believe it, Cyrus."

At this point Cyrus turned to those who were present and said: "Such has been the conduct of the prisoner in the past: such is his language now. I now call upon you, and you first, Clearchus, to declare your opinion — what think you?" And Clearchus answered, "My advice to you is to put this man out of the way as soon as may be, so that we may be saved the necessity of watching him, and have more leisure, as far as he is concerned, to requite the services of those whose friendship is sincere." — "To this opinion," he told us, "the rest of the court adhered." After that, at the bidding of Cyrus, each of those present, in turn, including the kinsmen of Orontas, took him by the girdle; which is as much as to say, "Let him die the death," and then those appointed led him out; and they who in old days were wont to do obeisance to him, could not refrain, even at that moment, from bowing down before him, albeit they knew he was being led forth to death.

After they had conducted him to the tent of Artapates, the trustiest of Cyrus's wand bearers, none set eyes upon him ever again, alive or dead. No one, of his own knowledge, could declare the manner of his death; though some conjectured one thing and some another. No tomb to mark his resting place, either then or since, was ever seen. . . .

From this place Cyrus advanced one stage — three parasangs — with his troops in order of battle. He expected the king to give battle the same day; for in the middle of this day's march a deep sunk trench was reached, thirty feet broad and eighteen feet deep. The trench was carried inland through the plain, twelve parasangs' distance, to the wall of Media. Here are canals, flowing from the river Tigris; they are four in number, each a hundred feet broad, and very deep, with corn ships plying upon them; they empty themselves into the Euphrates, are at intervals of one parasang apart, and spanned by bridges.

Between the Euphrates and the trench was a narrow passage, twenty feet only in breadth. The trench itself had been constructed by the great king upon hearing of Cyrus's approach, to serve as a line of defense. Through this narrow passage then Cyrus and his army passed, and found themselves safe inside the trench. So there was no battle to be fought with the king that day; only there were numerous unmistakable traces of horse and infantry in retreat.

As the king had failed to hinder the passage of Cyrus's army at the trench, Cyrus himself and the rest concluded that he must have abandoned the idea of offering battle, so that next day Cyrus advanced with less than his former caution. On the third day he was conducting the march, seated in his carriage, with only a small body of troops drawn up in front of him. The mass of the army was moving on in no kind of order, the soldiers having consigned their heavy arms to be carried in the wagons or on the backs of beasts.

It was already about full market time and the halting place at which the army was to take up quarters was nearly reached, when Pategyas, a Persian, a trusty member of Cyrus's personal staff, came galloping up at full speed on his horse, which was bathed in sweat, and to every one he met he shouted in Greek and Persian, as fast as he could ejaculate the words, "The king is advancing with a large army ready for battle." Then ensued a scene of wild confusion. The Hellenes and all alike were expecting to be attacked on the instant, and before they could form their lines. Cyrus sprang from his carriage and donned his corselet; then leaping on to his charger's back, with the javelins firmly clutched, he passed the order to the rest, to arm themselves and fall into their several ranks.

The orders were carried out with alacrity; the ranks shaped

themselves. Clearchus held the right of the wing resting on the Euphrates, Proxenus was next, and after him the rest, while Menon with his troops held the Hellenic left. Of the Asiatics, a body of Paphlagonian cavalry, one thousand strong, were posted beside Clearchus on the right, and with them stood the Hellenic peltasts. On the left was Ariæus, Cyrus's second in command, and the rest of the barbarian host. Cyrus was with his bodyguard of cavalry about six hundred strong, all armed with corselets like Cyrus, and cuisses and helmets; but not so Cyrus: he went into battle with head unhelmeted. So, too, all the horses with Cyrus wore forehead pieces and breast pieces, and the troopers carried short Hellenic swords.

It was now midday, and the enemy was not yet in sight; but with the approach of afternoon was seen dust like a white cloud, and after a considerable interval a black pall as it were spread far and high over the plain. As they came nearer, very soon was seen here and there a glint of bronze and spear points, and the ranks could plainly be distinguished. On the left were troopers wearing white cuirasses. That is Tissaphernes in command, they said, and next to these a body of men bearing wicker shields, and next again heavy-armed infantry, with long wooden shields reaching to the feet. These were the Egyptians, they said, and then other cavalry, other bowmen; all were in national divisions, each nation marching in densely crowded squares. And all along their front was a line of chariots at considerable intervals from one another, — the famous scythe chariots, as they were named, — having their scythes fitted to the axletrees and stretching out slantwise, while others protruded under the chariot seats, facing the ground, so as to cut through all they encountered. The design was to let them dash full speed into the ranks of the Hellenes and cut them through.

Curiously enough the anticipation of Cyrus, when at the council of war he admonished the Hellenes not to mind the shouting of the Asiatics, was not justified. Instead of shouting, they came on in deep silence, softly and slowly, with even tread. At this instant, Cyrus, riding past in person, accompanied by Pigres, his interpreter, and three or four others, called aloud to Clearchus to advance against the enemy's center, for there the king was to be found. "And if we strike home at this point," he added, "our work is finished." Clearchus, though he could see the compact body at the center, and had been told by Cyrus that the king lay outside the Hellenic left

(for, owing to numerical superiority, the king, while holding his own center, could well overlap Cyrus's extreme left), still hesitated to draw off his right wing from the river, for fear of being turned on both flanks; and he simply replied, assuring Cyrus that he would take care all went well.

At this time the barbarian army was evenly advancing, and the Hellenic division was still riveted to the spot, completing its formation as the various contingents came up. Cyrus, riding past at some distance from the lines, glanced his eye first in one direction and then in the other, so as to take a complete survey of friends and foes: when Xenophon the Athenian, seeing him, rode up from the Hellenic quarter to meet him, asking whether he had any orders to give. Cyrus, pulling up his horse, begged him to make the announcement generally known that the omens from the victims, internal and external alike, were good. While he was still speaking, he heard a confused murmur passing through the ranks, and asked what it meant. The other replied that it was the watchword being passed down for the second time. Cyrus wondered who had given the order, and asked what the watchword was. On being told it was "Zeus our Savior and Victory," he replied, "I accept it; so let it be," and with that remark rode away to his own position. And now the two battle lines were no more than three or four furlongs apart, when the Hellenes began chanting the pæan, and at the same time advanced against the enemy.

But with the forward movement a certain portion of the line curved onwards in advance, with wavelike sinuosity, and the portion left behind quickened to a run; and simultaneously a thrilling cry burst from all lips, like that in honor of the war god — eleleu! eleleu! and the running became general. Some say they clashed their shields and spears, thereby causing terror to the horses; and before they had got within arrow shot the barbarians swerved and took to flight. And now the Hellenes gave chase with might and main, checked only by shouts to one another not to race, but to keep their ranks. The enemy's chariots, reft of their charioteers, swept onwards, some through the enemy themselves, others past the Hellenes. They, as they saw them coming, opened a gap and let them pass. One fellow, like some dumfoundered mortal on a race course, was caught by the heels, but even he, they said, received no hurt; nor indeed, with the single exception of some one on the left wing who was said to have been wounded

by an arrow, did any Hellene in this battle suffer a single hurt.

Cyrus, seeing the Hellenes conquering, as far as they at any rate were concerned, and in hot pursuit, was well content; but in spite of his joy and the salutations offered him at that moment by those about him, as though he were already king, he was not led away to join in the pursuit, but keeping his squadron of six hundred horsemen in close order, waited and watched to see what the king himself would do. The king, he knew, held the center of the Persian army. Indeed, it is the fashion for the Asiatic monarch to occupy that position during action, for this twofold reason: he holds the safest place, with his troops on either side of him, while, if he has occasion to dispatch any necessary order along the lines, his troops will receive the message in half the time. The king accordingly on this occasion held the center of his army, but for all that he was outside Cyrus's left wing; and seeing that no one offered him battle in front, nor yet the troops in front of him, he wheeled as if to encircle the enemy. It was then that Cyrus, in apprehension lest the king might get round to the rear and cut to pieces the Hellenic body, charged to meet him. Attacking with his six hundred, he mastered the line of troops in front of the king, and put to flight the six thousand, cutting down, as is said, with his own hand their general, Artagerses.

But as soon as the rout commenced, Cyrus's own six hundred themselves, in the ardor of pursuit, were scattered, with the exception of a handful who were left with Cyrus himself — chiefly his table companions, so called. Left alone with these, he caught sight of the king and the close throng about him. Unable longer to contain himself, with a cry, "I see the man," he rushed at him and dealt a blow at his chest, wounding him through the corselet. This according to the statement of Ctesias the surgeon, who further states that he himself healed the wound. As Cyrus delivered the blow, some one struck him with a javelin under the eye severely; and in the struggle which then ensued between the king and Cyrus and those about them to protect one or other, we have the statement of Ctesias as to the number slain on the king's side, for he was by his side. On the other, Cyrus himself fell, and eight of his bravest companions lay on the top of him. The story says that Artapates, the trustiest esquire among his wand

bearers, when he saw that Cyrus had fallen to the ground, leaped from his horse and threw his arms about him. Then, as one account says, the king bade one slay him as a worthy victim to his brother: others say that Artapates drew his scimeter and slew himself by his own hand. A golden scimeter it is true, he had; he wore also a collar and bracelets and the other ornaments such as the noblest Persians wear; for his kindliness and fidelity had won him honors at the hands of Cyrus.

So died Cyrus; a man the kingliest and most worthy to rule of all the Persians who have lived since the elder Cyrus: according to the concurrent testimony of all who are reputed to have known him intimately. To begin from the beginning, when still a boy, and whilst being brought up with his brother and the other lads, his unrivaled excellence was recognized. For the sons of the noblest Persians, it must be known, are brought up, one and all, at the king's portals. Here lessons of sobriety and self-control may largely be laid to heart, while there is nothing base or ugly for eye or ear to feed upon. There is the daily spectacle ever before the boys of some receiving honor from the king, and again of others receiving dishonor; and the tale of all this is in their ears, so that from earliest boyhood they learn how to rule and to be ruled.

In this courtly training Cyrus earned a double reputation; first he was held to be a paragon of modesty among his fellows, rendering an obedience to his elders which exceeded that of many of his own inferiors; and next he bore away the palm for skill in horsemanship and for love of the animal itself. Nor less in matters of war, in the use of the bow and the javelin, was he held by men in general to be at once the aptest of learners and the most eager practicer. As soon as his age permitted, the same preëminence showed itself in his fondness for the chase, not without a certain appetite for perilous adventure in facing the wild beasts themselves. Once a bear made a furious rush at him, and without wincing he grappled with her, and was pulled from his horse, receiving wounds the scars of which were visible through life; but in the end he slew the creature, nor did he forget him who first came to his aid, but made him enviable in the eyes of many.

After he had been sent down by his father to be satrap of Lydia and Great Phrygia and Cappadocia, and had been appointed general of the forces, whose business it is to muster in the plain of the Castolus, nothing was more noticeable in his

conduct than the importance which he attached to the faithful fulfillment of every treaty or compact or undertaking entered into with others. He would tell no lies to any one. Thus doubtless it was that he won the confidence alike of individuals and of the communities intrusted to his care; for in case of hostility, a treaty made with Cyrus was a guarantee sufficient to the combatant that he would suffer nothing contrary to its terms. Therefore, in the war with Tissaphernes, all the states of their own accord chose Cyrus in lieu of Tissaphernes, except only the men of Miletus, and these were only alienated through fear of him, because he refused to abandon their exiled citizens; and his deeds and words bore emphatic witness to his principle: even if they were weakened in number or in fortune, he would never abandon those who had once become his friends.

He made no secret of his endeavor to outdo his friends and his foes alike in reciprocity of conduct. The prayer has been attributed to him: "God grant I may live long enough to recompense my friends and requite my foes with a strong arm." However this may be, no one, at least in our days, ever drew together so ardent a following of friends, eager to lay at his feet their money, their cities, their own lives and persons; nor is it to be inferred from this that he suffered the malefactor and the wrongdoer to laugh him to scorn; on the contrary, these he punished most unflinchingly. It was no rare sight to see on the well-trodden highways men who had forfeited hand or foot or eye; the result being that throughout the satrapy of Cyrus any one, Hellene or barbarian, provided he were innocent, might fearlessly travel wherever he pleased, and take with him whatever he felt disposed. However, as all allowed, it was for the brave in war that he reserved especial honor. To take the first instance to hand, he had a war with the Pisidians and Mysians. Being himself at the head of an expedition into those territories, he could observe those who voluntarily encountered risks; these he made rulers of the territory which he subjected, and afterwards honored them with other gifts. So that, if the good and brave were set on a pinnacle of fortune, cowards were recognized as their natural slaves; and so it befell that Cyrus never had lack of volunteers in any service of danger, whenever it was expected that his eye would be upon them.

So again, wherever he might discover any one ready to dis-

tinguish himself in the service of uprightness, his delight was to make this man richer than those who seek for gain by unfair means. On the same principle, his own administration was in all respects uprightly conducted, and, in particular, he secured the services of an army worthy of the name. Generals and subalterns alike, came to him from across the seas, not merely to make money, but because they saw that loyalty to Cyrus was a more profitable investment than so many pounds a month. Let any man whatsoever render him willing service, such enthusiasm was sure to win its reward. And so Cyrus could always command the service of the best assistants, it was said, whatever the work might be.

Or if he saw any skillful and just steward who furnished well the country over which he ruled, and created revenues, so far from robbing him at any time, to him who had, he delighted to give more. So that toil was a pleasure, and gains were amassed with confidence, and least of all from Cyrus would a man conceal the amount of his possessions, seeing that he showed no jealousy of wealth openly avowed, but his endeavor was rather to turn to account the riches of those who kept them secret. Towards the friends he had made, whose kindliness he knew, or whose fitness as fellow-workers with himself, in aught which he might wish to carry out, he had tested, he showed himself in turn an adept in the arts of courtesy. Just in proportion as he felt the need of this friend or that to help him, so he tried to help each of them in return in whatever seemed to be their heart's desire.

Many were the gifts bestowed on him, for many and diverse reasons ; no one man, perhaps, ever received more ; no one, certainly, was ever more ready to bestow them on others, with an eye ever to the taste of each, so as to gratify what he saw to be the individual requirement. Many of these presents were sent to him to serve as personal adornments of the body or for battle ; and as touching these he would say, "How am I to deck myself out in all these? to my mind a man's chief ornament is the adornment of nobly adorned friends." Indeed, that he should triumph over his friends in the great matters of welldoing is not surprising, seeing that he was much more powerful than they ; but that he should go beyond them in minute attentions, and in an eager desire to give pleasure, seems to me, I must confess, more admirable.

Frequently when he had tasted some specially excellent

wine, he would send the half remaining flagon to some friend with a message to say, "Cyrus says, this is the best wine he has tasted for a long time, that is his excuse for sending it to you. He hopes you will drink it up to-day with a choice party of friends." Or, perhaps, he would send the remainder of a dish of geese, half loaves of bread, and so forth, the bearer being instructed to say: "This is Cyrus's favorite dish, he hopes you will taste it yourself." Or, perhaps, there was a great dearth of provender, when, through the number of his servants and his own careful forethought, he was enabled to get supplies for himself; at such times he would send to his friends in different parts, bidding them feed their horses on his hay, since it would not do for the horses that carried his friends to go starving. Then, on any long march or expedition, where the crowd of lookers-on would be large, he would call his friends to him and entertain them with serious talk, as much as to say, "These I delight to honor."

So that, for myself, and from all that I can hear, I should be disposed to say that no one, Greek or barbarian, was ever so beloved. In proof of this, I may cite the fact that, though Cyrus was the king's vassal and slave, no one ever forsook him to join his master, if I may except the attempt of Orontas, which was abortive. That man, indeed, had to learn that Cyrus was closer to the heart of him on whose fidelity he relied than he himself was. On the other hand, many a man revolted from the king to Cyrus, after they went to war with one another: nor were these nobodies, but rather persons high in the king's affection; yet for all that, they believed that their virtues would obtain a reward more adequate from Cyrus than from the king. Another great proof at once of his own worth and of his capacity rightly to discern all loyal, loving, and firm friendship is afforded by an incident which belongs to the last moment of his life. He was slain, but fighting for his life beside him fell also every one of his faithful bodyguard of friends and table companions, with the sole exception of Ariæus, who was in command of the cavalry on the left; and he no sooner perceived the fall of Cyrus than he betook himself to flight, with the whole body of troops under his lead.

ALCIBIADES' ACCOUNT OF SOCRATES.

(From Plato's "Symposium": translated by Percy Bysshe Shelley.)

[Alcibiades was a celebrated Athenian politician and general; born about B.C. 450. He was brought up in the house of Pericles, and lived on terms of intimacy with Socrates. A man of great personal charm and extraordinary ability, he soon became a popular leader; but being involved in a suspicion of sacrilege, fled to Sparta and then to Persia. Recalled by the Athenian populace, and intrusted with the command of their fleet, he won several important battles for them, but was superseded for a defeat of his general at Notium B.C. 407. After the fall of Athens he took refuge with the Persian satrap Pharnabazus, in Phrygia, where he was treacherously murdered B.C. 404.]

I will begin the praise of Socrates by comparing him to a certain statue. Perhaps he will think that this statue is introduced for the sake of ridicule, but I assure you it is necessary for the illustration of truth. I assert, then, that Socrates is exactly like those Silenuses that sit in the sculptors' shops, and which are holding carved flutes or pipes, but which when divided in two are found to contain the images of the gods. I assert that Socrates is like the satyr Marsyas. That your form and appearance are like these satyrs, I think that even you will not venture to deny; and how like you are to them in all other things, now hear. Are you not scornful and petulant? If you deny this, I will bring witnesses. Are you not a piper, and far more wonderful a one than he? For Marsyas, and whoever now pipes the music that he taught (for it was Marsyas who taught Olympus his music), enchants men through the power of the mouth. For if any musician, be he skillful or not, awakens this music, it alone enables him to retain the minds of men, and from the divinity of its nature makes evident those who are in want of the gods and initiation: you differ only from Marsyas in this circumstance, that you effect without instruments, by mere words, all that he can do. For when we hear Pericles, or any other accomplished orator, deliver a discourse, no one, as it were, cares anything about it. But when any one hears you, or even your words related by another, though ever so rude and unskillful a speaker, be that person a woman, man, or child, we are struck and retained, as it were, by the discourse clinging to our mind.

If I was not afraid that I am a great deal too drunk, I would confirm to you by an oath the strange effects which I

assure you I have suffered from his words, and suffer still; for when I hear him speak my heart leaps up far more than the hearts of those who celebrate the Corybantic mysteries; my tears are poured out as he talks, a thing I have often seen happen to many others besides myself. I have heard Pericles and other excellent orators, and have been pleased with their discourses, but I suffered nothing of this kind; nor was my soul ever on those occasions disturbed and filled with self-reproach, as if it were slavishly laid prostrate. But this Marsyas here has often affected me in the way I describe, until the life which I lived seemed hardly worth living. Do not deny it, Socrates; for I know well that if even now I chose to listen to you, I could not resist, but should again suffer the same effects. For, my friends, he forces me to confess that while I myself am still in need of many things, I neglect my own necessities and attend to those of the Athenians. I stop my ears, therefore, as from the Sirens, and flee away as fast as possible, that I may not sit down beside him, and grow old in listening to his talk. For this man has reduced me to feel the sentiment of shame, which I imagine no one would readily believe was in me. For I feel in his presence my incapacity of refuting what he says or of refusing to do that which he directs: but when I depart from him the glory which the multitude confers overwhelms me. I escape therefore and hide myself from him, and when I see him I am overwhelmed with humiliation, because I have neglected to do what I have confessed to him ought to be done: and often and often have I wished that he were no longer to be seen among men. But if that were to happen I well know that I should suffer far greater pain; so that where I can turn, or what I can do with this man I know not. All this have I and many others suffered from the pipings of this satyr.

And observe how like he is to what I said, and what a wonderful power he possesses. Know that there is not one of you who is aware of the real nature of Socrates; but since I have begun, I will make him plain to you. You observe how passionately Socrates affects the intimacy of those who are beautiful, and how ignorant he professes himself to be, appearances in themselves excessively Silenic. This, my friends, is the external form with which, like one of the sculptured Sileni, he has clothed himself; for if you open him you will find within admirable temperance and wisdom. For he cares not

for mere beauty, but despises more than any one can imagine all external possessions, whether it be beauty, or wealth, or glory, or any other thing for which the multitude felicitates the possessor. He esteems these things, and us who honor them, as nothing, and lives among men, making all the objects of their admiration the playthings of his irony. But I know not if any one of you have ever seen the divine images which are within, when he has been opened, and is serious. I have seen them, and they are so supremely beautiful, so golden, so divine, and wonderful, that everything that Socrates commands surely ought to be obeyed, even like the voice of a god.

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At one time we were fellow-soldiers, and had our mess together in the camp before Potidæa. Socrates there overcame not only me, but every one beside, in endurance of evils: when, as often happens in a campaign, we were reduced to few provisions, there were none who could sustain hunger like Socrates; and when we had plenty, he alone seemed to enjoy our military fare. He never drank much willingly, but when he was compelled, he conquered all even in that to which he was least accustomed: and, what is most astonishing, no person ever saw Socrates drunk either then or at any other time. In the depth of winter (and the winters there are excessively rigid) he sustained calmly incredible hardships: and amongst other things, whilst the frost was intolerably severe, and no one went out of their tents, or if they went out, wrapped themselves up carefully, and put fleeces under their feet, and bound their legs with hairy skins, Socrates went out only with the same cloak on that he usually wore, and walked barefoot upon the ice: more easily, indeed, than those who had sandaled themselves so delicately: so that the soldiers thought that he did it to mock their want of fortitude. It would indeed be worth while to commemorate all that this brave man did and endured in that expedition. In one instance he was seen early in the morning, standing in one place, wrapt in meditation; and as he seemed unable to unravel the subject of his thoughts, he still continued to stand as inquiring and discussing within himself, and when noon came, the soldiers observed him, and said to one another — "Socrates has been standing there thinking, ever since the morning." At last some Ionians came to the spot, and having supped, as it was summer, they lay down to

sleep in the cool: they observed that Socrates continued to stand there the whole night until morning, and that, when the sun rose, he saluted it with a prayer and departed.

I ought not to omit what Socrates is in battle. For in that battle after which the generals decreed to me the prize of courage, Socrates alone of all men was the savior of my life, standing by me when I had fallen and was wounded, and preserving both myself and my arms from the hands of the enemy. On that occasion I entreated the generals to decree the prize, as it was most due, to him. And this, O Socrates, you cannot deny, that when the generals, wishing to conciliate a person of my rank, desired to give me the prize, you were far more earnestly desirous than the generals that this glory should be attributed not to yourself, but me.

But to see Socrates when our army was defeated and scattered in flight at Delium was a spectacle worthy to behold. On that occasion I was among the cavalry, and he on foot, heavily armed. After the total rout of our troops, he and Laches retreated together; I came up by chance, and seeing them, bade them be of good cheer, for that I would not leave them. As I was on horseback, and therefore less occupied by a regard of my own situation, I could better observe than at Potidæa the beautiful spectacle exhibited by Socrates on this emergency. How superior was he to Laches in presence of mind and courage! Your representation of him on the stage, O Aristophanes, was not wholly unlike his real self on this occasion, for he walked and darted his regards around with a majestic composure, looking tranquilly both on his friends and enemies: so that it was evident to every one, even from afar, that whoever should venture to attack him would encounter a desperate resistance. He and his companions thus departed in safety: for those who are scattered in flight are pursued and killed, whilst men hesitate to touch those who exhibit such a countenance as that of Socrates even in defeat.

THE TRIAL OF SOCRATES.

B.C. 399.

(From the "Euthyphron" and the "Apology" of Plato: translated by F. J. Church.)

[Plato, the great Greek philosopher, was born in or near Athens, B.C. 429, the year of Pericles' death. His name was Aristocles; Plato ("Broady") was a nickname, probably from his figure. He began to write poems; but after meeting Socrates at twenty he burnt them, became Socrates' disciple for ten years, and was with him at his trial and death. Afterwards he traveled widely, and settled at Athens as a teacher of philosophy; among his pupils was Aristotle. His "Dialogues" are still the noblest body of philosophical thought in existence, and of matchless literary beauty. Emerson says, "Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. . . . Plato is philosophy, and philosophy Plato."]

I.

Socrates, on the eve of his trial for impiety, wishes to show that the popular notions about piety and impiety, or holiness and unholiness, will not bear testing.

Euthyphron — What in the world are you doing here at the archon's porch, Socrates? Why have you left your haunts in the Lyceum? You surely cannot have an action before him, as I have.

Socrates — Nay, the Athenians, Euthyphron, call it a prosecution, not an action.

Euthyphron — What? Do you mean that some one is prosecuting you? I cannot believe that you are prosecuting any one yourself.

Socrates — Certainly I am not.

Euthyphron — Then is some one prosecuting you?

Socrates — Yes.

Euthyphron — Who is he?

Socrates — I scarcely know him myself, Euthyphron; I think he must be some unknown young man. His name, however, is Meletus, and his deme Pitthis, if you can call to mind any Meletus of that deme, — a hook-nosed man with long hair, and a rather scanty beard.

Euthyphron — I don't know him, Socrates. But, tell me, what is he prosecuting you for?

Socrates — What for? Not on trivial grounds, I think. It is no small thing for so young a man to have formed an opinion on such an important matter. For he, he says, knows how the

young are corrupted, and who are their corrupters. He must be a wise man, who, observing my ignorance, is going to accuse me to the city, as his mother, of corrupting his friends. I think that he is the only man who begins at the right point in his political reforms : I mean whose first care is to make the young men as perfect as possible, just as a good farmer will take care of his young plants first, and, after he has done that, of the others. And so Meletus, I suppose, is first clearing us off, who, as he says, corrupt the young men as they grow up ; and then, when he has done that, of course he will turn his attention to the older men, and so become a very great public benefactor. Indeed, that is only what you would expect, when he goes to work in this way.

Euthyphron — I hope it may be so, Socrates, but I have very grave doubts about it. It seems to me that in trying to injure you, he is really setting to work by striking a blow at the heart of the state. But how, tell me, does he say that you corrupt the youth ?

Socrates — In a way which sounds strange at first, my friend. He says that I am a maker of gods ; and so he is prosecuting me, he says, for inventing new gods, and for not believing in the old ones.

Euthyphron — I understand, Socrates. It is because you say that you always have a divine sign. So he is prosecuting you for introducing novelties into religion ; and he is going into court knowing that such matters are easily misrepresented to the multitude, and consequently meaning to slander you there. Why, they laugh even me to scorn, as if I were out of my mind, when I talk about divine things in the assembly, and tell them what is going to happen : and yet I have never foretold anything which has not come true. But they are jealous of all people like us. We must not think about them : we must meet them boldly.

Socrates — My dear Euthyphron, their ridicule is not a very serious matter. The Athenians, it seems to me, may think a man to be clever without paying him much attention, so long as they do not think that he teaches his wisdom to others. But as soon as they think that he makes other people clever, they get angry, whether it be from jealousy, as you say, or for some other reason.

Euthyphron — I am not very anxious to try their disposition towards me in this matter.

Socrates — No, perhaps they think that you seldom show yourself, and that you are not anxious to teach your wisdom to others; but I fear that they may think that I am; for my love of men makes me talk to every one whom I meet quite freely and unreservedly, and without payment: indeed, if I could, I would gladly pay people myself to listen to me. If then, as I said just now, they were only going to laugh at me, as you say they do at you, it would not be at all an unpleasant way of spending the day, to spend it in court, jesting and laughing. But if they are going to be in earnest, then only prophets like you can tell where the matter will end.

Euthyphron — Well, Socrates, I dare say that nothing will come of it. Very likely you will be successful in your trial, and I think that I shall be in mine.

Socrates — And what is this suit of yours, Euthyphron? Are you suing, or being sued?

Euthyphron — I am suing.

Socrates — Whom?

Euthyphron — A man whom I am thought a maniac to be suing.

Socrates — What? Has he wings to fly away with?

Euthyphron — He is far enough from flying; he is a very old man.

Socrates — Who is he?

Euthyphron — He is my father.

[Then Euthyphron having stated that he was prosecuting his father for having murdered a slave, Socrates asks him to define holiness. Euthyphron becomes entangled, and Socrates points out that he has not answered his question. He does not want a particular example of holiness. He wants to know what that is which makes all holy actions holy. Euthyphron, at length, defines holiness as "that which is pleasing to the gods." But Socrates, by a series of apparently innocent questions, compels Euthyphron to admit the absurdity of his definition. Euthyphron has no better fortune with a second and third definition, and he passes from a state of patronizing self-complacency to one of puzzled confusion and deeply offended pride.]

Socrates — Then we must begin again, and inquire what is holiness. I do not mean to give in until I have found out. Do not deem me unworthy; give your whole mind to the question, and this time tell me the truth. For if any one

knows it, it is you ; and you are a Proteus whom I must not let go until you have told me. It cannot be that you would ever have undertaken to prosecute your aged father for the murder of a laboring man unless you had known exactly what is holiness and unholiness. You would have feared to risk the anger of the gods, in case you should be doing wrong, and you would have been afraid of what men would say. But now I am sure that you think that you know exactly what is holiness and what is not ; so tell me, my excellent Euthyphron, and do not conceal from me what you hold it to be.

Euthyphron — Another time, then, Socrates. I am in a hurry now, and it is time for me to be off.

Socrates — What are you doing, my friend! Will you go away and destroy all my hopes of learning from you what is holy and what is not, and so of escaping Meletus? I meant to explain to him that now Euthyphron has made me wise about divine things, and that I no longer in my ignorance speak rashly about them or introduce novelties in them ; and then I was going to promise him to live a better life for the future.

II.

Socrates defends himself before the Athenians.

Socrates — I cannot tell what impression my accusers have made upon you, Athenians : for my own part, I know that they nearly made me forget who I was, so plausible were they ; and yet they have scarcely uttered one single word of truth. But of all their many falsehoods, the one which astonished me most, was when they said that I was a clever speaker, and that you must be careful not to let me mislead you. I thought that it was most impudent of them not to be ashamed to talk in that way ; for as soon as I open my mouth the lie will be exposed, and I shall prove that I am not a clever speaker in any way at all : unless, indeed, by a clever speaker they mean a man who speaks the truth. If that is their meaning, I agree with them that I am a much greater orator than they. My accusers, then I repeat, have said little or nothing that is true ; but from me you shall hear the whole truth. Certainly you will not hear an elaborate speech, Athenians, drest up, like theirs, with words and phrases. I will say to you what I have to say,

A Summer Night in Old Pompeii

From the painting by Siemiradzki

without preparation, and in the words which come first, for I believe that my cause is just; so let none of you expect anything else. Indeed, my friends, it would hardly be seemly for me, at my age, to come before you like a young man with his specious falsehoods. But there is one thing, Athenians, which I do most earnestly beg and entreat of you. Do not be surprised and do not interrupt, if in my defense I speak in the same way that I am accustomed to speak in the market place, at the tables of the money changers, where many of you have heard me, and elsewhere. The truth is this. I am more than seventy years old, and this is the first time that I have ever come before a Court of Law; so your manner of speech here is quite strange to me. If I had been really a stranger, you would have forgiven me for speaking in the language and the fashion of my native country: and so now I ask you to grant me what I think I have a right to claim. Never mind the style of my speech — it may be better or it may be worse — give your whole attention to the question, Is what I say just, or is it not? That is what makes a good judge, as speaking the truth makes a good advocate.

I have to defend myself, Athenians, first against the old false charges of my old accusers, and then against the later ones of my present accusers. For many men have been accusing me to you, and for very many years, who have not uttered a word of truth: and I fear them more than I fear Anytus and his companions, formidable as they are. But, my friends, those others are still more formidable; for they got hold of most of you when you were children, and they have been more persistent in accusing me with lies, and in trying to persuade you that there is one Socrates, a wise man, who speculates about the heavens, and who examines into all things that are beneath the earth, and who can "make the worse appear the better reason."

These men, Athenians, who spread abroad this report, are the accusers whom I fear; for their hearers think that persons who pursue such inquiries never believe in the gods. And then they are many, and their attacks have been going on for a long time: and they spoke to you when you were at the age most readily to believe them: for you were all young, and many of you were children: and there was no one to answer them when they attacked me. And the most unreasonable thing of all is that commonly I do not even know their names:

I cannot tell you who they are, except in the case of the comic poets.

But all the rest who have been trying to prejudice you against me, from motives of spite and jealousy, and sometimes, it may be, from conviction, are the enemies whom it is hardest to meet. For I cannot call any one of them forward in Court, to cross-examine him : I have, as it were, simply to fight with shadows in my defense, and to put questions which there is no one to answer. I ask you, therefore, to believe that, as I say, I have been attacked by two classes of accusers — first by Meletus and his friends, and then by those older ones of whom I have spoken. And, with your leave, I will defend myself first against my old enemies; for you heard their accusations first, and they were much more persistent than my present accusers are.

Well, I must make my defense, Athenians, and try in the short time allowed me to remove the prejudice which you have had against me for a long time.

Let us begin again, then, and see what is the charge which has given rise to the prejudice against me, which was what Meletus relied on when he drew his indictment. What is the calumny which my enemies have been spreading about me? I must assume that they are formally accusing me, and read their indictment. It would run somewhat in this fashion : —

"Socrates is an evil doer, who meddles with inquiries into things beneath the earth, and in heaven, and who 'makes the worse appear the better reason,' and who teaches others these same things."

That is what they say; and in the Comedy of Aristophanes you yourselves saw a man called Socrates swinging round in a basket, and saying that he walked the air, and talking a great deal of nonsense about matters of which I understand nothing, either more or less. I do not mean to disparage that kind of knowledge, if there is any man who possesses it. I trust Meletus may never be able to prosecute me for that. But, the truth is, Athenians, I have nothing to do with these matters, and almost all of you are yourselves my witnesses of this. I beg all of you who have ever heard me converse, and they are many, to inform your neighbors and tell them if any of you have ever heard me conversing about such matters, either more or less. That will show you that the other common stories about me are as false as this one.

[He is accused of being at once a wicked sophist who exacts money for teaching and a natural philosopher. He distinguishes these characters, and shows that he is neither. He is unpopular because he has taken on himself the duty of examining men, in consequence of a certain answer given by the Delphic oracle, "that he was the wisest of men." He describes the examination of men which he undertook to test the truth of the oracle. This has gained him much hatred: men do not like to be proved ignorant when they think themselves wise, and so they call him a sophist and every kind of bad name besides, because he exposes their pretense of knowledge.]

What I have said must suffice as my defense against the charges of my first accusers. I will try next to defend myself against that "good patriot" Meletus, as he calls himself, and my later accusers. Let us assume that they are a new set of accusers, and read their indictment, as we did in the case of the others. It runs thus. He says that Socrates is an evil doer who corrupts the youth, and who does not believe in the gods whom the city believes in, but in other new divinities. Such is the charge.

Let us examine each point in it separately. Meletus says that I do wrong by corrupting the youth: but I say, Athenians, that he is doing wrong; for he is playing off a solemn jest by bringing men lightly to trial, and pretending to have a great zeal and interest in matters to which he has never given a moment's thought. And now I will try to prove to you that it is so.

Come here, Meletus. Is it not a fact that you think it very important that the younger men should be as excellent as possible?

Meletus — It is.

Socrates — Come then: tell the judges, who is it who improves them? You take so much interest in the matter that of course you know that. You are accusing me, and bringing me to trial, because, as you say, you have discovered that I am the corrupter of the youth. Come now, reveal to the judges who improves them. You see, Meletus, you have nothing to say; you are silent. But don't you think that this is a scandalous thing? Is not your silence a conclusive proof of what I say, that you have never given a moment's thought to the matter? Come, tell us, my good sir, who makes the young men better citizens?

Meletus — The laws.

Socrates — My excellent sir, that is not my question. What man improves the young, who starts with a knowledge of the laws?

Meletus — The judges here, Socrates.

Socrates — What do you mean, Meletus? Can they educate the young and improve them?

Meletus — Certainly.

Socrates — All of them? or only some of them?

Meletus — All of them.

Socrates — By Hêrê that is good news? There is a great abundance of benefactors. And do the listeners here improve them, or not?

Meletus — They do.

Socrates — And do the senators?

Meletus — Yes.

Socrates — Well then, Meletus, do the members of the Assembly corrupt the younger men? or do they again all improve them?

Meletus — They too improve them.

Socrates — Then all the Athenians, apparently, make the young into fine fellows except me, and I alone corrupt them. Is that your meaning?

Meletus — Most certainly; that is my meaning.

Socrates — You have discovered me to be a most unfortunate man. Now tell me: do you think that the same holds good in the case of horses? Does one man do them harm and every one else improve them? On the contrary, is it not one man only, or a very few — namely, those who are skilled in horses — who can improve them; while the majority of men harm them, if they use them, and have to do with them? Is it not so, Meletus, both with horses and with every other animal? Of course it is, whether you and Anytus say yes or no. And young men would certainly be very fortunate persons if only one man corrupted them, and every one else did them good. The truth is, Meletus, you prove conclusively that you have never thought about the youth in your life. It is quite clear, on your own showing, that you take no interest at all in the matters about which you are prosecuting me.

[He proves that it is absurd to say that he corrupts the young intentionally, and if he corrupts them unintentionally, the law does not call upon Meletus to prosecute him for an

involuntary fault. With regard to the charge of teaching young men not to believe in the gods of the city, he cross-examines Meletus and involves him in several contradictions.]

But in truth, Athenians, I do not think that I need say very much to prove that I have not committed the crime for which Meletus is prosecuting me. What I have said is enough to prove that. But, I repeat, it is certainly true, as I have already told you, that I have incurred much unpopularity and made many enemies. And that is what will cause my condemnation, if I am condemned; not Meletus, nor Anytus either, but the prejudice and suspicion of the multitude. They have been the destruction of many good men before me, and I think that they will be so again. There is no fear that I shall be their last victim.

Perhaps some one will say: "Are you not ashamed, Socrates, of following pursuits which are very likely now to cause your death?" I should answer him with justice, and say: "My friend, if you think that a man of any worth at all ought to reckon the chances of life and death when he acts, or that he ought to think of anything but whether he is acting rightly or wrongly, and as a good or a bad man would act, you are grievously mistaken." According to you, the demigods who died at Troy would be men of no great worth, and among them the son of Thetis, who thought nothing of danger when the alternative was disgrace. For when his mother, a goddess, addressed him, as he was burning to slay Hector, I suppose in this fashion, "My son, if thou avengest the death of thy comrade Patroclus, and slayest Hector, thou wilt die thyself, for 'Fate awaits thee straightway after Hector's death;'" he heard what she said, but he scorned danger and death; he feared much more to live a coward, and not to avenge his friend. "Let me punish the evil doer and straightway die," he said, "that I may not remain here by the beaked ships, a scorn of men, encumbering the earth." Do you suppose that he thought of danger or of death? For this, Athenians, I believe to be the truth. Wherever a man's post is, whether he has chosen it of his own will, or whether he has been placed at it by his commander, there it is his duty to remain and face the danger, without thinking of death, or of any other thing, except dishonor.

When the generals whom you chose to command me, Athenians, placed me at my post at Potidæa, and at Amphipolis, and

at Delium, I remained where they placed me, and ran the risk of death, like other men: and it would be very strange conduct on my part if I were to desert my post now from fear of death or of any other thing, when God has commanded me, as I am persuaded that he has done, to spend my life in searching for wisdom, and in examining myself and others. That would indeed be a very strange thing: and then certainly I might with justice be brought to trial for not believing in the gods: for I should be disobeying the oracle, and fearing death, and thinking myself wise, when I was not wise. For to fear death, my friends, is only to think ourselves wise, without being wise: for it is to think that we know what we do not know. For anything that men can tell, death may be the greatest good that can happen to them: but they fear it as if they knew quite well that it was the greatest of evils. And what is this but that shameful ignorance of thinking that we know what we do not know? In this matter too, my friends, perhaps I am different from the mass of mankind: and if I were to claim to be at all wiser than others, it would be because I do not think that I have any clear knowledge about the other world, when, in fact, I have none. But I do know very well that it is evil and base to do wrong, and to disobey my superior, whether he be man or god. And I will never do what I know to be evil, and shrink in fear from what, for all that I can tell, may be a good. And so, even if you acquit me now, and do not listen to Anytus' argument that, if I am to be acquitted, I ought never to have been brought to trial at all; and that, as it is, you are bound to put me to death, because, as he said, if I escape, all your children will forthwith be utterly corrupted by practicing what Socrates teaches; if you were therefore to say to me, "Socrates, this time we will not listen to Anytus: we will let you go; but on this condition, that you cease from carrying on this search of yours, and from philosophy; if you are found following those pursuits again, you shall die:" I say, if you offered to let me go on these terms, I should reply: "Athenians, I hold you in the highest regard and love; but I will obey God rather than you: and as long as I have breath and strength I will not cease from philosophy, and from exhorting you, and declaring the truth to every one of you whom I meet, saying, as I am wont, 'My excellent friend, you are a citizen of Athens, a city which is very great and very famous for wisdom and power of mind; are you not ashamed of caring so much for the making of money,

and for reputation, and for honor? Will you not think or care about wisdom, and truth, and the perfection of your soul?'"

And if he disputes my words, and says that he does care about these things, I shall not forthwith release him and go away: I shall question him and cross-examine him and test him: and if I think that he has not virtue, though he says that he has, I shall reproach him for setting the lower value on the most important things, and a higher value on those that are of less account. This I shall do to every one whom I meet, young or old, citizen or stranger: but more especially to the citizens, for they are more nearly akin to me.

For, know well, God has commanded me to do so. And I think that no better piece of fortune has ever befallen you in Athens than my service to God. For I spend my whole life in going about and persuading you all to give your first and chiefest care to the perfection of your souls, and not till you have done that to think of your bodies, or your wealth; and telling you that virtue does not come from wealth, but that wealth, and every other good thing which men have, whether in public, or in private, comes from virtue. If then I corrupt the youth by this teaching, the mischief is great: but if any man says that I teach anything else, he speaks falsely. And therefore, Athenians, I say, either listen to Anytus, or do not listen to him: either acquit me, or do not acquit me: but be sure that I shall not alter my way of life; no, not if I have to die for it many times.

[If the Athenians put him to death, they will harm themselves more than him. The city is like a great and noble horse rendered sluggish by its size and needing to be roused. He was the gadfly sent by God to attack it. He explains why he has not taken part in public life. If he had done so, he would have perished without benefiting the city, because no one could make him do wrong through fear of death. His conduct on two occasions shows this.]

Well, my friends, this, together it may be with other things of the same nature, is pretty much what I have to say in my defense. There may be some one among you who will be vexed when he remembers how, even in a less important trial than this, he prayed and entreated the judges to acquit him with many tears, and brought forward his children and many of his friends and relatives in Court, in order to appeal to your feelings; and then finds that I shall do none of these things,

though I am in what he would think the supreme danger. Perhaps he will harden himself against me when he notices this: it may make him angry, and he may give his vote in anger. If it is so with any of you — I do not suppose that it is, but in case it should be so — I think that I should answer him reasonably if I said: —

"My friend, I have kinsmen too, for, in the words of Homer, 'I am not born of stocks and stones,' but of woman;" and so, Athenians, I have kinsmen, and I have three sons, one of them a lad, and the other two still children. Yet I will not bring any of them forward before you, and implore you to acquit me.

And why will I do none of these things? It is not from arrogance, Athenians, nor because I hold you cheap: whether or no I can face death bravely is another question: but for my own credit, and for your credit, and for the credit of our city, I do not think it well, at my age, and with my name, to do anything of that kind. Rightly or wrongly, men have made up their minds that in some way Socrates is different from the mass of mankind. And it will be a shameful thing if those of you who are thought to excel in wisdom, or in bravery, or in any other virtue, are going to act in this fashion. I have often seen men with a reputation behaving in a strange way at their trial, as if they thought it a terrible fate to be killed, and as if they expected to live forever, if you did not put them to death. Such men seem to me to bring discredit on the city: for any stranger would suppose that the best and most eminent Athenians, who are selected by their fellow-citizens to hold office, and for other honors, are no better than women. Those of you, Athenians, who have any reputation at all, ought not to do these things: and you ought not to allow us to do them: you should show that you will be much more merciless to men who make the city ridiculous by these pitiful pieces of acting, than to men who remain quiet.

But apart from the question of credit, my friends, I do not think that it is right to entreat the judge to acquit us, or to escape condemnation in that way. It is our duty to convince his mind by reason. He does not sit to give away justice to his friends, but to pronounce judgment: and he has sworn not to favor any man whom he would like to favor, but to decide questions according to law. And therefore we ought not to teach you to forswear yourselves; and you ought not to allow

yourselves to be taught, for then neither you nor we would be acting righteously. Therefore, Athenians, do not require me to do these things, for I believe them to be neither good nor just nor holy; and, more especially, do not ask me to do them to-day, when Meletus is prosecuting me for impiety. For were I to be successful, and to prevail on you by my prayers to break your oaths, I should be clearly teaching you to believe that there are no gods; and I should be simply accusing myself by my defense of not believing in them. But, Athenians, that is very far from the truth. I do believe in the gods as no one of my accusers believes in them: and to you and to God I commit my cause to be decided as is best for you and for me.

(*He is found guilty by 281 votes to 220.*)

I am not vexed at the verdict which you have given, Athenians, for many reasons. I expected that you would find me guilty; and I am not so much surprised at that, as at the numbers of the votes. I, certainly, never thought that the majority against me would have been so narrow. But now it seems that if only thirty votes had changed sides, I should have escaped.

[Meletus proposes the penalty of death. The law allows a convicted criminal to propose an alternative penalty instead. As he is a public benefactor, Socrates thinks that he ought to have a public maintenance in the Prytaneum, like an Olympic victor. Seriously, why should he propose a penalty? He is sure that he has done no wrong. He does not know whether death is a good or an evil. Why should he propose something that he knows to be an evil? Indeed, payment of a fine would be no evil, but then he has no money to pay a fine with; perhaps he can make up one mina (about twenty dollars): that is his proposal. Or, if his friends wish it, he offers thirty minæ, and his friends will be sureties for payment.]

(*He is condemned to death.*)

You have not gained very much time, Athenians, and, as the price of it, you will have an evil name from all who wish to revile the city, and they will cast in your teeth that you put Socrates, a wise man, to death. For they will certainly call me wise, whether I am wise or not, when they want to reproach you. If you would have waited for a little while, your wishes would have been fulfilled in the course of nature; for you see

that I am an old man, far advanced in years, and near to death. I am speaking not to all of you, only to those who have voted for my death. And now I am speaking to them still. Perhaps, my friends, you think that I have been defeated because I was wanting in the arguments by which I could have persuaded you to acquit me, if, that is, I had thought it right to do or to say anything to escape punishment.

It is not so. I have been defeated because I was wanting, not in arguments, but in overboldness and effrontery : because I would not plead before you as you would have liked to hear me plead, or appeal to you with weeping and wailing, or say and do many other things, which I maintain are unworthy of me, but which you have been accustomed to from other men. But when I was defending myself, I thought that I ought not to do anything unmanly because of the danger which I ran, and I have not changed my mind now. I would very much rather defend myself as I did, and die, than as you would have had me do, and live. Both in a lawsuit, and in war, there are some things which neither I nor any other man may do in order to escape from death. In battle a man often sees that he may at least escape from death by throwing down his arms and falling on his knees before the pursuer to beg for his life. And there are many other ways of avoiding death in every danger, if a man will not scruple to say and to do anything.

But, my friends, I think that it is a much harder thing to escape from wickedness than from death ; for wickedness is swifter than death. And now I, who am old and slow, have been overtaken by the slower pursuer : and my accusers, who are clever and swift, have been overtaken by the swifter pursuer, which is wickedness. And now I shall go hence, sentenced by you to death ; and they will go hence, sentenced by truth to receive the penalty of wickedness and evil. And I abide by this award as well as they. Perhaps it was right for these things to be so: and I think that they are fairly measured.

And now I wish to prophesy to you, Athenians who have condemned me. For I am going to die, and that is the time when men have most prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who have sentenced me to death, that a far severer punishment than you have inflicted on me, will surely overtake you as soon as I am dead. You have done this thing, thinking that you will be relieved from having to give an account of your lives. But I

say that the result will be very different from that. There will be more men who will call you to account, whom I have held back, and whom you did not see. And they will be harder masters to you than I have been, for they will be younger, and you will be more angry with them. For if you think that you will restrain men from reproaching you for your evil lives by putting them to death, you are very much mistaken. That way of escape is hardly possible, and it is not a good one. It is much better, and much easier, not to silence reproaches, but to make yourselves as perfect as you can. This is my parting prophecy to you who have condemned me.

[Having sternly rebuked those who have condemned him, he bids those who have acquitted him to be of good cheer. No harm can come to a good man in life or in death. Death is either an eternal and dreamless sleep, wherein there is no sensation at all; or it is a journey to another and better world, where are the famous men of old. In either case it is not an evil, but a good.]

And you too, judges, must face death with a good courage, and believe this as a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life, or after death. His fortunes are not neglected by the gods; and what has come to me to-day has not come by chance. I am persuaded that it was better for me to die now, and to be released from trouble: and that was the reason why the sign never turned me back. And so I am hardly angry with my accusers, or with those who have condemned me to die. Yet it was not with this mind that they accused me and condemned me, but meaning to do me an injury. So far I may find fault with them.

Yet I have one request to make of them. When my sons grow up, visit them with punishment, my friends, and vex them in the same way that I have vexed you, if they seem to you to care for riches, or for any other thing, before virtue: and if they think that they are something, when they are nothing at all, reproach them, as I have reproached you, for not caring for what they should, and for thinking that they are great men when in fact they are worthless. And if you will do this, I myself and my sons will have received our deserts at your hands.

But now the time has come, and we must go hence; I to die, and you to live. Whether life or death is better is known to God, and to God only.

A GRECIAN SUNSET.

By LORD BYRON.

[1788–1824.]

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light:
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile:
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast,
When, Athens! here thy wisest breathed his last.
How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murdered sage's latest day!
Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still:
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seems to pour —
The land where Phœbus never frowned before:
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaffed — the spirit fled:
The soul of him who scorned to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign;
No murky vapor, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
Where the white column greets her grateful ray,

And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide,
Where meek Cephisus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,
And sad and somber 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, one solitary palm:
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye,
And dull were his who passed them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more from far,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war:
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

By CICERO.

[Marcus Tullius Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators and perhaps the second of all time, was born B.C. 106, of the nobility. Trained for the bar, his first important case obliged him to go into exile for fear of the dictator Sulla. Returning after Sulla's death, he became the leader of the bar and high in political life; rose to be consul, B.C. 63, and gained great credit for suppressing Catiline's conspiracy. Later, he was again exiled for taking sides against the tribune Clodius, and again recalled in a storm of popular enthusiasm. He sided with Pompey against Cæsar, but made peace with the latter after Pharsalia. After the murder of Cæsar, Cicero sided with Octavius, and thundered against Antony, who on his coalition with Octavius demanded Cicero's life as the price of the junction; Octavius consented, and Cicero was assassinated by an officer whose life he had once saved at the bar. His orations, his letters saved and published by his freedman Tiro, and his varied disquisitions, keep his fame unfailingly bright.]

This tyrant [Dionysius] showed himself how happy he really was; for once, when Damocles, one of his flatterers, was dilating in conversation on his forces, his wealth, the greatness of his power, the plenty he enjoyed, the grandeur of his royal palaces, and maintaining that no one was ever happier,—"Have you an inclination," said he, "Damocles, as this kind of life pleases you, to have a taste of it yourself and to make a trial of the good fortune that attends me?" And when he said that he should like it extremely, Dionysius ordered him to be laid on a bed of gold with the most beautiful covering,

embroidered and wrought with the most exquisite work, and he dressed out a great many sideboards with silver and embossed gold. He then ordered some youths, distinguished for their handsome persons, to wait at his table, and to observe his nod in order to serve him with what he wanted. There were ointments and garlands; perfumes were burned; tables provided with the most exquisite meats, — Damocles thought himself very happy. In the midst of this apparatus Dionysius ordered a bright sword to be let down from the ceiling, suspended by a single horsehair, so as to hang over the head of that happy man. After which he neither cast his eye on those handsome waiters, nor on the well-wrought plate; nor touched any of the provisions; presently the garlands fell to pieces. At last, he entreated the tyrant to give him leave to go, for that now he had no desire to be happy. Does not Dionysius, then, seem to have declared there can be no happiness for one who is under constant apprehensions? But it was not now in his power to return to justice, and restore his citizens their rights and privileges; for, by the indiscretion of his youth, he had engaged in so many wrong steps, and committed such extravagances, that had he attempted to have returned to a right way of thinking he must have endangered his life.

Yet, how desirous he was of friendship, though at the same time he dreaded the treachery of friends, appears from the story of those two Pythagoreans: one of these had been security for his friend, who was condemned to die; the other, to release his security, presented himself at the time appointed for his dying: "I wish," said Dionysius, "you would admit me as the third in your friendship." What misery was it for him to be deprived of acquaintance, of company at his table, and of the freedom of conversation, especially for one who was a man of learning, and from his childhood acquainted with liberal arts, very fond of music, and himself a tragic poet, — how good a one is not to the purpose, for I know not how it is, but in this way, more than any other, every one thinks his own performances excellent, I never as yet knew any poet (and I was very intimate with Aquinius), who did not appear to himself to be very admirable. The case is this: you are pleased with your own works, I like mine. But to return to Dionysius: he debarred himself from all civil and polite conversation, and spent his life among fugitives, bondmen, and barbarians, for he was persuaded that no one could be his friend who was worthy of liberty or had the least desire of being free.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

[Charlotte M. Yonge, English novelist, was born in 1823. Her first celebrated novel, "The Heir of Redclyffe," was published in 1853; the equally well known "Daisy Chain" in 1856; she has written many other and popular historical sketches. Her "Book of Golden Deeds" appeared in 1864.]

Most of the best and noblest of the Greeks held what was called the Pythagorean philosophy. This was one of the many systems framed by the great men of heathenism, when by the feeble light of nature they were, as St. Paul says, "seeking after God, if haply they might feel after Him," like men groping in the darkness. Pythagoras lived before the time of history, and almost nothing is known about him, though his teaching and his name were never lost. There is a belief that he had traveled in the East, and in Egypt, and as he lived about the time of the dispersion of the Israelites, it is possible that some of his purest and best teaching might have been crumbs gathered from their fuller instruction through the Law and the Prophets. One thing is plain, that even in dealing with heathenism the Divine rule holds good, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Golden deeds are only to be found among men whose belief is earnest and sincere, and in something really high and noble. Where there was nothing worshiped but savage or impure power, and the very form of adoration was cruel and unclean, as among the Canaanites and Carthaginians, there we find no true self-devotion. The great deeds of the heathen world were all done by early Greeks and Romans before yet the last gleams of purer light had faded out of their belief, and while their moral sense still nerved them to energy; or else by such later Greeks as had embraced the deeper and more earnest yearnings of the minds that had become a "law unto themselves."

The Pythagoreans were bound together in a brotherhood, the members of which had rules that are now not understood, but which linked them so as to form a sort of club, with common religious observances and pursuits of science, especially mathematics and music. And they were taught to restrain their passions, especially that of anger, and to endure with patience all kinds of suffering; believing that such self-

restraint brought them nearer to the gods, and that death would set them free from the prison of the body. The souls of evil doers would, they thought, pass into the lower and more degraded animals, while those of good men would be gradually purified, and rise to a higher existence. This, though lamentably deficient, and false in some points, was a real religion, inasmuch as it gave a rule of life, with a motive for striving for wisdom and virtue. Two friends of this Pythagorean sect lived at Syracuse, in the end of the fourth century before the Christian era. Syracuse was a great Greek city, built in Sicily, and full of all kinds of Greek art and learning; but it was a place of danger in their time, for it had fallen under the tyranny of a man of strange and capricious temper, though of great abilities, namely, Dionysius. He is said to have been originally only a clerk in a public office, but his talents raised him to continually higher situations, and at length, in a great war with the Carthaginians, who had many settlements in Sicily, he became general of the army, and then found it easy to establish his power over the city.

This power was not according to the laws, for Syracuse, like most other cities, ought to have been governed by a council of magistrates; but Dionysius was an exceedingly able man, and made the city much more rich and powerful; he defeated the Carthaginians, and rendered Syracuse by far the chief city in the island, and he contrived to make every one so much afraid of him that no one durst attempt to overthrow his power. He was a good scholar, and very fond of philosophy and poetry, and he delighted to have learned men around him, and he had naturally a generous spirit; but the sense that he was in a position that did not belong to him, and that every one hated him for assuming it, made him very harsh and suspicious. It is of him that the story is told, that he had a chamber hollowed in the rock near his state prison, and constructed with galleries to conduct sounds like an ear, so that he might overhear the conversation of his captives; and of him, too, is told that famous anecdote which has become a proverb, that on hearing a friend, named Damocles, express a wish to be in his situation for a single day, he took him at his word, and Damocles found himself at a banquet with everything that could delight his senses, delicious food, costly wine, flowers, perfumes, music; but with a sword with the point almost touching his head, and hanging by a single horse-

hair! This was to show the condition in which a usurper lived!

Thus Dionysius was in constant dread. He had a wide trench round his bedroom, with a drawbridge that he drew up and put down with his own hands; and he put one barber to death for boasting that he held a razor to the tyrant's throat every morning. After this he made his young daughters shave him; but by and by he would not trust them with a razor, and caused them to singe off his beard with hot nut-shells! He was said to have put a man named Antiphon to death for answering him, when he asked what was the best kind of brass, "That of which the statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton were made." These were the two Athenians who had killed the sons of Pisistratus the tyrant, so that the jest was most offensive; but its boldness might have gained forgiveness for it. One philosopher, named Philoxenus, he sent to a dungeon for finding fault with his poetry, but he afterwards composed another piece, which he thought so superior, that he could not be content without sending for this adverse critic to hear it. When he had finished reading it, he looked to Philoxenus for a compliment; but the philosopher only turned round to the guards, and said dryly, "Carry me back to prison." This time Dionysius had the sense to laugh, and forgive his honesty.

All these stories may not be true; but that they should have been current in the ancient world shows what was the character of the man of whom they were told, how stern and terrible was his anger, and how easily it was incurred. Among those who came under it was a Pythagorean called Pythias, who was sentenced to death, according to the usual fate of those who fell under his suspicion.

Pythias had lands and relations in Greece, and he entreated as a favor to be allowed to return thither and arrange his affairs, engaging to return within a specified time to suffer death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily, who would answer for his return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend, who would become security for his return; and while Dionysius, the miserable man who trusted nobody, was ready to scoff at his simplicity, another Pythagorean, by name Damon, came forward, and offered to become surety for his friend, engaging, if Pythias did not return according to promise, to suffer death in his stead.

Dionysius, much astonished, consented to let Pythias go, marveling what would be the issue of the affair. Time went on, and Pythias did not appear. The Syracusans watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said he was secure of his friend's truth and honor, and that if any accident had caused the delay of his return, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him.

Even to the last day Damon continued serene and content, however it might fall out ; nay, even when the very hour drew nigh and still no Pythias. His trust was so perfect, that he did not even grieve at having to die for a faithless friend who had left him to the fate to which he had unwarily pledged himself. It was not Pythias' own will, but the winds and waves, so he still declared, when the decree was brought and the instruments of death made ready. The hour had come, and a few moments more would have ended Damon's life, when Pythias duly presented himself, embraced his friend, and stood forward himself to receive his sentence, calm, resolute, and rejoiced that he had come in time.

Even the dim hope they owned of a future state was enough to make these two brave men keep their word, and confront death for one another without quailing. Dionysius looked on more struck than ever. He felt that neither of such men must die. He reversed the sentence of Pythias, and calling the two to his judgment seat, he entreated them to admit him as a third in their friendship. Yet all the time he must have known it was a mockery that he should ever be such as they were to each other — he who had lost the very power of trusting, and constantly sacrificed others to secure his own life, whilst they counted not their lives dear to them in comparison with their truth to their word, and love to one another. No wonder that Damon and Pythias have become such a byword that they seem too well known to have their story told here, except that a name in every one's mouth sometimes seems to be mentioned by those who have forgotten or never heard the tale attached to it.

A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

[Born 1840.]

"*Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd.*"
—Claude Tillier.

I'd "read" three hours. Both notes and text
Were fast a mist becoming;
In bounced a vagrant bee, perplexed,
And filled the room with humming,

Then out. The casement's leafage sways,
And, parted light, discloses
Miss Di., with hat and book,—a maze
Of muslin mixed with roses.

"You're reading Greek?" "I am—and you?"
"O, mine's a mere romancer!"
"So Plato is." "Then read him—do;
And I'll read mine in answer."

I read. "My Plato (Plato, too,—
That wisdom thus should harden!)
Declares 'blue eyes look doubly blue
Beneath a Dolly Varden.'"

She smiled. "My book in turn avers
(No author's name is stated)
That sometimes those Philosophers
Are sadly mis-translated."

"But hear,—the next's in stronger style:
The Cynic School asserted
That two red lips which part and smile
May not be controverted!"

She smiled once more—"My book, I find,
Observes some modern doctors
Would make the Cynics out a kind
Of album-verse concocters."

Then I — "Why not? 'Ephesian law,
No less than time's tradition,
Enjoined fair speech on all who saw
Diana's apparition.'"

She blushed — this time. "If Plato's page
No wiser precept teaches,
Then I'd renounce that doubtful sage,
And walk to Burnham Beeches."

"Agreed," I said. "For Socrates
(I find he too is talking)
Thinks Learning can't remain at ease
While Beauty goes a walking."

She read no more. I leapt the sill:
The sequel's scarce essential —
Nay, more than this, I hold it still
Profoundly confidential.

PLATO AND BACON.

By LORD MACAULAY.

[Thomas Babington Macaulay: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary at War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

It is altogether incorrect to say, as has often been said, that Bacon was the first man who rose up against the Aristotelian philosophy when in the height of its power. The authority of that philosophy had received a fatal blow long before he was born. The part which Bacon played in this great change was the part, not of Robespierre, but of Bonaparte. The philosophy which he taught was essentially new. It differed from that of the celebrated ancient teachers, not merely in method, but also in object. Its object was the good of mankind, in the sense in which the mass of mankind always have understood and always will understand the word "good."

The difference between the philosophy of Bacon and that of his predecessors cannot, we think, be better illustrated than by comparing his views on some important subjects with those of Plato. We select Plato, because we conceive that he did more than any other person towards giving to the minds of speculative men that bent which they retained till they received from Bacon a new impulse in a diametrically opposite direction.

It is curious to observe how differently these great men estimated the value of every kind of knowledge. Take arithmetic for example. Plato, after speaking slightly of the convenience of being able to reckon and compute in the ordinary transactions of life, passes to what he considers as a far more important advantage. The study of the properties of numbers, he tells us, habituates the mind to the contemplation of pure truth, and raises us above the material universe. He would have his disciples apply themselves to this study, not that they may be able to buy or sell, not that they may qualify themselves to be shopkeepers or traveling merchants, but that they may learn to withdraw their minds from the ever-shifting spectacle of this visible and tangible world, and to fix them on the immutable essences of things.

Bacon, on the other hand, valued this branch of knowledge only on account of its uses with reference to that visible and tangible world which Plato so much despised. He speaks with scorn of the mystical arithmetic of the later Platonists, and laments the propensity of mankind to employ, on mere matters of curiosity, powers the whole exertion of which is required for purposes of solid advantage. He advises arithmeticians to leave these trifles, and to employ themselves in framing convenient expressions, which may be of use in physical researches.

The same reasons which led Plato to recommend the study of arithmetic led him to recommend also the study of mathematics. The vulgar crowd of geometricians, he says, will not understand him. They have practice always in view. They do not know that the real use of the science is to lead men to the knowledge of abstract, essential, eternal truth. Indeed, if we are to believe Plutarch, Plato carried this feeling so far that he considered geometry as degraded by being applied to any purpose of vulgar utility. Archytas, it seems, had framed machines of extraordinary power on mathematical principles. Plato remonstrated with his friend, and declared that this was to degrade a noble intellectual exercise into a low craft, fit only for carpen-

ters and wheelwrights. The office of geometry, he said, was to discipline the mind, not to minister to the base wants of the body. His interference was successful; and from that time, according to Plutarch, the science of mechanics was considered as unworthy of the attention of a philosopher.

Archimedes in a later age imitated and surpassed Archytas. But even Archimedes was not free from the prevailing notion that geometry was degraded by being employed to produce anything useful. It was with difficulty that he was induced to stoop from speculation to practice. He was half ashamed of those inventions which were the wonder of hostile nations, and always spoke of them slightingly as mere amusements, as trifles in which a mathematician might be suffered to relax his mind after intense application to the higher parts of his science.

The opinion of Bacon on this subject was diametrically opposed to that of the ancient philosophers. He valued geometry chiefly, if not solely, on account of those uses which to Plato appeared so base. And it is remarkabe that the longer Bacon lived the stronger this feeling became. When in 1605 he wrote the two books on the Advancement of Learning, he dwelt on the advantages which mankind derived from mixed mathematics; but he at the same time admitted that the beneficial effect produced by mathematical study on the intellect, though a collateral advantage, was "no less worthy than that which was principal and intended." But it is evident that his views underwent a change. When, near twenty years later, he published the "De Augmentis," which is the Treatise on the Advancement of Learning, greatly expanded and carefully corrected, he made important alterations in the part which related to mathematics. He condemned with severity the high pretensions of the mathematicians, "delicias et fastum mathematicorum." Assuming the well-being of the human race to be the end of knowledge, he pronounced that mathematical science could claim no higher rank than that of an appendage or auxiliary to other sciences. Mathematical science, he says, is the handmaid of natural philosophy; she ought to demean herself as such; and he declares that he cannot conceive by what ill chance it has happened that she presumes to claim precedence over her mistress. He predicts — a prediction which would have made Plato shudder — that as more and more discoveries are made in physics, there will be more and more branches of mixed mathematics. Of that collateral advantage the value of

which, twenty years before, he rated so highly, he says not one word. This omission cannot have been the effect of mere inadvertence. His own treatise was before him. From that treatise he deliberately expunged whatever was favorable to the study of pure mathematics, and inserted several keen reflections on the ardent votaries of that study. This fact, in our opinion, admits of only one explanation. Bacon's love of those pursuits which directly tend to improve the condition of mankind, and his jealousy of all pursuits merely curious, had grown upon him, and had, it may be, become immoderate. He was afraid of using any expression which might have the effect of inducing any man of talents to employ in speculations, useful only to the mind of the speculator, a single hour which might be employed in extending the empire of man over matter. If Bacon erred here, we must acknowledge that we greatly prefer his error to the opposite error of Plato. We have no patience with a philosophy which, like those Roman matrons who swallowed abortives in order to preserve their shapes, takes pains to be barren for fear of being homely.

Let us pass to astronomy. This was one of the sciences which Plato exhorted his disciples to learn, but for reasons far removed from common habits of thinking. "Shall we set down astronomy," says Socrates, "among the subjects of study?" "I think so," answers his young friend Glaucon: "to know something about the seasons, the months, and the years is of use for military purposes, as well as for agriculture and navigation." "It amuses me," says Socrates, "to see how afraid you are, lest the common herd of people should accuse you of recommending useless studies." He then proceeds, in that pure and magnificent diction which, as Cicero said, Jupiter would use if Jupiter spoke Greek, to explain that the use of astronomy is not to add to the vulgar comforts of life, but to assist in raising the mind to the contemplation of things which are to be perceived by the pure intellect alone. The knowledge of the actual motions of the heavenly bodies Socrates considers as of little value. The appearances which make the sky beautiful at night are, he tells us, like the figures which a geometrician draws on the sand, mere examples, mere helps to feeble minds. We must get beyond them; we must neglect them; we must attain to an astronomy which is as independent of the actual stars as geometrical truth is independent of the lines of an ill-drawn diagram. This is, we imagine, very nearly, if not exactly,

the astronomy which Bacon compared to the ox of Prometheus, a sleek, well-shaped hide, stuffed with rubbish, goodly to look at, but containing nothing to eat. He complained that astronomy had, to its great injury, been separated from natural philosophy, of which it was one of the noblest provinces, and annexed to the domain of mathematics. The world stood in need, he said, of a very different astronomy, of a living astronomy, of an astronomy which should set forth the nature, the motion, and the influences of the heavenly bodies, as they really are.

On the greatest and most useful of all human inventions, the invention of alphabetical writing, Plato did not look with much complacency. He seems to have thought that the use of letters had operated on the human mind as the use of the gocart in learning to walk, or of corks in learning to swim, is said to operate on the human body. It was a support which, in his opinion, soon became indispensable to those who used it, which made vigorous exertion first unnecessary and then impossible. The powers of the intellect would, he conceived, have been more fully developed without this delusive aid. Men would have been compelled to exercise the understanding and the memory, and, by deep and assiduous meditation, to make truth thoroughly their own. Now, on the contrary, much knowledge is traced on paper, but little is engraved in the soul. A man is certain that he can find information at a moment's notice when he wants it. He therefore suffers it to fade from his mind. Such a man cannot in strictness be said to know anything. He has the show without the reality of wisdom. These opinions Plato has put into the mouth of an ancient king of Egypt. But it is evident from the context that they were his own; and so they were understood to be by Quinctilian. Indeed they are in perfect accordance with the whole Platonic system.

Bacon's views, as may easily be supposed, were widely different. The powers of the memory, he observes, without the help of writing, can do little towards the advancement of any useful science. He acknowledges that the memory may be disciplined to such a point as to be able to perform very extraordinary feats. But on such feats he sets little value. The habits of his mind, he tells us, are such that he is not disposed to rate highly any accomplishment, however rare, which is of no practical use to mankind. As to these prodigious achievements of the memory, he ranks them with the exhibitions of

ropedancers and tumblers. "These two performances," he says, "are much of the same sort. The one is an abuse of the powers of the body; the other is an abuse of the powers of the mind. Both may perhaps excite our wonder; but neither is entitled to our respect."

To Plato, the science of medicine appeared to be of very disputable advantage. He did not indeed object to quick cures for acute disorders, or for injuries produced by accidents. But the art which resists the slow sap of a chronic disease, which repairs frames enervated by lust, swollen by gluttony, or inflamed by wine, which encourages sensuality by mitigating the natural punishment of the sensualist, and prolongs existence when the intellect has ceased to retain its entire energy, had no share of his esteem. A life protracted by medical skill he pronounced to be a long death. The exercise of the art of medicine ought, he said, to be tolerated, so far as that art may serve to cure the occasional distempers of men whose constitutions are good. As to those who have bad constitutions, let them die; and the sooner the better. Such men are unfit for war, for magistracy, for the management of their domestic affairs, for severe study and speculation. If they engage in any vigorous mental exercise, they are troubled with giddiness and fullness of the head, all which they lay to the account of philosophy. The best thing that can happen to such wretches is to have done with life at once. He quotes mythical authority in support of this doctrine; and reminds his disciples that the practice of the sons of Æsculapius, as described by Homer, extended only to the cure of external injuries.

Far different was the philosophy of Bacon. Of all the sciences, that which he seems to have regarded with the greatest interest was the science which, in Plato's opinion, would not be tolerated in a well-regulated community. To make men perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His humble aim was to make imperfect men comfortable. The beneficence of his philosophy resembled the beneficence of the common Father, whose sun rises on the evil and the good, whose rain descends for the just and the unjust. In Plato's opinion man was made for philosophy; in Bacon's opinion philosophy was made for man; it was a means to an end; and that end was to increase the pleasures and to mitigate the pains of millions who are not and cannot be philosophers. That a valetudinarian who took great pleasure in being wheeled along his terrace, who relished his

boiled chicken and his weak wine and water, and who enjoyed a hearty laugh over the Queen of Navarre's tales, should be treated as a *caput lupinum* because he could not read the Timæus without a headache, was a notion which the humane spirit of the English school of wisdom altogether rejected. Bacon would not have thought it beneath the dignity of a philosopher to contrive an improved garden chair for such a valetudinarian, to devise some way of rendering his medicines more palatable, to invest repasts which he might enjoy, and pillows on which he might sleep soundly ; and this though there might not be the smallest hope that the mind of the poor invalid would ever rise to the contemplation of the ideal beautiful and the ideal good. As Plato had cited the religious legends of Greece to justify his contempt for the more recondite parts of the art of healing, Bacon vindicated the dignity of that art by appealing to the example of Christ, and reminded men that the great Physician of the soul did not disdain to be also the physician of the body.

When we pass from the science of medicine to that of legislation, we find the same difference between the systems of these two great men. Plato, at the commencement of the Dialogue on Laws, lays it down as a fundamental principle that the end of legislation is to make men virtuous. It is unnecessary to point out the extravagant conclusions to which such a proposition leads. Bacon well knew to how great an extent the happiness of every society must depend on the virtue of its members ; and he also knew what legislators can and what they cannot do for the purpose of promoting virtue. The view which he has given of the end of legislation, and of the principal means for the attainment of that end, has always seemed to us eminently happy, even among the many happy passages of the same kind with which his works abound. "Finis et scopus quem leges intueri atque ad quem jussiones et sanctiones suas dirigere debent, non alius est quam ut cives feliciter degant. Id fiet si pietate et religione recte instituti, moribus honesti, armis adversus hostes externos tuti, legum auxilio adversus seditiones et privatas injurias muniti, imperio et magistratibus obsequentes, copiis et opibus locupletes et florentes fuerint." The end is the well-being of the people. The means are the imparting of moral and religious education; the providing of everything necessary for defense against foreign enemies; the maintaining of internal order; the establishing of a judicial, financial, and

commercial system, under which wealth may be rapidly accumulated and securely enjoyed.

Even with respect to the form in which laws ought to be drawn, there is a remarkable difference of opinion between the Greek and the Englishman. Plato thought a preamble essential; Bacon thought it mischievous. Each was consistent with himself. Plato, considering the moral improvement of the people as the end of legislation, justly inferred that a law which commanded and threatened, but which neither convinced the reason, nor touched the heart, must be a most imperfect law. He was not content with deterring from theft a man who still continued to be a thief at heart, with restraining a son who hated his mother from beating his mother. The only obedience on which he set much value was the obedience which an enlightened understanding yields to reason, and which a virtuous disposition yields to precepts of virtue. He really seems to have believed that, by prefixing to every law an eloquent and pathetic exhortation, he should, to a great extent, render penal enactments superfluous. Bacon entertained no such romantic hopes; and he well knew the practical inconveniences of the course which Plato recommended. "Neque nobis," says he, "prologi legum qui inepti olim habiti sunt, et leges introducunt disputantes non jubentes, utique placerent, si priscos mores ferre possemus. . . . Quantum fieri potest prologi evitentur, et lex incipiat a jussione."

Each of the great men whom we have compared intended to illustrate his system by a philosophical romance; and each left his romance imperfect. Had Plato lived to finish the "Critias," a comparison between that noble fiction and the "New Atlantis" would probably have furnished us with still more striking instances than any which we have given. It is amusing to think with what horror he would have seen such an institution as Solomon's House rising in his republic: with what vehemence he would have ordered the brewhouses, the perfume houses, and the dispensatories to be pulled down; and with what inexorable rigor he would have driven beyond the frontier all the Fellows of the College, Merchants of Light and Depredators, Lamps and Pioneers.

To sum up the whole, we should say that the aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man. The aim of the Pla-

tonic philosophy was to raise us far above vulgar wants. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants. The former aim was noble; but the latter was attainable. Plato drew a good bow; but, like Acestes in Virgil, he aimed at the stars; and therefore, though there was no want of strength or skill, the shot was thrown away. His arrow was indeed followed by a track of dazzling radiance, but it struck nothing.

> Volans liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo
> Signavitque viam flammis, tenuisque recessit
> Consumta in ventos.

Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on the earth, and within bowshot, and hit it in the white. The philosophy of Plato began in words and ended in words, noble words indeed, words such as were to be expected from the finest of human intellects exercising boundless dominion over the finest of human languages. The philosophy of Bacon began in observations and ended in arts.

The boast of the ancient philosophers was that their doctrine formed the minds of men to a high degree of wisdom and virtue. This was indeed the only practical good which the most celebrated of those teachers even pretended to effect; and undoubtedly, if they had effected this, they would have deserved far higher praise than if they had discovered the most salutary medicines or constructed the most powerful machines. But the truth is that, in those very matters in which alone they professed to do any good to mankind, in those very matters for the sake of which they neglected all the vulgar interests of mankind, they did nothing, or worse than nothing. They promised what was impracticable; they despised what was practicable; they filled the world with long words and long beards; and they left it as wicked and as ignorant as they found it.

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities. The wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam engine. But there are steam engines. And the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born. A philosophy which should enable a man to feel perfectly happy while in agonies of pain would be better than a philosophy which assuages pain. But we know that there are remedies which will assuage pain; and we know that the ancient

sages liked the toothache just as little as their neighbors. A philosophy which should extinguish cupidity would be better than a philosophy which should devise laws for the security of property. But it is possible to make laws which shall, to a very great extent, secure property. And we do not understand how any motives which the ancient philosophy furnished could extinguish cupidity. We know indeed that the philosophers were no better than other men. From the testimony of friends as well as of foes, from the confessions of Epictetus and Seneca, as well as from the sneers of Lucian and the fierce invectives of Juvenal, it is plain that these teachers of virtue had all the vices of their neighbors, with the additional vice of hypocrisy. Some people may think the object of the Baconian philosophy a low object, but they cannot deny that, high or low, it has been attained. They cannot deny that every year makes an addition to what Bacon called "fruit." They cannot deny that mankind have made, and are making, great and constant progress in the road which he pointed out to them. Was there any such progressive movement among the ancient philosophers? After they had been declaiming eight hundred years, had they made the world better than when they began? Our belief is that, among the philosophers themselves, instead of a progressive improvement there was a progressive degeneracy. An abject superstition which Democritus or Anaxagoras would have rejected with scorn, added the last disgrace to the long dotage of the Stoic and Platonic schools. Those unsuccessful attempts to articulate which are so delightful and interesting in a child shock and disgust in an aged paralytic; and in the same way those wild and mythological fictions which charm us, when we hear them lisped by Greek poetry in its infancy, excite a mixed sensation of pity and loathing, when mumbled by Greek philosophy in its old age. We know that guns, cutlery, spyglasses, clocks, are better in our time than they were in the time of our fathers, and were better in the time of our fathers than they were in the time of our grandfathers. We might, therefore, be inclined to think that, when a philosophy which boasted that its object was the elevation and purification of the mind, and which for this object neglected the sordid office of ministering to the comforts of the body, had flourished in the highest honor during many hundreds of years, a vast moral amelioration must have taken place. Was it so? Look at the schools of this wisdom four centuries before the

Christian era and four centuries after that era. Compare the men whom those schools formed at those two periods. Compare Plato and Libanius. Compare Pericles and Julian. This philosophy confessed, nay boasted, that for every end but one it was useless. Had it attained that one end?

Suppose that Justinian, when he closed the schools of Athens, had called on the last few sages who still haunted the Portico and lingered round the ancient plane trees, to show their title to public veneration: suppose that he had said: "A thousand years have elapsed since, in this famous city, Socrates posed Protagoras and Hippias; during those thousand years a large proportion of the ablest men of every generation has been employed in constant efforts to bring to perfection the philosophy which you teach, that philosophy has been munificently patronized by the powerful; its professors have been held in the highest esteem by the public; it has drawn to itself almost all the sap and vigor of the human intellect: and what has it effected? What profitable truth has it taught us which we should not equally have known without it? What has it enabled us to do which we should not have been equally able to do without it?" Such questions, we suspect, would have puzzled Simplicius and Isidore. Ask a follower of Bacon what the new philosophy, as it was called in the time of Charles the Second, has effected for mankind, and his answer is ready: "It has lengthened life; it has migitated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all dispatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point

which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting post to-morrow."

Great and various as the powers of Bacon were, he owes his wide and durable fame chiefly to this, that all those powers received their direction from common sense. His love of the vulgar useful, his strong sympathy with the popular notions of good and evil, and the openness with which he avowed that sympathy, are the secret of his influence. There was in his system no cant, no illusion. He had no anointing for broken bones, no fine theories *de finibus*, no arguments to persuade men out of their senses. He knew that men, and philosophers as well as other men, do actually love life, health, comfort, honor, security, the society of friends, and do actually dislike death, sickness, pain, poverty, disgrace, danger, separation from those to whom they are attached. He knew that religion, though it often regulates and moderates these feelings, seldom eradicates them ; nor did he think it desirable for mankind that they should be eradicated. The plan of eradicating them by conceits like those of Seneca, or syllogisms like those of Chrysippus, was too preposterous to be for a moment entertained by a mind like his. He did not understand what wisdom there could be in changing names where it was impossible to change things ; in denying that blindness, hunger, the gout, the rack, were evils, and calling them *ἀποπροήγμενα* ; in refusing to acknowledge that health, safety, plenty, were good things, and dubbing them by the name of *ἀδιάφορα*. In his opinions on all these subjects, he was not a Stoic, nor an Epicurean, nor an Academic, but what would have been called by Stoics, Epicureans, and Academics a mere *ἰδιώτης*, a mere common man. And it was precisely because he was so that his name makes so great an era in the history of the world. It was because he dug deep that he was able to pile high. It was because, in order to lay his foundations, he went down into those parts of human nature which lie low, but which are not liable to change, that the fabric which he reared has risen to so stately an elevation, and stands with such immovable strength.

We have sometimes thought that an amusing fiction might be written, in which a disciple of Epictetus and a disciple of Bacon should be introduced as fellow-travelers. They come to a village where the smallpox has just begun to rage, and find houses shut up, intercourse suspended, the sick abandoned, mothers weeping in terror over their children. The Stoic

assures the dismayed population that there is nothing bad in the smallpox, and that to a wise man disease, deformity, death, the loss of friends, are not evils. The Baconian takes out a lancet and begins to vaccinate. They find a body of miners in great dismay. An explosion of noisome vapors has just killed many of those who were at work; and the survivors are afraid to venture into the cavern. The Stoic assures them that such an accident is nothing but a mere *ἀποπροήγμενον*. The Baconian, who has no such fine word at his command, contents himself with devising a safety lamp. They find a shipwrecked merchant wringing his hands on the shore. His vessel with an inestimable cargo has just gone down, and he is reduced in a moment from opulence to beggary. The Stoic exhorts him not to seek happiness in things which lie without himself, and repeats the whole chapter of Epictetus *πρὸς τοὺς τὴν ἀπορίαν δεδοικότας*. The Baconian constructs a diving bell, goes down in it, and returns with the most precious effects from the wreck. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the difference between the philosophy of thorns and the philosophy of fruit, the philosophy of words and the philosophy of works.

THE BATTLE OF LEUCTRA (B.C. 371).

By GEORGE GROTE.

[George Grote, the greatest modern historian of ancient Greece, perhaps the greatest man altogether who ever wrote history, was of mingled German, Huguenot French, Irish, and English blood; born in Kent, 1794; died in London, 1871. Educated till sixteen at the Charterhouse School in London, he then entered his father's banking house, still using all his leisure time for study. A massive scholar, thinker, and logician, he was also (what even for his works of pure scholarship was of the first value) a practical and experienced man of affairs. He worked hard for Parliamentary reform, and was member of Parliament 1832–1841; strove annually to introduce voting by ballot, and was a great humanist with a deep sympathy for the "dim common millions." This ardent democratic feeling was the genesis of his immortal "History of Greece" (twelve volumes, 1846–1856). In 1865 he brought out his "Plato"; after his death his unfinished "Aristotle" and two volumes of minor writings were published, and his widow wrote a biography. In his later years he was president of University College and vice-chancellor of London University (unsectarian).]

The Thebans with their allied Bœotians were posted on a declivity opposite to the Spartan camp. They were commanded by the seven Bœotarchs of whom Epaminondas was one. But

such was the prevalent apprehension of joining battle with the Spartans on equal terms, that even when actually on the ground, three of these Bœotarchs refused to concur in the order for fighting, and proposed to shut themselves up in Thebes for a siege, sending their wives and families away to Athens. Epaminondas was vainly combating their determination, when the seventh Bœotarch, Branchylides, arrived from the passes of Kithæron, where he had been on guard, and was prevailed upon to vote in favor of the bolder course.

While others were comforted by the hope of superhuman aid, Epaminondas, to whom the order of the coming battle had been confided, took care that no human precautions should be wanting. His task was arduous; for not only were his troops dispirited, while those of the enemy were confident, but their numbers were inferior, and some of the Bœotians present were hardly even trustworthy. What the exact numbers were on either side we are not permitted to know. Diodorus assigns about 6000 men to the Thebans; Plutarch states the numbers of Cleombrotus at 11,000. Without placing faith in these figures, we see good reason for believing that the Theban total was decidedly inferior. For such inferiority Epaminondas strove to make up by skillful tactics, and by a combination at that time novel as well as ingenious. In all former Grecian battles, the opposite armies had been drawn up in line, and had fought along the whole line; or at least such had been the intention of the generals — and if it was not realized, the cause was to be sought in accidents of the ground, or backwardness or disorder on the part of some division of the soldiers. Departing from this habit, Epaminondas now arrayed his troops so as to bring his own left to bear with irresistible force upon the Spartan right, and to keep back the rest of his army comparatively out of action. Knowing that Cleombrotus, with the Spartans and all the official persons, would be on the right of their own line, he calculated that, if successful on this point against the best troops, he should find little resistance from the remainder. Accordingly he placed on his own left wing chosen Theban hoplites to the prodigious depth of fifty shields, with Pelopidas and the Sacred Band in front. His order of advance was disposed obliquely or in echelon, so that the deep column on the left should join battle first, while the center and right kept comparatively back and held themselves more in a defensive attitude.

In 371 B.C. such a combination was absolutely new, and betokened high military genius. It is therefore no disgrace to Cleombrotus that he was not prepared for it, and that he adhered to the ordinary Grecian tactics of joining battle at once along the whole line. But so unbounded was the confidence reigning among the Spartans, that there never was any occasion on which peculiar precautions were less thought of. When, from their entrenched camp on the Leuctrian eminence, they saw the Thebans encamped on an opposite eminence, separated from them by a small breadth of low ground and moderate declivities, their only impatience was to hurry on the decisive moment, so as to prevent the enemy from escaping. Both the partisans and the opponents of Cleombrotus united in provoking the order for battle, each in their own language. The partisans urged him, since he had never yet done anything against the Thebans, to strike a decisive blow, and clear himself from the disparaging comparisons which rumor instituted between him and Agesilaus; the opponents gave it to be understood that if Cleombrotus were now backward, their suspicions would be confirmed that he leaned in his heart towards the Thebans. Probably the king was himself sufficiently eager to fight, and so would any other Spartan general have been, under the same circumstances, before the battle of Leuctra. But even had he been otherwise, the impatience prevalent among the Lacedæmonian portion of his army left him no option. Accordingly, the decided resolution to fight was taken. The last council was held, and the final orders issued by Cleombrotus after his morning meal, where copious libations of wine both attested and increased the confident temper of every man. The army was marched out of the camp, and arrayed on the lower portion of the declivity: Cleombrotus with the Spartans and most of the Lacedæmonians being on the right, in an order of twelve deep. Some Lacedæmonians were also on the left, but respecting the order of the other parts of the line we have no information. The cavalry was chiefly posted along the front.

Meanwhile, Epaminondas also marched down his declivity in his own chosen order of battle, his left wing being brought forward and strengthened into very deep order for desperate attack. His cavalry too were posted in front of his line. But before he commenced his march, he sent away his baggage and attendants home to Thebes, while at the same time he made proclamation that any of his Bœotian hoplites who were not

hearty in the cause might also retire if they chose. Of such permission the Thespians immediately availed themselves, so many were there, in the Theban camp, who estimated the chances to be all in favor of Lacedæmonian victory. But when these men, a large portion of them unarmed, were seen retiring, a considerable detachment from the army of Cleombrotus, either with or without orders, ran after to prevent their escape, and forced them to return for safety to the main Theban army. The most zealous among the allies of Sparta present — the Phocians, the Phliasians, and the Heracleots, together with a body of mercenaries — executed this movement, which seems to have weakened the Lacedæmonians in the main battle, without doing any mischief to the Thebans.

The cavalry first engaged in front of both lines; and here the superiority of the Thebans soon became manifest. The Lacedæmonian cavalry — at no time very good, but at this moment unusually bad, composed of raw and feeble novices, mounted on horses provided by the rich — was soon broken and driven back upon the infantry, whose ranks were disturbed by the fugitives. To reëstablish the battle Cleombrotus gave the word for the infantry to advance, himself personally leading the right. The victorious cavalry probably hung upon the Lacedæmonian infantry of the center and left, and prevented them from making much forward movement; while Epaminondas and Pelopidas with their left advanced according to their intention to bear down Cleombrotus and his right wing. The shock here was terrible; on both sides victory was resolutely disputed, in a close hand combat, with pushing of opposite shields and opposite masses. But such was the overwhelming force of the Theban charge — with the Sacred Band or chosen warriors in front, composed of men highly trained in the palestra, and the deep column of fifty shields propelling behind — that even the Spartans, with all their courage, obstinacy, and discipline, were unable to stand up against it. Cleombrotus, himself either in or near the front, was mortally wounded, apparently early in the battle; and it was only by heroic and unexampled efforts on the part of his comrades around that he was carried off yet alive, so as to preserve him from falling into the hands of the enemy. Around him also fell the most eminent members of the Spartan official staff: Deinon the Polemarch, Sphodrias with his son Cleonymus, and several others. After an obstinate resistance and a fearful slaughter, the right

wing of the Spartans was completely beaten and driven back to their camp on the higher ground.

It was upon the Spartan right wing, where the Theban left was irresistibly strong, that all the stress of the battle fell, as Epaminondas had intended that it should. In no other part of the line does there appear to have been any serious fighting: partly through his deliberate scheme of not pushing forward either his center or his right — partly through the preliminary victory of the Theban cavalry, which probably checked in part the forward march of the enemy's line — and partly also through the lukewarm adherence, or even suppressed hostility, of the allies marshaled under the command of Cleombrotus. The Phocians and Heraclcots — zealous in the cause from hatred of Thebes — had quitted the line to strike a blow at the retiring baggage and attendants, while the remaining allies, after mere nominal fighting and little or no loss, retired to the camp as soon as they saw the Spartan right defeated and driven back to it. Moreover, even some Lacedæmonians on the left wing, probably astounded by the lukewarmness of those around them, and by the unexpected calamity on their own right, fell back in the same manner. The whole Lacedæmonian force, with the dying king, was thus again assembled and formed behind the intrenchment on the higher ground, where the victorious Thebans did not attempt to molest them.

But very different were their feelings as they now stood arrayed in the camp from that exulting boastfulness with which they had quitted it an hour or two before, and fearful was the loss when it came to be verified. Of seven hundred Spartans who had marched forth from the camp, only three hundred returned to it. One thousand Lacedæmonians, besides, had been left on the field, even by the admission of Xenophon; probably the real number was even larger. Apart from this, the death of Cleombrotus was of itself an event impressive to every one, the like of which had never occurred since the fatal day of Thermopylæ. But this was not all. The allies who stood alongside of them in arms were now altered men. All were sick of their cause, and averse to further exertion; some scarcely concealed a positive satisfaction at the defeat. And when the surviving polemarchs, now commanders, took counsel with the principal officers as to the steps proper in the emergency, there were a few, but very few, Spartans who pressed for renewal of the battle, and for recovering by force their slain brethren in the field,

or perishing in the attempt. All the rest felt like beaten men; so that the polemarchs, giving effect to the general sentiment, sent a herald to solicit the regular truce for burial of their dead. This the Thebans granted, after erecting their own trophy. But Epaminondas, aware that the Spartans would practice every stratagem to conceal the magnitude of their losses, coupled the grant with the condition that the allies should bury their dead first. It was found that the allies had scarcely any dead to pick up, and that nearly every slain warrior on the field was a Lacedæmonian. And thus the Theban general, while he placed the loss beyond possibility of concealment, proclaimed at the same time such public evidence of Spartan courage as to rescue the misfortune of Leuctra from all aggravation on the score of dishonor. What the Theban loss was Xenophon does not tell us. Pausanias states it at forty-seven men, Diodorus at three hundred. The former number is preposterously small, and even the latter is doubtless under the truth, for a victory in close fight, over soldiers like the Spartans, must have been dearly purchased. Though the bodies of the Spartans were given up to burial, their arms were retained, and the shields of the principal officers were seen by the traveler Pausanias at Thebes, five hundred years afterwards.

Twenty days only had elapsed, from the time when Epaminondas quitted Sparta after Thebes had been excluded from the general peace, to the day when he stood victorious on the field of Leuctra. The event came like a thunderclap upon every one in Greece — upon victors as well as vanquished — upon allies and neutrals, near and distant, alike. The general expectation had been that Thebes would be speedily overthrown and dismantled; instead of which, not only she had escaped, but had inflicted a crushing blow on the military majesty of Sparta.

It is in vain that Xenophon — whose account of the battle is obscure, partial, and imprinted with that chagrin which the event occasioned to him — ascribes the defeat to untoward accidents, or to the rashness and convivial carelessness of Cleombrotus, upon whose generalship Agesilaus and his party at Sparta did not scruple to cast ungenerous reproach, while others faintly exculpated him by saying that he had fought contrary to his better judgment, under fear of unpopularity. Such criticisms, coming from men wise after the fact, and consoling themselves for the public calamity by censuring the unfortunate commander, will not stand examination. Cleom-

brotus represented on this occasion the feeling universal among his countrymen. He was ordered to march against Thebes with the full belief, entertained by Agesilaus and all the Spartan leaders, that her unassisted force could not resist him. To fight the Thebans on open ground was exactly what he and every other Spartan desired. While his manner of forcing the entrance of Bœotia, and his capture of Creusis, was a creditable maneuver, he seems to have arranged his order of battle in the manner usual with Grecian generals at the time. There appears no reason to censure his generalship, except in so far as he was unable to divine — what no one else divined — the superior combinations of his adversary, then for the first time applied to practice.

To the discredit of Xenophon, Epaminondas is never named in his narrative of the battle, though he recognizes in substance that the battle was decided by the irresistible Theban force brought to bear upon one point of the enemy's phalanx — a fact which both Plutarch and Diodorus expressly refer to the genius of the general. All the calculations of Epaminondas turned out successful. The bravery of the Thebans, cavalry as well as infantry, seconded by the training which they had received during the last few years, was found sufficient to carry his plans into full execution. To this circumstance principally was owing the great revolution of opinion throughout Greece which followed the battle. Every one felt that a new military power had arisen, and that the Theban training, under the generalship of Epaminondas, had proved itself more than a match on a fair field, with shield and spear, and with numbers on the whole inferior, for the ancient Lycurgean discipline; which last had hitherto stood without a parallel as turning out artists and craftsmen in war, against mere citizens in the opposite ranks, armed, yet without the like training. Essentially stationary and old-fashioned, the Lycurgean discipline was now overborne by the progressive military improvement of other states, handled by a preëminent tactician — a misfortune predicted by the Corinthians at Sparta sixty years before, and now realized, to the conviction of all Greece, on the field of Leuctra.

EDUCATING A CITIZEN.

By PLATO.

(From the "Republic": translated by Benjamin Jowett.)

SOCRATES — Is not war an art?

Glaucon — Certainly. . . .

But the mere handling of tools will not make a man a skilled workman. How then will he who takes up a shield or other implement of war all in a day become a good fighter?

Yes, he said, the tools which would teach their own use would be of rare value.

And the greater the business of the guardian is, I said, the more time and art and skill will be needed by him?

That is what I should suppose, he replied.

Will he not also require natural gifts?

Certainly.

We shall have to select natures which are suited to their task of guarding the city?

That will be our duty.

And anything but an easy duty, I said; but still we must endeavor to do our best as far as we can?

We must. . . .

Well, and your guardian must be brave if he is to fight well?

Certainly.

And is he likely to be brave who has no spirit? Did you never observe how the presence of spirit makes the soul of any creature absolutely fearless and invincible?

Yes: I have observed that.

Then now we have a clear idea of the bodily qualities which are required in the guardian?

True.

And also of the mental ones; his soul is to be full of spirit?

Yes.

But then, Glaucon, those spirited natures are apt to be furious with one another, and with everybody else?

There is the difficulty, he replied.

Whereas, I said, they ought to be gentle to their friends,

and dangerous to their enemies; or, instead of their enemies destroying them, they will destroy themselves.

True, he said.

What is to be done then, I said; how shall we find a gentle nature which has also a great spirit, for they seem to be inconsistent with one another?

True.

And yet he will not be a good guardian who is wanting in either of these two qualities; and, as the combination of them appears to be impossible, this is equivalent to saying that to be a good guardian is also impossible.

I am afraid that what you say is true, he replied.

Here feeling perplexed I began to think over what had preceded. My friend, I said, we deserve to be in a puzzle; for we have lost sight of the simile with which we started.

What do you mean? he said.

I mean to say that there do exist natures gifted with those opposite qualities.

And where do you find them?

Many animals, I replied, furnish examples of them; our friend the dog is a very good one: you know that well-bred dogs are perfectly gentle to their familiars and acquaintances, and the reverse to strangers.

Yes, I know.

Then there is nothing impossible or out of the order of nature in our finding a guardian who has a similar combination of qualities.

Certainly not.

Would you not say that he should combine with the spirited nature the qualities of a philosopher?

I do not apprehend your meaning.

The trait of which I am speaking, I replied, may be also seen in the dog, and is remarkable in an animal.

What trait?

Why, a dog, whenever he sees a stranger, is angry; when an acquaintance, he welcomes him, although the one has never done him any harm, nor the other any good. Did this never strike you as curious?

I never before thought of it, though I quite recognize the truth of your remark.

And surely this instinct of the dog is very charming; — your dog is a true philosopher.

Why?

Why, because he distinguishes the face of a friend and of an enemy only by the criterion of knowing and not knowing. And must not the creature be fond of learning who determines what is friendly and what is unfriendly by the test of knowledge and ignorance?

Most assuredly.

And is not the love of learning the love of wisdom, which is philosophy?

They are the same, he replied.

And may we not say confidently of man also, that he who is likely to be gentle to his friends and acquaintances, must by nature be a lover of wisdom and knowledge?

That we may safely affirm.

Then he who is to be a really good and noble guardian of the State will require to unite in himself philosophy and spirit and swiftness and strength?

Undoubtedly.

Then we have found the desired natures; and now that we have found them, How are they to be reared and educated? is the inquiry which may be fairly expected to throw light on the greater inquiry which is our final end — How do justice and injustice grow up in States? for we do not want to be tedious and irrelevant, or to leave out anything which is really to the point.

Adeimantus thought that the inquiry would be of great use to us.

Then, I said, my dear friend, the task must not be given up, even if somewhat long.

Certainly not.

Come, then, and let us pass a leisure hour in story telling, and our story shall be the education of our heroes.

By all means.

And what shall be their education? Can we find a better than the old-fashioned sort? — and this has two divisions, gymnastic for the body and music for the soul.

True.

Shall we begin education with music, and go on to gymnastic afterwards?

By all means.

And when you speak of music, do you rank literature under music or not?

I do.

And literature may be either true or false?

Yes.

And the young are trained in both kinds, and in the false before the true?

I do not understand your meaning, he said.

You know, I said, that we begin by telling children stories which, though not wholly destitute of truth, are in the main fictitious; and these stories are told them when they are not of an age to learn gymnastics.

Very true.

That was my meaning in saying that we must teach music before gymnastics.

Quite right, he said.

You know also that the beginning is the chiefest part of any work, especially in a young and tender thing; for that is the time at which the character is being formed and most readily receives the desired impression.

Quite true.

And shall we just carelessly allow children to hear any casual tales which may be framed by casual persons, and to receive into their minds notions which are the very opposite of those which are to be held by them when they are grown up?

We cannot.

Then the first thing will be to have a censorship of the writers of fiction, and let the censors receive any tale of fiction which is good, and reject the bad; and we desire mothers and nurses to tell their children the authorized ones only. Let them fashion the mind with their tales, even more fondly than they form the body with their hands; and most of those which are now in use must be discarded.

Of what tales are you speaking? he said.

You may find a model of the lesser in the greater, I said; for they are necessarily cast in the same mold, and there is the same spirit in both of them.

That may be very true, he replied; but I do not as yet know what you would term the greater.

Those, I said, which are narrated by Homer and Hesiod, and the rest of the poets, who have ever been the great story-tellers of mankind.

But which stories do you mean, he said; and what fault do you find with them?

A fault which is most serious, I said; the fault of telling a lie, and, which is more, a bad lie.

But when is this fault committed?

Whenever an erroneous representation is made of the nature of gods and heroes, — like the drawing of a limner which has not the shadow of a likeness to the truth.

Yes, he said, that sort of thing is certainly very blamable; but what are the stories which you mean?

First of all, I said, there was that greatest of all lies in high places, which the poet told about Uranus, and which was a bad lie too, — I mean what Hesiod says that Uranus did and what Cronus did to him. The doings of Cronus, and the sufferings which in turn his son inflicted upon him, even if they were true, ought certainly not to be lightly told to young and simple persons; if possible, they had better be buried in silence. But if there is an absolute necesssity for their mention, a chosen few might hear them in a mystery, and in order to reduce the number of hearers they should sacrifice not a common (Eleusinian) pig, but some huge and unprocurable victim.

Why, yes, said he, those stories are certainly objectionable.

Yes, Adeimantus, they are stories not to be narrated in our State; the young man should not be told that in committing the worst of crimes he is far from doing anything outrageous; and that if he chastises his father when he does wrong, in any manner he likes, he will only be following the example of the first and greatest among the gods.

I quite agree with you, he said; in my opinion those stories are not fit to be repeated.

Neither, if we mean our future guardians to regard the habit of quarreling as dishonorable, should anything be said of the wars in heaven and of the plots and fightings of the gods against one another, which are quite untrue. Far be it from us to tell them of the battles of the giants, and embroider them on garments; or of all the innumerable other quarrels of gods and heroes with their friends and relations. If they would only believe us we would tell them quarreling is unholy, and that never up to this time has there been any quarrel between citizens; this is what old men and old women should begin by telling children, and the same when they grow up. And the poets should be required to compose accordingly. But the narrative of Hephæstus binding Here his mother, or how on another occasion Zeus sent him flying for taking her part when

she was being beaten, — such tales must not be admitted into our State, whether they are supposed to have an allegorical meaning or not. For the young man cannot judge what is allegorical and what is literal; anything that he receives into his mind at that age is apt to become indelible and unalterable; and therefore the tales which they first hear should be models of virtuous thoughts.

There you are right, he replied; that is quite essential: but, then, where are such models to be found? and what are the tales in which they are continued? when that question is asked, what will be our answer?

I said to him, You and I, Adeimantus, are not poets in what we are about just now, but founders of a State: now, the founders of a State ought to know the general forms in which poets should cast their tales, and the limits which should be observed by them, but actually to make the tales is not their business.

Very true, he said; but what are those forms of theology which you mean?

Something of this kind, I replied: God is always to be represented as he truly is; that is one form which is equally to be observed in every kind of verse, whether epic, lyric, or tragic.

Right.

And is he not truly good? and must he not be represented as such?

Certainly.

And no good thing is hurtful?

No, indeed.

And that which is not hurtful hurts not?

Certainly not.

And that which hurts not does no evil?

No.

And that which does no evil is the cause of no evil?

Impossible.

And the good is the advantageous?

Yes.

And the good is the cause of well-being?

Yes.

The good is not the cause of all things, but of the good only, and not the cause of evil?

Assuredly.

Then God, if he be good, is not the author of all things, as the many assert, but he is the cause of a few things only, and not of most things that occur to men. For few are the goods of human life, and many are the evils, and the good is to be attributed to God alone; of the evils the cause is to be sought elsewhere, and not in him.

That appears to me to be most true, he said.

Then we must not listen to Homer or to any other poet who is guilty of the folly of saying that two casks

> "Lie at the threshold of Zeus, full of lots, one of good, the other of evil lots,"

and that he to whom Zeus gives a mixture of the two

> "Sometimes meets with evil fortune, at other times with good;"

but that he to whom is given the cup of unmingled ill,

> "Him wild hunger drives over the divine earth."

And again

> "Zeus, who is the dispenser of good and evil to us." . . .

And if a poet writes of the sufferings of Niobe, which is the subject of the tragedy in which these iambic verses occur, or of the house of Pelops, or of the Trojan war, or any similar theme, either we must not permit him to say that these are the works of God, or if they are of God, he must devise some explanation of them such as we are seeking: he must say that God did what was just and right, and they were the better for being punished; but that those who are punished are miserable and that God is the author of their misery, the poet is not to be permitted to say; though he may say that the wicked are miserable because they require to be punished, and are benefited by receiving punishment from God; but that God being good is the author of evil to any one, is to be strenuously denied, and not allowed to be sung or said in any well-ordered commonwealth by old or young. Such a fiction is suicidal, ruinous, impious.

THE TEN ATTIC ORATORS.

The great critics of Alexandria placed ten names on their list, or canon, of the Athenian orators best worth remembrance; which, in the order Plutarch afterward wrote their biographies (essentially though not minutely chronological) were: Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, Isæus, Æschines, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Hyperides, Dinarchus. Specimens of the oratory of all are here collected for the first time, four translated specially for this work, and three of the orators represented in translation for the first time. We have arranged them a little differently to bring the debates on Demosthenes' public career together.

Antiphon, born about B.C. 480, was a pupil of Gorgias, the famous teacher of rhetoric. He was of the oligarchic party. Says Professor Jebb: "Antiphon was the ablest debater and pleader of his day, and in his person the new Rhetoric first appears as a political power at Athens. He took a chief part in organizing the Revolution of the Four Hundred, and when they fell was put to death by the people (B.C. 411)." Thucydides calls him one of the three best (*i.e.* most useful) men in Athens; which the organized assassinations by the Four Hundred make a strange adjective to our ears. All his extant speeches are on trials for homicide.

Andocides, born about B.C. 467, and also belonging to the oligarchic party, was involved in that great and never fully explained scandal, the mutilation of the Hermæ just before the expedition to Syracuse (B.C. 415). Thrown into prison, he saved his life by denouncing four others, who were executed; but failed to clear himself, and was banished. He made application for return later on, again to the Four Hundred in 411, still again in 410 to the Assembly after their downfall; but failed, and was a traveling merchant till 402, when he returned under the general amnesty. He held important official positions thereafter, and died after 390, when, as ambassador to Lacedæmon to treat for peace, he made on his return the speech here excerpted.

Lysias, though born at Athens, (B.C. 459?) had a Syracusan father, spent his early and middle life in southern Italy, and only settled at Athens in 412, when growing old. He was a democrat. In 404 the Thirty Tyrants put his brother to death, and he fled; the next year, on their expulsion by Thrasybulus, he came back and impeached Eratosthenes, one of the Thirty, and some years later impeached one of their tools. He made other speeches on public affairs; but as with most of the others, his chief work was legal.

Isocrates, born B.C. 436, was a wealthy and highly educated youth, who lost his fortune in the troubles of the Peloponnesian

War, wrote law speeches for ten years, and about 392 became a teacher of elocution, continuing such till his death at nearly one hundred, in 338. His school was far the most famous in ancient Greece, drawing scholars from all parts, from Sicily to the Crimea. Cicero says they were the foremost orators and authors of their time. Among them were three of our ten (Isæus, Lycurgus, and Hyperides), two leading historians (Ephorus and Theopompus), and many others eminent in different departments. In the great rhetorical contest of B.C. 351, in honor of Mausolus prince of Caria, only his pupils dared enter. His life dream was of saving Greece from destroying itself through internal feuds by uniting it against Asia; first by reconciling Athens and Sparta, then by some "tyrant" or Spartan king as leader, lastly by Philip of Macedon; — he died in the year of the battle of Chæronea.

Isæus, born about B.C. 420, probably at the Athenian colony in Chalcis, was a professional writer of law speeches, and has little known life outside his work. He is regarded as a master of logical argument and jury tactics. Of the twelve extant speeches, eleven are on will cases, and the other an appeal from arbitration.

Lycurgus, born about B.C. 396–393, was one of the three chief leaders of the anti-Macedonian party in Athens during the great struggle with Philip — Demosthenes and Hyperides being the others. His department was internal government, finances, city improvement and order, etc. He was financial director of Athens about 341–329, disbursing over $20,000,000 with clean hands, and raising the state income to nearly $1,500,000 a year. He was so much trusted that he was chosen banker for many private persons; and when Alexander the Great demanded his surrender, the people refused to comply. He died about 323.

Æschines, born B.C. 389, was in some respects the most remarkable of all, his unassisted talents raising him from the lowest station to the second place among classic orators. Even if not the son of a courtesan, and at first a low comic actor, as Demosthenes asserted, — which we should count to his honor, — he was certainly very poor and uneducated, was a soldier till about forty, then clerk to the Assembly, and began soon after to display mastery as a public speaker. He took from the first, like Isocrates, the Macedonian side in the bickerings and negotiations with Philip; was twice envoy to him, and probably disbursing agent for his money in Athens and elsewhere, though Demosthenes failed to convict him of bribery; and in 330, eight years after Chæronea, attempting to prevent public honors to Demosthenes for patriotism, was himself exiled, and set up a school of elocution in Rhodes. He died in Samos, B.C. 314.

Demosthenes, the greatest orator of antiquity, the son of a rich Athenian manufacturer, was born about B.C. 385. His father dying

when the boy was small, his education was neglected; but at seventeen he began to train himself in oratory, in spite of a bad stammer and weak lungs. His oratory was applied partly to law cases, but also to politics, especially to opposing the attempts of Philip of Macedon to form a league against Persia under Macedonian hegemony, which he felt must result first or last, as it did, in destroying Grecian freedom. He failed. The allied Athenian and Bœotian army was defeated at Chæronea, B.C. 338, and Demosthenes was accused of cowardice, bribery, etc., by his rival Æschines; but turned the tables by his oration "On the Crown," gaining a golden crown for his political conduct, and sending his rival into exile. After several ups and downs, — being once banished, but recalled with enthusiasm after Alexander's death, — he poisoned himself, B.C. 322, to avoid being delivered up to Antipater.

HYPERIDES, born probably about B.C. 390, began as a writer of law speeches, and entered public life in a very usual fashion, by prosecuting a general for treason. He was one of Demosthenes' supporters against Philip; but in the affair of Harpalus's money (see note before extract from Dinarchus) was one of the public prosecutors of Demosthenes, and on the latter's banishment succeeded to his place as chief popular leader. He incited the Lamian War against Antipater and Craterus; and on the success of Antipater at Crannon, B.C. 322, was put to death.

DINARCHUS, born at Corinth about B.C. 361, early settled at Athens as a writer of law speeches, and in 324 wrote three orations against Demosthenes and others for the prosecutors in the Harpalus case. He had been a pupil of Demetrius Phalereus, and on Demetrius's accession to power, became a notable public figure, 317–306. On his fall Dinarchus withdrew to Chalcis, returning only in 292. He died about 291.

ANTIPHON.

Arguments in a Case of Accidental Homicide.

(Translated for this work.)

[Two youths were throwing javelins in a school of gymnastics: one was fatally wounded by a throw of the other. The father of the slain prosecuted the slayer for homicide. It is to be remembered that these speeches were to be spoken by the father.]

I. THE PLEADING.

NOTORIOUS facts, it has been decided under the law and by public decrees, are in the hands of the city executive; but any case where the facts are disputed is assigned to you, citizen

gentlemen, to decide. Now I think there is no dispute on this action of mine; for my son while in the gymnasium, pierced through the side with a dart by this youth, died instantly. I do not charge that he was slain intentionally, but unintentionally; but the calamity fell on me none the less when unintentional than if intentional. And nothing weighs on the dead; all inflictions are on the living. I ask of you who have been stricken by the loss of children, that in pity for my son's premature death, you will interdict the slayer from what the law interdicts him from, and not allow the whole city to be contaminated by him.

[The father of the accidental slayer put in the defense that there was no homicide, as the slain youth was the cause of his own death by running toward the target when the dart was thrown, and so getting in its way. He also as matter of equity asked that his son, innocent of intentional wrong, be not visited with unmerited punishment, and his own old age be commiserated.]

II. REPLY TO THE DEFENSE.

That necessity forces everybody both to speak and act against nature, it seems to me this party makes clear by deed as well as by word. For before the trial he displayed very little impudence or audacity; but now he is forced by this event to say what I never expected him to. Most foolishly, I did not expect him to contradict my statement, or I should not by making one speech against his two have robbed myself of half my accusation; and this man would have defended himself by speech for speech, indeed, but not made unanswerable charges. He has done this many times over in his speech, and now begs you against righteousness to accept his defense. But I have committed no offense at all, only suffered ills and wrongs, and now worse of the same sort in deed and word; and I too take refuge in your pity, and beg of you, gentlemen, the punishers of unrighteous deeds, the discriminators of righteous ones, not to be persuaded in a plain matter by tricky quibbles in words, but to give truth, in the mouths of those telling it, the victory over falsehood: for we agree that the latter is more plausible than what is truer, but the former will be uttered more guilelessly and less skillfully.

Confiding in justice, then, I scorn this defense; yet, distrusting the cruelty of fate, I fear lest not alone I have lost the service of a son, but also that I shall see him condemned

by you as a suicide. For this man has reached that point of impudence and audacity, where he denies that the thrower and slayer either wounded or slew; he alleges that the one who neither touched the dart nor undertook to throw it, missing the whole earth and all the bodies on it, thrust the dart through his own side. Even if I charged that the killing was intentional, it seems to me it would be more plausible than his story, that the other youth neither threw nor slew. For just then, my son, called by his teacher of gymnastics to pick up the darts for the throwers, coming in the way of that hostile dart through the recklessness of the thrower, and committing no error of any kind, perished miserably; the other, though miscalculating the time it took to pick up the darts, was not prevented from hitting the mark — a hapless and bitter mark for me. He did not slay intentionally; but he had better intentionally have neither thrown nor slain, for unintentionally not less than intentionally he slew my son.

This man denies the slaying altogether, and says he cannot be held under the law, which prohibits all killing whether just or unjust. But some one was the thrower? Does the homicide, then, belong to bystanders or teacher? No one accuses any of them; for to me the death is not a mystery, but perfectly plain. I say the law rightfully declares that slayers shall be punished; for not only is it just that the unintentional slayer shall come to unintentional grief, but the unintentionally not less than intentionally slain suffers unjustly if he remains unavenged. For even if the error happens through the god's neglectfulness, yet, being an error, just retribution should fall on the erring; and if a divine stain rests upon a sacrilegious culprit, it is unrighteous to hinder the divine visitations. But the defense say, too, it is not befitting that those who practice good deeds should be afflicted with ills: then how do we receive our deserts if we, no way inferior to them in practice, are punished with death? But admitting them to be blameless, and the calamity to be accidental and not to be shifted to the blameless, the fact makes for our side. For my son, who sinned against no one in anything, but died at this youth's hands, will fare unjustly if unavenged; and I, more blameless even than he, shall suffer unrighteously if I do not obtain what the law gives me.

Furthermore, I will make plain that the youth cannot be acquitted of offense nor of unintentional slaying, as they

allege, but that both these are common to both boys. For if it is correct to say that my boy was his own murderer for running against the throw of the dart and not standing quiet, the other youth is not clear of blame, since my boy died standing quiet, and not himself throwing a dart. The death took place between the two: my boy, if erring, punished himself more heavily than according to the measure of his error, by death; while he who had been his partner and companion in the things which had nothing to do with the error — how is it right that he should escape unpunished?

Then on the defense of these defenders, that my son was a partner in his own killing, you cannot justly or righteously acquit this youth; for we who have been ruined by their error should suffer by you, not righteously but unrighteously, if those who have brought death to us are not interdicted from what has been theirs. You will not be acting religiously in absolving the impious. As all the guilt of sacrilege will be fixed upon you by every one, you must exercise great caution in this matter. If you convict him, and interdict him from what the law interdicts him from, you will be clean from such a charge; but if you acquit him you will stand accountable. Then, regardful of your piety and the laws, you will remove and punish him, and thus not partake in his defilement; and to us parents, who still living are buried with him, by your judgment you will render the calamity more endurable.

Andocides.

On Making Peace with Lacedæmon (*B.C.* 390).

(Translated for this work.)

That making an honorable peace is better than war, fellow-citizens, I presume you all realize; that while your speakers accede to the name of peace, they oppose the means by which peace must come, you certainly do not all perceive. They tell you a peace will be very injurious to the democracy, as the present form of government may be abolished. Now, if the Athenian democracy had never yet made peace with the Lacedæmonians, you might reasonably hold such fear, from lack of skill in the business or lack of faith in them; but when you have often already made peace under a democratic constitution, how unreasonable it is not to look first at what happened then!

for we must use former events, fellow-citizens, as tokens of those to come.

Here we were, then, at war in Eubœa, and held Megara and Pegæ and Trœzene; and we wished for peace. Miltiades son of Cimon, ostracized and resident in the Chersonesus, had been received back as consul for the Lacedæmonians; and we sent him to Lacedæmon, having arranged a truce by herald. And so a thirty-years' peace was made by us with the Lacedæmonians, and both maintained the peace for thirteen years. You should look at this one first, fellow-citizens. During that peace, how was the Athenian democracy abolished? Nobody can show. What benefits accrued from that peace, I will point out. At that time we first built the Piræus walls; then the northern Long Walls; instead of the old and laid-up war-ships we then had, — those with which we had won sea-fights over the Persian king and the barbarians, — in their place we built a hundred new war-ships; and then for the first time we established the force of three hundred cavalry and hired the three hundred Scythian archers. These benefits accrued to the city through the peace with the Lacedæmonians, and power over Athens accrued to the democracy.

Subsequently we went to war on account of the Æginetans; and after enduring many hardships and inflicting many, we again wished for peace, and chose ten aged citizens out of the entire Athenian people, as plenipotentiaries to treat for peace with the Lacedæmonians — one of whom was Andocides my grandfather. These made a thirty-years' peace with the Lacedæmonians for you. And at that time too, fellow-citizens, how was the democracy abolished? What then? Did any persons capture the democracy and attempt its abolition? No one argues that, and the fact is the extreme reverse. For this peace greatly exalted the democracy of Athens, and so strengthened it that during those years, for the first time, having gained peace, we carried a thousand talents [$1,200,000] to the Acropolis, and by law reserved it specially for public use; that we built a hundred more ships, and decreed them to be a reserve also; constructed docks; established a force of twelve hundred cavalry and as many archers; and built the southern Long Wall. These benefits accrued to the city from this peace with the Lacedæmonians, and power over Athens accrued to the democracy.

Again making war, on account of the Megarians, the land

ravaged by invaders, and we stripped of many comforts, we finally made peace, which Nicias the son of Niceratus negotiated for us. I believe you have all seen that through this peace we carried seven thousand coined talents to the Acropolis, and procured more than three hundred war-ships; that more than twelve hundred talents a year came in for tribute, and we held the Chersonesus and Naxos and more than two-thirds of Eubœa — to enumerate the other colonies singly would be tedious. Possessed of all these good things, we again went to war with the Lacedæmonians, incited this time by the Argives.

Now, on this subject, fellow-citizens, remember first of all the counsel I gave you at the beginning of my speech. Other than these, has a peace ever been made where the Athenian democracy has been abolished? It has not been shown, and no one has argued against me, that these things are not the truth. But I have heard some people saying that by our last peace with the Lacedæmonians they set up the Thirty, and many Athenians perished by drinking hemlock and others fled into exile. Those who say this do not make the proper distinction; for a peace and a capitulation often differ from each other. A peace is made on equal terms, each harmonizing with the other the points on which they disagree; but a capitulation — whichever wins in a war, the stronger enforces it on the weaker by dictation. In this instance the Lacedæmonians, conquering us in war, forced us to pull down our walls and surrender our ships and receive back our refugees. Then, a capitulation was made by force under dictation; now, you are consulted as to a peace. Note from the very terms then written by you on the pillar, that under the ones now offered you will make a peace. There it is written to pull down the walls, here in these to build them; there twelve ships are permitted us, here as many as we wish; then Lemnos, Imbros, and Scyros were to be held by the possessors, now they are to be ours; and now it is not compulsory to receive back our refugees, then it was compulsory — by which the democracy was abolished. How do these terms resemble those? This, then, fellow-citizens, is the distinction I make: peace is safety and strength to the democracy, war brings about the abolition of the democracy. So much on this point.

But some say that we are obliged to make war. We will examine first, then, gentlemen of Athens, what we shall make war about; for I think everybody will agree on the things we

ought to make war about, — namely, being injured or assisting the injured. Now both we ourselves were injured, and we assisted the injured Bœotians. But if at present our affairs with the Lacedæmonians are in such shape that we shall no longer be injured, and proclamation is issued to the Bœotians that peace will be made with them if they leave Orchomenus self-governing, on what ground shall we make war? That our city may be free? that lies with ourselves. But how are we to have walls? that will result from peace itself. Is it that we may build war-ships, and repair and own those we have? that also lies with ourselves; for it is agreed that self-governing states may do this. But how shall we recover Lemnos and Scyros and Imbros? why, it is expressly written that they are to belong to Athens. Well, but the Chersonesus and colonies and foreign possessions and debts — how shall we recover them? but neither the Persian king nor our allies will grant them to us, and it is with their help we must get those things by war.

But in heaven's name, ought we to keep on making war till we have beaten the Lacedæmonians and their allies? It does not seem to me that that can be done. And if we should accomplish it, what do we suppose the barbarians will have to bear when we have effected it? And further, even if we ought to make war for this, and we had resources enough and were strong enough in men, we ought not to make war thus. But if there is nothing through which or with which or for which we are to make war, why is it not in every way our duty to make peace?

But consider, fellow-citizens, both this, that you are now bringing common peace and freedom to all the Greeks, and that you are giving power to all to share in all. Bear in mind how the greatest of the cities are for ending the war in any way; the Lacedæmonians first, who when they began to make war on us and our allies ruled both land and sea, but now by this peace have neither. And they surrender them without being conquered by us, but for the freedom of all Greece. For in battle they have won three times: once at Corinth, with all our allies present in a body, leaving no excuse, they alone crushing the whole; then in Bœotia they carried off the victory in the same way; thirdly, when they took Lechæum, though all the Argives and Corinthians, ourselves and the Bœotians, were present. Yet after exhibiting such deeds, they

are ready to make peace, holding only their own — they who have fought and conquered; the cities to be self-governing, and themselves holding the sea in common with the weaker. Now what kind of a peace would they have got from you if they had lost one solitary battle?

But how will the Bœotians make peace? They went to war on account of Orchomenus, not to allow it to be self-governing; now with a host of them slain, the land partially devastated, heavy contributions paid both from private and public sources, they impoverished, the war prolonged to the fourth year — now they can make peace by leaving Orchomenus self-governing, and will have suffered all this in vain, for at the outset they could have made peace by leaving the Orchomenians their self-government.

But how is it possible for us, fellow-citizens, to make peace? What kind of Lacedæmonians have we encountered? Now if any one of you shall be offended, I ask pardon; for I shall speak the truth. First, then, when we lost our ships in the Hellespont while we were besieged, what sentence was passed on you by those who are now our allies, but were then those of the Lacedæmonians? Was it not that our citizen body should be sold into slavery and our country made a desert? Were there not some who prevented these things from taking place? Was it not the Lacedæmonians, diverting the allies from the sentence, and themselves not even attempting to deliberate on such proposals? Then, swearing oaths to them and having them erect a pillar, we made a capitulation on certain terms as the choice of evils at that time. Later, when we had made an alliance drawing the Bœotians and Corinthians away from them, and drawing the Argives into our friendship, we were ourselves to blame for the battle at Corinth. Did not certain ones turn the Persian king hostile to them? and prepare Conon's sea-fight by which they lost the control of the sea? Yet after suffering these things from us, they concede the same as the allies, and will give us walls and ships and islands to be ours. What need have we now to go sending ambassadors for peace? And should we procure by hostilities aught but the same things which friends will give, and on account of which we are to begin war that the city may have them? Moreover, the others in making peace will lose their possessions, while we shall win besides what we most desire.

LYSIAS.

Against the Younger Alcibiades for deserting his Battalion.

[The speech was written for and made by one Tisias.]

I AM persuaded, gentlemen, that you can expect no apology from me for undertaking this impeachment of Alcibiades; for such has been the invariable tenor of his behavior toward the state, that even had he avoided giving private cause for offense to any individual among you, he would still deserve to be regarded, on account of his political character, as the public enemy of his country and of every citizen who loves it. His crimes have not been inconsiderable, — they admit of no extenuation, — they leave no room to hope for his future amendment; they are such that even his enemies, as men, must blush and be ashamed of them.

For my own part, gentlemen, I will acknowledge that I seek vengeance on him, not for your sakes only, but for my own. His hatred toward me is deep-rooted; it descends to him by inheritance from his father, and of late he has put in execution all the malicious purposes of his heart.

In many particulars, I have been anticipated by Archestratides, who first moved this accusation. He has read and explained the laws, and adduced evidence the most unquestionable; but whatever he may have omitted, it shall be my business to supply. Read therefore the law. (It is read.) This is the first time since the peace that you have sat in judgment, gentlemen, upon such a trial; and you ought on this account to regard yourselves not merely as judges, but as legislators, convinced that according to your present decision, and according as you either enforce or invalidate the law now read, the consequences must be important to the future happiness of this state. It is at all times the part of a just judge and of a good citizen to take the laws in that sense which is most for the interest of his country; but his duty is more especially useful at the time when they are first plead. Those who would defend Alcibiades have asserted that he could not be guilty of leaving his rank or of cowardice, because there was really no engagement; and the law, they pretend, runs, "that if any one leave his rank through cowardice, while his companions are engaged with the enemy, that in that case only he shall be subjected to a trial." This observation, however, is exceedingly ill founded; for the

law comprehends not only those who leave their ranks, but such as, being summoned, have not appeared among the foot soldiers. (It is read.) You hear then, gentlemen, that the law does not more apply to those who fly from their ranks, than to those who are not present among the infantry. But who should be present? Not those of the military age? not those whom the general has summoned? To me, indeed, Alcibiades appears to be equally guilty under both heads of the law. He is chargeable with deserting his rank, because, being summoned to appear among the foot soldiers, he did not there make his appearance, but abandoned that post which was assigned him; and he is manifestly convicted of cowardice, because, being ordered to expose himself on the same footing with his fellow-citizens, he alone mounted on horseback, and trusted to the mettle of his steed.

This, however, is his defense: he denies to have injured the state, because he was prepared to fight for it on horseback. But this apology, itself contrary to law, deserves only your indignation, for the law enacts: That whoever ranks with the cavalry, without obtaining the necessary permission, shall be deemed infamous. This, however, he has attempted; and this very thing he alleges as his excuse. Read also this law. (It is read.) So abandoned then is his character, that rather than serve as a foot soldier with his fellow-citizens, he has shown his contempt for you, and his fear of your enemies; and equally despising the laws of this republic, and the sanctions which confirm them, he has subjected himself to perpetual infamy, to confiscation of goods, and to every punishment which you may think proper to inflict. Yet the other citizens, who had never before served on foot, but always among the cavalry, and who, being well acquainted with their duty, had signalized their valor in the execution of it, obeyed you and the laws; they expected not indemnity by the destruction of the republic; they hoped for its greatness, its glory, and its success. But Alcibiades, having never served on horseback, and even incapable of doing it with honor to himself or advantage to his country, must, though unappointed and disqualified, rank himself with the cavalry, thus trampling on your laws because he hoped the misfortunes of the state would not permit you to enforce them.

Consider, gentlemen, that if you permit such unbounded licentiousness, there will no longer be any occasion for enact-

ing laws, assembling the citizens, or appointing generals; for all these formalities have been established in order to restrain it. And surely it would be unaccountable, that while a soldier who quits the first rank for the second incurs the charge of cowardice, he who quits not his rank, but his corps, and flies from the infantry to the horse, should be deemed undeserving of this reproach.

Nor are judges merely appointed for taking punishment on the licentious, but in order, through the terror of their decrees, to keep the rest of the citizens in obedience and submission. If you punish obscure persons only, this advantage cannot be attained; few will even hear of your decrees, and none will regard them: but if you chastise the most conspicuous offenders, our citizens will be awed by the example; the allies too will hear of it; and our enemies, informed of your severity, will tremble at that state which thinks nothing so criminal as military disorder.

It is not to be omitted, that of the soldiers in that army, a great many were sick, and others in the utmost poverty. The first would doubtless have chosen to return home, in order to get advice; the second to provide for their subsistence. Yet none of them abandoned their ranks, or preferred the motives of present convenience before the dread of your laws and the imputation of cowardice. Be mindful of this in your decree, and make it evident to the whole world that you still have no feeling for those citizens who, disgracing the name of Athenian, fly from the enemies of their country.

I am persuaded that both the law and the fact have been stated in such a manner, that on neither of these grounds will my adversaries oppose me. But you they will supplicate and entreat not to condemn for cowardice the son of Alcibiades, as if Alcibiades deserved any favor from you whose interest he so shamefully abandoned; for if he had been cut off at the age of his son, and on the first display of his evil genius, the state would have avoided a thousand calamities. It would be most extraordinary, gentlemen, that the son of that father whom you condemned to death should be saved for his father's merit; the son having fled from your enemies, the father having fought in their defense. Such was once your opinion of Alcibiades, that his son, yet a child and innocent, was delivered by you to the criminal judge, merely for his father's guilt; and now when his own crimes are notorious, will you pity him for

his father? It would be fortunate indeed for such men to be saved on account of their birth, while we, who by their licentiousness and disorder are reduced to the state of suppliants, meet with no mercy from our enemies. Will they spare us because descended from ancestors the most illustrious and deserving, and by whom all Greece has been far more benefited than ever those men benefited their country? Yet it might be a merit in them to take compassion on their friends, but it is inconsistent with your honor not to take vengeance on your enemies. If his relations, gentlemen, should intercede in his behalf, let them not be able to prevail with you; for they did not intercede with him in behalf of the laws of this country, or interceding, did not persuade him. And if the generals, in order to make an ostentatious display of their own influence, should think proper to use it in his favor, you will suggest to them that, were all like Alcibiades, there would be no occasion for generals, because there would be none to obey them. Demand of them, whether it be their duty to accuse and punish deserters, or to assist them in their defense, and which conduct is most likely to insure obedience to their orders.

The defendants, therefore, must prove either that he served on foot, or that he did not rank himself with the cavalry till he had obtained the necessary permission. In both cases, they may justly plead for his acquittal. But if having nothing of this kind to pretend, they entreat you to relent and be merciful, remember they give you a counsel to violate the oath which you have sworn, and to trample on the laws of your country. Yet wonderful would it be, should you incline to spare Alcibiades through the merit of his protectors, rather than destroy him for his own wickedness. Being informed of this, you will perceive that it is not a virtuous citizen you punish for a single offense, but that his whole life and behavior deserve the utmost weight of your resentment. And it is but reasonable, gentlemen, that while the accused urge in their defense their father's virtues and their own, the accuser may make mention of their vices, and prove that both the defendant and his ancestors deserve your detestation.

This deserter, while under the years of puberty, and living with the blinkard Archedemus, that robber of his country, was seen in broad day reveling with a courtesan, giving this early testimony of his character, and thinking he should never be

famous when old, unless in youth he was most profligate. He afterward entered into a conspiracy with Theotimus against his own father, and betrayed to him the fort of Oreos. Theotimus protected him for some time on account of his beauty; but whether dreading his treachery, or thinking to extort money from his father by way of ransom, he at length put him in irons. His father, however, so much detested him that he declared he would not ransom his bones; and it was not till a considerable time after the father's death that he was restored to liberty by his lover Archedemus. Not long after, having gambled away all his property, in hastening from the headland of Leuce he drowned his companions.

But it would be tedious to relate all that he has committed against the citizens in general, and even against his kindest friends. Hipponicus was obliged on his account to part from his wife, and to declare before many witnesses that Alcibiades had entered his house as her brother, but had lived in it as her husband. And the man convicted of these crimes, and having perpetrated everything wicked and abominable, shows not, even at present, that he repents of his past life or intends to reform it. Yet above all the citizens it became him to be most modest and regular, that the merit of the son might have atoned for the guilt of the father — that father who advised the Lacedæmonians to fortify Decelia, who alienated the isles, who was the source and contriver of our disgrace, and who fought as successfully, in conjunction with the enemies of this state, against his native country, as he was unhappy in defending it. For these injuries, gentlemen, your vengeance should be wreaked on his whole race.

It is urged that it would be highly unjust to punish him for the banishment of a father, whom upon his return you honored with presents; but it would surely be much more unjust to acquit him for the merit of the father, whom you afterward deprived of those presents which you had rashly and undeservedly bestowed on him.

And were there no other reason for condemning him, the following is sufficient. He compares your virtues, gentlemen, to his father's guilt; and by them he attempts to excuse it. Alcibiades, says he, did nothing so extraordinary in bearing arms against his country; for even you yourselves, when in a state of exile, took possession of Phylè, destroyed the wood, beat down the walls, and instead of heaping disgrace on your

posterity, have by these exploits acquired glory and renown. Thus he compares your conduct, gentlemen, in returning to expel your enemies, with that of his father who returned by their assistance. And it is known to all Greece that they entered the city to tyrannize over you, and to procure the empire of the sea to the Lacedæmonians; whereas you, actuated by opposite motives, expelled the Lacedæmonians and restored liberty to them. There is no similarity then between your actions and those of his father.

Still, however, he insists; and when his father's merit can no longer protect him, he triumphs in his crimes: for being the most guilty of the citizens, he must also, says he, have been the most powerful; nor without the most distinguished abilities could he have done more injuries to the state than all the rest of the citizens. What abilities did it require, but determined villainy, to give information to the enemy where to make a descent, what posts were unoccupied, what worst defended, where our affairs were most desperate, and which of our allies were ripest for a revolt. All this indeed he performed, hurting us still more by secret treachery than open violence. But, returning and getting command of the fleet, what did he perform against the enemy? He was not able to drive them from our coast, he could not even reduce to their duty the Chians whom he had caused to revolt; and in fine, while fighting for his country he performed nothing worthy of applause. It is not, therefore, in abilities, but in villainy, that he excelled: he could discover your secrets and your weakness to the Lacedæmonians, but the Lacedæmonians he was unable to overcome; and promising to obtain money from the king of Persia, he robbed your treasury of two hundred talents. Nor did he dare to disavow his crimes: though an accomplished orator, abounding in wealth, surrounded with friends, he ventured not to stand his trial before this people, but condemning himself by a voluntary banishment, chose to be an inhabitant of Thrace rather than a citizen of Athens.

But the last effort of his malice far excelled all that I have hitherto described. By the assistance of Adimantus he betrayed your fleet to Lysander. If you feel any compassion, therefore, for such as perished in the sea engagement; if you are ashamed at the disgrace of those who were carried into slavery; if you are seized with indignation at the demolition of your walls, with hatred against the Lacedæmonians, with rage against the

Thirty Tyrants ; — all these you must ascribe to Alcibiades the father, whose ancestors have been banished by you, and whom the most aged of this assembly deliberately condemned to death. Take vengeance, then, on your hereditary enemy, and let neither pity, nor pardon, nor favor, prevail over the laws which you have established and the oaths which you have repeatedly confirmed. Why should you spare such offenders ? What pretense can excuse them ?

Their public character is obnoxious, and have their private manners been blameless ? Have they not lived with prostitutes, cohabited with their own sisters, begot children of their daughters, treated our mysteries with contempt, maimed the statues of Hermes, been impious toward all the gods, injurious to all the citizens, and behaved with a licentiousness so rash and undistinguishing as even to involve themselves in the common calamity ? From what deed, the most audacious, have they abstained ? What have they not perpetrated, inflicted, or suffered ? Such was their disposition to hate the very appearance of virtue, and to triumph in their crimes. But will you pardon them, though thus unjust, in hopes of their future reformation, and of the benefit that may thence result to the state ? What benefit can he confer, convicted by the present trial, a coward, and proved a villain by the whole course of his life ? Nor allow fear, gentlemen, to awe you into forgiveness. Banished from his country you have no occasion to dread him ; a coward, a beggar, at variance with his kinsmen, detested by all the world ! Render him an example then to the state, and to his own profligate companions, licentious and dissolute as himself, who, having ruined their private fortune by debauchery, now harangue you on public affairs.

Thus have I spoken on the indictment to the best of my abilities ; and while many of you may wonder how I could collect such an aggregate of guilt, he himself will laugh because I have not related the thousandth part of his crimes. Reflecting then, not only on what is said, but on what is still omitted, you will assuredly condemn him ; considering that he is guilty of the charge, and that it is for the advantage of the state to be disburdened of such citizens. Read the laws, the oaths, and the indictment, and remembering justice, pass your decree.

Isocrates.

In Defense of the Same.

That my father did not take the span of horses from Tisias by violence, but purchased them from the Argive state, you have now learned by the testimony both of their ambassadors who came hither, and of others who witnessed the transaction. It is thus these informers persecute and harass me, first calling me into court under pretense of some private wrong, and afterward loading me with calumny as an enemy to the public. They even spend more time in traducing the character of my father than in examining the merits of the cause; and in contempt of law and justice, they insist that I should be subjected to punishment for the injuries which they impute to him. Though such matters have no relation to the present subject, yet as Tisias has insulted me on account of my father's exile, I think it my duty to answer this reproach; for I should be ashamed to appear less concerned for the fame of my father than for my own danger.

To such as are advanced in years, few words will suffice. They can easily recollect that Alcibiades was banished by the same men who afterward subverted the democracy. But for the sake of those who are too young to have any personal knowledge of such transactions, and who have often heard them misrepresented in this assembly, it is necessary that I should fully explain them.

The cabal of the Four Hundred, the first invaders of our rights, having discovered their views to my father, he condemned and opposed them. As they observed his attachment to the interest of the people, and his ability to promote it, they despaired of producing any revolution while he remained in Athens, and accordingly took measures to remove him. They knew that there were two circumstances which chiefly excited your indignation — committing impiety with regard to the mysteries of Demeter, and proposing to abolish your democracy. These they laid to the charge of my father, accusing him before the senate of having conspired with a faction against the present constitution, and of having celebrated the mysteries of Demeter in the house of Pulytion, in company with his impious partisans. But though the people were inflamed by the atrocity of these accusations, he justified himself in a

manner so satisfactory that they were disposed to punish his accusers, and appointed him to sail as general into Sicily. Thither accordingly he repaired, imagining himself fully cleared from every imputation. But no sooner was he gone than his enemies again brought on the affair before the senate, after gaining the orators and bribing false witnesses. It is unnecessary to describe the whole course of their iniquity: it ended in recalling my father from his employment, and in the murder or banishment of his friends. When he received intelligence of what had happened, of the success of his enemies, and of the misfortunes of those who had been attached to him, he was struck with the injustice of being condemned, in his absence, for the same crimes of which he had before been honorably acquitted. But even this could not excite his resentment against the state, or make him court the protection of its enemies: on the contrary, he preserved his affection for his country even during this severe persecution; and disdaining vengeance, retired quietly to Argos.

The malignity of his enemies, however, still continued to operate. They persuaded you to banish him out of all Greece, to erect a monument denouncing his disgrace, and to send ambassadors to Argos requiring his expulsion from that country. Then indeed, abandoned as he was, everywhere proscribed, and seeing no other means of safety, he took refuge with the Lacedæmonians. This is his only crime, and such are the circumstances which produced it.

As to the other accusations against him, — that he fortified Decelia, seduced our allies from their duty, and instructed our enemies in the art of war, while his talents are declared to have been most contemptible, — they are as inconsistent with one another as with common sense. For how, without very uncommon abilities, could he have brought about such important events? Supposing him ever so well skilled in the art of war, would the Spartans have received his lessons on a science in which they were capable to instruct all mankind? Did the time admit of it, I could prove that he had no share in many transactions which are falsely ascribed to him, and that in those in which he actually was concerned, he consulted the interest of his country. But it would be hard indeed, if I should now be subjected to punishment for the banishment of my father, when the state thought proper that he himself should afterward receive a compensation on that account. You, of all men,

ought to have the greatest compassion for his afflictions; for when banished by the Thirty Tyrants, you had to struggle with the same calamities. On that occasion, you united in sentiment with my father. Were you not disposed to submit to every inconvenience, and to expose yourselves to every danger, rather than continue in exile? What outrages did you not commit, in order to return to the city and to inflict punishment on those who had expelled you? To what state did you not sue for assistance? From what injury did you abstain? After seizing the Piræus, did you not destroy the corn in the fields, desolate the territory, set fire to the suburbs, and at last lay siege to Athens?

All these measures you thought so justifiable, that you expressed more indignation against the partners of your banishment who did not concur in them, than against the original authors of your misfortunes. You ought not, therefore, to find fault with my father's conduct, which is authorized by your own example, nor regard those men as criminal, who during banishment desired to return to their country; but those who, while they remained in the country, maintained a behavior deserving of banishment. Whether is it reasonable to judge of my father's character as a citizen, by what he did when cut off from the city, or by his conduct before that period? Consider that with two hundred soldiers, he made the most considerable states of Peloponnesus revolt from the Lacedæmonians, and become your allies; that he reduced your enemies to the utmost extremity, and carried on the war of Sicily with uncommon success. Recollect his services after his return from exile, and the situation of affairs at that period. The democracy was dissolved, the citizens inflamed with sedition, and the army unwilling to obey the orders of those who were in power. The opposite factions had behaved with so much violence, that both were in despair: the one regarded their fellow-citizens, who remained in Athens, as enemies more implacable than the Lacedæmonians; the other sent for the soldiers in Decelia, because they rather chose to be under the power of the enemy, than to allow their countrymen to have any share in the government. This was the disposition of the citizens with regard to one another. Their enemies, again, had been victorious by sea and land; their wants were gratified or prevented by the king of Persia: while we had no means to supply an exhausted treasury; and there were ninety ships

daily expected from Phœnicia, which had been sent to assist the Lacedæmonians. Amidst these dangers and misfortunes, my father was recalled. He did not affect an importance which the occasion, in some measure, might have justified; he did not show any resentment for the injuries which he had received, nor adopt measures that might have secured him in future against a similar treatment: on the contrary, he at once discovered his resolution rather to share in the misfortunes of his country than in the successes of Lacedæmon; for it had never been his ambition to conquer the city, but only to return into it. He had no sooner engaged in your interest, than he dissuaded Tissaphernes from paying the supplies to the Lacedæmonians, and effected a reconciliation with our allies. He likewise paid the troops from his private fortune, reëstablished the government of the people, reconciled the citizens to one another, and removed all danger on the side of Phœnicia. It would require no small time to enumerate the galleys which he took, the battles which he gained, the cities which he carried by storm or compelled to surrender. It is remarkable, that of all the military expeditions in which the state during that time was engaged, none proved unfortunate under the conduct of my father. These facts, however, are too recent to be insisted on; I pass over others which are no less publicly known.

But some men traduce his private life and manners with an insolence of reproach, which, were he alive, they would not dare to express. They are arrived at such a pitch of absurdity as to imagine that the more they calumniate him, the greater favor they will gain with you and with the rest of the Greeks; as if all men did not know that it is in the power of the most worthless not only to rail against the most respectable characters, but to point their satire against Heaven itself. It may not, perhaps, be worth while to take notice of their reproaches; but I am prompted to support the reputation of my father. I shall trace the matter from its source, that you may be sensible of the consideration in which our family has been held, from the earliest periods of the republic.

Alcibiades, then, was descended, by the father's side, of the race of the Eupatridæ, whose very name announces the dignity of their extraction; by the mother's side, of the Alcmæonidæ. This family was distinguished by its opulence, and its attachment to the popular form of government. Alcmæon was the first Athenian citizen who conquered in the chariot races at the

Olympic games. His family, though related to that of Pisistratus, and though before the time of his usurpation many of them lived in particular intimacy with the tyrant, disdained to have any share in his government, and chose rather to banish themselves from their native country than behold the slavery of their fellow-citizens. On this account they became so odious to the usurper, that upon the prevalence of his faction, their houses were leveled with the ground and even the tombs of their dead sacrilegiously uncovered. But during the forty years that the usurpation continued, they were always regarded as the leaders of the people. At length Alcibiades and Clisthenes, great-grandfathers to my father, the one in the male, the other in the female line, conducted the people to the city, expelled the tyrants, and established that democracy under which we alone defended all Greece against the barbarians. They rendered the citizens so distinguished for justice, that we voluntarily received from the Greeks the empire of the sea; and they so nobly adorned the city with everything subservient either to ornament or utility, that those who called it, by way of eminence, the capital of Greece, did not seem to exaggerate. Such then was the hereditary friendship with the people transmitted to my father from his ancestors; an inheritance venerable for its antiquity, and founded on the most important services.

He himself was left an orphan; his father was killed at Coronea, fighting against the enemies of his country. Pericles, however, undertook the care of his education; Pericles, whom all considered as the most equitable, moderate, and prudent of the citizens. It is surely not a small happiness to have sprung from such ancestors, and to have been educated by such a guardian: but my father disdained to owe his glory to the merit of his connections; and determined to rival, not to borrow, their renown. First of all, when Phormio led forth one thousand chosen men against the Thracians, he distinguished himself so much above his companions, that he was crowned by universal consent, and received a complete suit of armor from the general. What praises does not he deserve, who in his youth was conspicuous amidst the bravest of his countrymen, and who, when advanced in years, proved superior in every engagement to the most skillful generals in Greece?

Soon after, he married my mother, who was given to him as the reward of his merit; for her father Hipponicus, inferior to none in extraction, was in opulence the first of the Greeks, and

in character the most respectable. An alliance so honorable and so advantageous was coveted by all, and expected by the most illustrious ; but Hipponicus preferred my father to all the suitors, and chose him for his son-in-law and his friend.

At that time, the Olympic games were the chief theater of glory. There the candidates for fame displayed their wealth, their activity, and their accomplishments. The conquerors not only rendered themselves famous, but reflected splendor on the state to which they belonged. Alcibiades, observing this, considered that the management of public affairs at home advanced the character of the private citizens in the opinion of his country ; but that the glory acquired at Olympus raised the reputation of the republic in the opinion of all Greece. Upon this reflection, though inferior to none in bodily strength and address, he despised the gymnastic exercises, as belonging to men of mean extraction and narrow fortune, or to the members of inconsiderable states ; and applying himself to the management of horses, which none but the most affluent could undertake, he excelled all his competitors. He had more chariots than the greatest states. His horses so far excelled all that entered the lists, that they came in the first, the second, and the third. His sacrifices and other expenses in the festival were more magnificent than those of whole nations ; and he ended the entertainment by eclipsing the glory of all former conquerors, and by leaving nothing greater for posterity to perform. His largesses to the people, upon being elected into public offices, and his magnificence in conducting the shows within the city, it is unnecessary to mention. All others have thought it sufficient honor to be ranked, in these respects, as second to Alcibiades ; and the praises bestowed on such as are distinguished for them in our days reflect a double luster on him.

As to what regards the commonwealth (for this is by no means to be omitted since he never neglected it), he behaved with such public spirit that while others excited seditions from views of profit or ambition, he exposed his life for the safety of his country. It was not in being rejected by the oligarchy, but in being called to share in it, that he showed his attachment to the people. He might have shared in the government of the few ; he might even have enjoyed more authority than any individual of their number ; but he chose to suffer injuries from his fellow-citizens rather than to betray them. Of this it

would have been impossible to have convinced you before the late revolutions in our government; but the commotions which we have now experienced discover the true character of the citizens, and enable us to distinguish the partisans of oligarchy from the friends of the constitution, and the peaceable subjects of both from those who are indifferent as to all forms of government provided they have a share in the administration. In the course of these seditions he was twice expelled by your enemies. In the first instance, his banishment opened the way to your servitude; and in the second, it was the immediate consequence of your misfortunes — so intimately were your fortunes connected, so much did you share in his advantages, and so sensibly did he feel your adversity.

There were some who thought unfavorably of his public character, not judging by his actions, but because they supposed that supreme power was naturally coveted by all men, and that he was most capable to obtain it. This however, is his greatest praise, that while he possessed the means of enslaving his fellow-citizens, he chose to live on an equality with them. The variety of instances in which he demonstrated his principles, makes me at a loss which of them to select: those omitted always appear more considerable than such as I relate. One thing is evident, that those are naturally most attached to any government who are the greatest gainers by its continuance, and who have the most to lose by its subversion. But who was happier than he during the democracy? Who was more admired and respected? Upon the dissolution of that form of government, who was deprived of greater hopes, of a more ample fortune, or of higher reputation and glory? Under the last usurpation, the Thirty contented themselves with banishing other citizens from Athens, but him they proscribed from all Greece. Did not Lysander and the Lacedæmonians consider the death of my father, and the dissolution of your democracy, as things so inseparably connected that they labored equally for both? It was to no purpose, they knew, to make you agree to the demolition of your walls, while they left alive the man who could rebuild them.

The misfortunes, therefore, to which he was exposed, no less than the victories which he obtained, show his good will to the people. He desired the same government with you, he had the same friends, the same enemies, and he shared alike in your good and bad fortune. He was ever involved in dangers, some-

times with you, sometimes for you, but always in your behalf. In every respect, surely, he behaved differently from Charicles, who desired to be subject to the enemy and to tyrannize over his fellow-citizens; and who, though he remained inactive during his banishment, had no sooner returned than he became a misfortune to his country. And you, the friend and kinsman of such a traitor, you, who sat in a senate with tyrants, are now become audacious enough to traduce the citizens! Have you no remembrance of the amnesty, by virtue of which you are at present an inhabitant of Athens? Are you not sensible, that, were the public to exact an account of what is past, you would now be exposed to greater dangers than I am? But the state, faithful to its oaths, will not only refuse to punish me for the pretended injuries of my father, but will pardon you for the crimes of which you are actually guilty. You have not the same defense with him: it was not in banishment but while in office, it was not by necessity but from choice, it was not to avenge injuries but by being yourself the author of them, that you brought ruin on your country. Were this to be remembered, what defense could you plead, what excuse could you make?

But, perhaps, on some future occasion, gentlemen, when he himself is in danger, I shall speak at more length of the injuries he has committed. I now entreat you not to abandon me to my enemies, nor to involve me in calamities too hard to be borne. Already have I had my full measure of distress. In my early infancy I was left an orphan by the death of my mother and the banishment of my father. Before I had attained four years of age, I was in danger of being cruelly murdered. When a boy I was expelled from the city under the Thirty Tyrants. After the citizens who seized the Piræus were recalled, the rest were indemnified for the loss of their property. I alone, on account of the power and virulence of my enemies, received no redress. Having suffered so many misfortunes, and been twice deprived of all my possessions, I am now defendant in an action for five talents. This cause, though merely pecuniary, may drive me from my country. The same accusations have not similar effects against persons in different circumstances. The rich lose their fortunes, but those who are poor as I am lose their honor and reputation; a loss greater than banishment itself, as it is more disagreeable to be despised by our fellow-citizens than to be obliged to live among strangers.

I now, therefore, crave your assistance; I entreat that you will not suffer me to be insulted by my enemies, to be despised by my country, and to become remarkable above all men for my misfortunes. There is no occasion for many words; facts speak for themselves. It should be sufficient to move your compassion, to see me involved in an unjust accusation, endangered in whatever is most precious to me, suffering what is unworthy both of myself and of my forefathers, deprived of the most splendid fortune, and obnoxious to all the vicissitudes of life. Though these considerations be extremely grievous, yet there are others still more afflicting: that I should be punished at the instance of a man from whom I am entitled to demand justice; that I should be dishonored on account of my father's victory at Olympus, which to every other son would have been the source of triumph and glory; that Tisias, who had no merit with the state, should have a powerful influence both in the oligarchy and democracy, while I, who injured neither, should be persecuted by both; and that you, who agree in no other respect with the Thirty, should unite with them against me, and regard the partner of your misfortune as the object of your resentment.

Isæus.

On the Estate of Cleonymus.

(Translated by Sir William Jones.)

Polyarchus left three sons, Cleonymus, Dinias, and the father of those for whom Isæus composed the following speech. The third son dying, his children were committed to the guardianship of Dinias. These young men were heirs to Cleonymus by the laws of Athens, and their grandfather had appointed them successors to their uncle if he should die childless. Cleonymus had, however, a power to dispose of his property: and in a fit of anger toward his brother Dinias, for some real or imagined wrong, had made a will in favor of two remoter kinsmen, Diocles and Posidippus, which, according to the custom of the Athenians, he had deposited with one of the magistrates; but after the death of Dinias he took his nephews under his care, and determined to cancel the will by which they were disinherited. With this intent he sent for the magistrate who kept the testament, but died unexpectedly before an actual revocation of it. His nephews then entered upon his estate as heirs at

law; and the other claimants produced the will which, as Isæus contends in the person of his clients, was virtually revoked by Cleonymus.

GREAT has been the change which our fortunes have undergone by the decease of Cleonymus, who when he was alive intended to leave us his estate, but has exposed us by his death to the danger of losing it: and with so modest a reserve, judges, were we bred under his care, that not even as hearers had we at any time entered a court of justice, but now we come hither to defend our whole property; for our adversaries dispute our right, not only to the possessions of the deceased, but also to our paternal inheritance, of which they boldly assert that he was a creditor. Their own friends, indeed, and relations think it just that we should have an equal share even of those effects which Cleonymus confessedly left them: but our opponents themselves have advanced to such a height of impudence, that they seek to deprive us even of our patrimony; not ignorant, judges, of what is right and equitable, but conceiving us to be wholly defenseless against their attacks.

Consider, then, on what grounds the parties respectively rest their claims. These men rely on a will which our uncle, who imputed no blame to us, made in resentment against one of our relations, but virtually canceled before his death, having sent Posidippus to the magistrate for the purpose of solemnly revoking it: but we who were his nearest kinsmen, and most intimately connected with him, derive a clear title both from the laws, which have established our right of succession, and from Cleonymus himself, whose intention was founded on the friendship subsisting between us; not to urge that his father and our grandfather, Polyarchus, had appointed us to succeed him if he should die without children. Such and so just being our claim, these associates, who are nearly related to us, and who have no color of justice on their side, are not ashamed of contesting our title to an estate about which it would be disgraceful for mere strangers to contend. Nor do we seem, judges, in this cause to have the same dispositions toward each other; for I do not consider it as the greatest of my present misfortunes to be unjustly disturbed with litigation, but to be attacked by those whom it would be improper even to repel with any degree of violence; nor should I think it a lighter calamity to injure my relations in my own defense than to be

injured myself by their unprovoked assault: but they, judges, have different sentiments, and appear against us with a formidable array of friends whom they have summoned and advocates whom they have retained, leaving behind them no part of their forces, as if they were going to inflict vengeance on open enemies, and not to wrong those whom they were bound by every natural and social tie to assist. Their shameless audacity and sordid avarice will be more clearly perceived by you when you have heard the whole case, which I shall begin to relate from that part whence you will soonest and most easily learn the state of our controversy.

Dinias, our father's brother, was our guardian, he being our elder uncle, and we orphans; at which time, judges, a violent enmity subsisted between him and Cleonymus. Whether of the two had been the cause of the dissension, it is not, perhaps, my business to determine; but so far, at least, I may pronounce them both deservedly culpable, that having till then been friends, and no just pretext arising for a breach of their friendship, they so hastily became enemies on account of some idle words. Now, Cleonymus himself when he recovered from that illness, in which he made his will, declared that he wrote it in anger: not blaming us, but fearing lest at his death he should leave us under age, and lest Dinias our guardian should have the management of our estate; for he could not support the pain of thinking that his property would be possessed during our infancy, and that sacred rites would be performed at his sepulchre by one whom of all his relations he most hated while he lived. With these sentiments (whether laudable or not, I leave undecided) he made a disposition of his fortune; and when Dinias, immediately after, asked him publicly whether we or our father had incurred his displeasure, he answered in the presence of many citizens that he charged us with no fault whatever, but made the will in resentment against him, and not from any other motive. How indeed, judges, could he have determined, if he preserved his senses, to injure us who had given him no cause of complaint?

But his subsequent conduct will afford the strongest proof that by this he had no intention of wronging us; for when Dinias was dead, and our affairs were in a distressed condition, he was so far from neglecting us, or suffering us to want necessaries, that he bred us in his own house, whither he himself had conducted us, and saved our patrimony from unjust creditors

who sought insidiously to deprive us of it; nor were our concerns less attentively managed by him than his own. From these acts, therefore, rather than from his written testament, it is proper to collect his intention toward us; and not to be biased by what he did through anger, by which all of us are liable to be hurried into faults, but to admit the clear evidence of those facts which afterward explained his design. Still farther: in his last hours he manifested the affection which he bore us; for, being confined by the disorder of which he died, he was desirous of revoking his will, and with that intent ordered Posidippus to bring the officer who had the care of it, which order he not only disobeyed, but even refused admittance to one of the magistrates who came by chance to the door. Cleonymus, enraged at this, gave the same command on the next day to Diocles; but, though he seemed not dangerously ill, and we had great hopes of his recovery, he suddenly expired that very night.

First, then, I will prove by witnesses that he made this will, not from any dislike to us, but from a settled aversion to Dinias; next, that when Dinias was no more, he superintended all our affairs, and gave us an education in his house, to which he had removed us; and thirdly, that he sent Posidippus for the magistrate, but Posidippus was so far from obeying the order that when one of the proper officers came to the door, he refused to introduce him. Call those who will prove the truth of my assertion. (It is done.) Call likewise those who will swear that Cephisander and the other friends of our adversaries were of opinion that the whole estate should be divided, and that we should have a third part of all which Cleonymus possessed. (It is done.) Now, it seems to me, judges, that all those who contend for the right of succession to estates, when like us they have shown themselves to be both nearest in blood to the person deceased and most connected with him in friendship, may be excused from adding a superfluity of other arguments; but since men who have neither of those claims have the boldness to dispute with us for that which is legally ours, and to set up a fictitious title, I am willing in a few words to give them an answer. They ground their pretensions on this will, and admit that Cleonymus sent for the magistrate; not, say they, with an intent to cancel it, but with a resolution to correct it, and to secure the legacy more strongly in their favor.

Now consider, whether it be more probable that our uncle, at a time when he was most intimate with us, should wish to recall a will made in anger or should meditate by what means he might be surest to deprive us of his inheritance. Other men, indeed, usually repent at length of the wrongs which they have done their friends in their passion; but our opponents would convince you that when he showed the warmest regard for us, he was most desirous of establishing the will which, through resentment against our guardian, he had made to our disadvantage. So that even should we confess this idle fiction, and should you persuade yourselves to believe it, you must suppose him to have been mad in the highest degree; for what madness could be greater than to injure us because he had quarreled with Dinias, and to make a disposition of his property by which he took no revenge on his enemy, but ruined his dearest friends, and afterward, when we lived with him on terms of the strictest friendship, and he valued us above all men, to intend that his nephews alone (for such is their assertion) should have no share in his fortune? Could any man, judges, in his senses entertain such a thought concerning the distribution of his estate?

Thus from their own arguments they have made it easy to decide the cause against themselves: since if he sent for the officer, as we contend, in order to cancel the will, they have not a shadow of right; and if he was so void of reason as to regard us least who were most nearly connected with him, both by nature and friendship, you would justly decree that his will was not valid.

Consider farther, that the very men who now pretend that Cleonymus designed to establish their legacy durst not obey his order, but dismissed the magistrate who came to the house; and thus one of two most opposite things being likely to happen, — either a stronger confirmation of the interest bequeathed to them, or a total loss of all interest in the fortune of the testator, — they gave a plain indication of what they expected, by refusing to admit the person who kept the will.

To conclude: since this cause has been brought before you, and since you have power to determine the contest, give your aid both to us and to him who lies in the grave; and suffer him not, I adjure you by all the gods, to be thus despised and insulted by these men; but remembering the law by which you

are to judge, the oath which you have solemnly taken, and the arguments which have been used in the dispute, give a just and pious judgment, conformably to the laws.

LYCURGUS.

Against Leocrates.

(Translated for this work.)

[Leocrates, who had fled the country after the battle of Chæronea, had been condemned and disfranchised in his absence. Eight years afterward he returned and tried to have the sentence rescinded, which Lycurgus opposed. The decree mentioned in the first line was issued just after the battle. The Piræus is the seaport of Athens, five miles off.]

GENTLEMEN, you have heard the decree: that the senate of five hundred should go down to the Piræus under arms, acting as a garrison to the Piræus, and carry out such instructions as seemed in the public judgment most helpful. And now, gentlemen, if those exempt from military service on the ground of governmental duties for the city passed their time in battle array, would it seem to you that a few cowards could still occupy the city? Among them Leocrates here, slinking out of the city, not only fled himself but carried off all his goods and his household sanctities; and consummated such treason that, following his example, the priests deserted the temples, the guards deserted the walls — but the city and the country were left.

At those times, gentlemen, who did not feel for the city — not merely the citizen, but even the immigrant who had come in the past to settle among us? Who was there with such hatred of democracy or of Athens that he could bear to see himself taking no hand in the struggle, when defeat and befallen calamity were announced to the people, and the city was on tiptoe as to what might yet befall, and the hope of safety for the people lay in those born more than fifty years before; when noble ladies were seen at the gates terrified and cowering, each asking if some one were still alive — a husband, a father, or brothers — a sight unworthy of themselves and of the city; and men with decrepit bodies, venerable in age and exempt by law from military service, all through the city could

be seen on the street, utterly ruined in their old age and equipped for the field? But of the many sad things that befell the city, and of all the misfortunes the citizens had to endure, the one they deplored and wept over most was to see the people decreeing the slaves freemen, the immigrants Athenians, the disfranchised for crime reënfranchised; — they who of old had prided themselves on being natives and freemen.

To such altered fortunes was the city brought which had formerly striven for the liberties of the other Greeks, but in these times was content could it fight for the safety of its own; and she who had once lorded it over the vast territory of the barbarians had now to fight against the Macedonians on her own; and the people whom formerly the Lacedæmonians and Peloponnesians and the Greek inhabitants of Asia had besought for aid, itself had now to ask aid from Andros, Ceos, Trœzene, and Epidaurus. Now, gentlemen, as to him who in such terrors and such dangers and such humiliation abandoned his city, and would not put on armor for his country nor offer his person for use by the generals, but turned runaway and betrayer of the people's safety — what judge who loves his city and wishes to do his duty will remit this sentence, what pleader summoned here will defend this traitor to the city, who had not spirit to lament his country's misfortunes, and would contribute nothing to the safety of the city and the people?

Why, at those times there was no age whatever that did not offer itself for the safety of the city; the land itself contributed its trees, the very dead their graves, even the temples weapons of war. Some gave their labor toward building the walls, some to the trenches, some to the palisades; none of those in the city were idle. But for none of these purposes did Leocrates offer the use of his person. Probably when you recall that he neither saw fit to help in or even come to the funeral services of those who laid down their lives at Chæronea for freedom and the safety of the people, you will think death his proper punishment; since, for all him, those men would have had the fate of lying unburied. And yet, passing by their graves eight years after, he is not ashamed to call their country his own.

On this topic, gentlemen, I wish to speak a little more in detail, and I beg you to listen without regarding such discourse on the public wars irrelevant; for eulogies of patriots are clearly a touchstone of the opposite. Moreover, the praise is just which forms the one reward of patriots for peril; in this

case because they poured out their lives for the common safety of the city, and were unremitting in the city's public and common wars. For they encountered the enemy at the confines of Bœotia to fight for the freedom of the Greeks; not trusting to walls for safety, nor betraying the country to be pillaged by the foe, but holding their own courage a surer safeguard than catapults loaded with stones, and ashamed of seeing the land that reared them ravaged. And rightly; for just as not all have the same regard for parents by blood and those by adoption, so men are less zealous for countries not theirs by birth but of later acquirement.

But those with such resolves, and sharing dangers equally with the bravest, are not equal participants in fortune; for the living do not profit by patriotism, but the dead leave glory behind — not the vanquished, but those who die where they stand arrayed in combat for freedom. And the great paradox must be added, that they die victorious; for the prizes of warfare to the patriot are freedom and his patriotism, and both these belong to the dead. Nor can those be said to have been vanquished who did not tremble in spirit for fear of what was to come. Those then who die nobly in battle — no one rightly calls them conquered; since fleeing from slavery, they choose a glorious death. The patriotism of these men has been conspicuous afar; alone of all in Greece, they comprised freedom in their own persons. For they alone surrendered life, and Grecian existence sank into slavery; with their bodies was buried the liberty of all remaining Greeks. Thus also they made it clear to the world that they were not warring for private ends, but bearing the foremost brunt of the contest for the common freedom. Therefore, gentlemen, I am not ashamed to say that their spirits are the crown of our fatherland.

And so it was anything but absurd that our fathers — as you know, fellow-citizens — alone of the Greeks made a practice of honoring patriots; for among others you will find the statues of athletes placed in the forum, but among you those of able generals and the slayers of a tyrant. True, it is not easy to find many such in all Greece together; while the winners in the laureled games of athletics can easily be distinguished in place after place. Since, therefore, you assign the greater honors to your benefactors, it is but just that those who bring their fatherland to scorn and betray it should be punished with the utmost severity.

And take notice, gentlemen, that it does not lie with you to acquit this man Leocrates and do justice. For this crime has been passed upon and sentenced; the senate in the Areopagus (let no one howl at me: I reply that it was then the chief salvation of the city) put to death, when it caught them, those who fled their country and left it to the enemy. And further, gentlemen, do not think that those who passed sentence on the sacrilegious blood-guiltiness of others acted unjustly toward any of the citizens. But you condemned a certain Autolycus, though he had stood fast through peril, because he was charged with having secretly conveyed away his wife and children; and you punished him. Now, if you punished the man accused of having secretly conveyed away those useless in the war, what ought this man to suffer, who would not repay his country for having reared him? The people, moreover, holding the act most base, have rendered liable to the pains of treason those who fly from danger to their country, judging it worthy the severest punishment. Then the things decided in the fairest of councils, decreed by you who are allotted to give judgment, and finally agreed by the people, to be worthy the heaviest punishment, ought you yourselves now to pronounce the contrary? You will be thought by all the world to have lost your wits, and will find very few to endanger themselves for you again.

ÆSCHINES.

Against Ctesiphon ("*On the Crown*").

(Translated for this work.)

[Ctesiphon, an adherent of Demosthenes, had proposed the conferring of a golden crown upon him for useful service to the state. Æschines indicted Ctesiphon under the *παρανόμων γραφή*, a law making the proposal of an illegal measure a penal offense. The illegality of the measure was not successfully contested; but the real question at issue being Demosthenes' public career, decision was given in Ctesiphon's favor notwithstanding.]

I WISH now to speak briefly of the calumnies against myself. I learn that Demosthenes will say the city has been much benefited by him, but deeply injured by me; and that he will load Philip and Alexander and their delinquencies on me. For it

seems he is so cunning an artist in words, that not satisfied with defaming all my administrative acts for you, and all the public speaking I have done, he traduces my retired life and criminates my silence, that no item may be left undenounced as treasonable; even my sport with the youths in the gymnasia he reviles. At the very outset of his speech he makes this indictment itself a crime, alleging that I have brought the suit not from public spirit, but to exhibit my hatred of him to Alexander by means of it. And forsooth he is going to ask why I condemn his administration as a whole, when I did not oppose or impeach the acts of it singly; but after a long interval in which I have not attended closely to public business, have now come forward with this prosecution.

I have not emulated the pursuits of Demosthenes, however, am not ashamed of my own, and do not wish any of the words I have addressed to you unsaid; and if I had harangued you like him, life would be unwelcome to me. My silence, Demosthenes, has become my wont from moderation of life; for a little suffices me, and I do not covet more through dishonor — so that I both keep silence and speak when I choose, not when I am forced by extravagant tastes. But you, I judge, keep still on clutching a bribe and bellow when it is spent. And you speak not when you think fit, nor what you wish, but as the bribe-givers order you; and you are not ashamed at setting up a mare's-nest which is straightway proved false and you a liar. For the suit on this decree, which you say was instituted not for the the city's sake, but that I might make a show to please Alexander, was in fact instituted in Philip's lifetime, before Alexander's accession; when you had not yet seen the vision about Pausanias, nor held your many nocturnal colloquies with Athene and Hera. How then could I have been showing off before Alexander, unless I and Demosthenes had both seen the vision?

You reproach me with not coming before the people continuously, but at intervals; and you think it a secret that this rule of conduct is borrowed not from a democracy but from another form of government. For in oligarchies, not the desirous but the powerful man prosecutes; in democracies, the desirous and whenever he sees fit. And occasional speaking is a mark of the man who serves the public opportunely and to be useful; but skipping no day, of the professional who works for wages. As to your having never been prosecuted by me,

nor brought to justice for your misdeeds, — when you take refuge in such talk, either you must suppose the audience have no memory, or else you deceive your very self with words. For your impious conduct toward the Amphissæans, your bribe-taking in the matter of Eubœa — as the time is long past since you were publicly convicted by me, you probably think the people have forgotten. But the plundering job of the triremes and trierarchs, what lapse of time can bury? When you had carried a bill for three hundred of them, and induced the Athenians to appoint you superintendent of marine, you were convicted by me of having robbed the trierarchs of sixty-five fast-sailing vessels — a greater naval armament than when the Athenians won at Naxos the naval battle with the Lacedæmonians and Pollis. Yet by your countercharges you so diverted punishment from yourself that the risk of it fell not on you, the culprit, but on the prosecutors; while you heaped libels on Alexander and Philip and denounced certain persons who obstructed the interests of the city — you having on every occasion damaged the present and held out promises for the future. Did you not at last, when about to be indicted by me, effect the arrest of Anaxinus the Oreitan, who was marketing goods for Olympias, and having racked him twice, with your own hand write the decree consigning him to death? And it was by him you were given lodging at Oreion, and at his table you ate and drank and poured libations, and clasped his right hand and constituted that man your host. And you put him to death; and on being convicted of these things by me before all Athens, and styled the murderer of your host, you never denied the sacrilege, but made a reply which got you hooted by the people and the foreign bystanders in the assembly — you said you valued the city's salt more highly than the foreigner's table.

I say nothing of the forged letters, the arrest of spies, the tortures for uncommitted crimes, to make me out as wishing with certain other citizens to innovate. He means to ask me next, so I learn, what kind of a physician he would be who should give no advice to a patient while sick, but after his death should attend the obsequies, and detail to the household the regimen which if practiced would have kept him in health. But you do not ask yourself in turn what kind of a public leader he would be who was able to flatter the people, but sold every chance when the city might be saved, and while barring

out those of honest purpose from counsel by his slanders, running away from perils, and entangling the city in desperate evils, claimed the honor of a crown for civic virtue, though having done naught of good but occasioned all our misfortunes; and then demanded of those driven from the government by false accusations, at junctures when the state might have been preserved, why they did not prevent his going wrong? and lastly, concealed the fact that when the battle took place we had no leisure for punishing him, but were negotiating for the safety of the city. But since you are not content that justice was not meted out to you, and claim honors too, rendering the city ridiculous to all the Greeks, I have resisted you and brought in this indictment.

But I solemnly swear that of all which I learn Demosthenes intends to allege, I am most indignant at what I am going to mention. It seems he compares my nature to the Sirens'; for their listeners are never called to them, it is said, except to be destroyed, — wherefore the Sirens' music is not in good repute, — and forsooth my practice in speaking and my native talent exist for the ruin of the hearers. Now for my part, I think this charge is in every way one it becomes no man to bring against me, for it is shameful in accusers to have no proofs to exhibit; but if indispensable to be plead, it lies not in Demosthenes' mouth, but in that of some capable general who has done good service to the city, unskilled in speaking and therefore envying his opponents' ability, and who recognizes that he cannot explain what he has done, but sees the accuser able to present to the judges acts he never committed, as things he ordered. But when a man composed of words, and those at once acrimonious and elaborated, takes refuge in artlessness and bald fact, who can put up with it? — a man from whom if you take the tongue, as with a flute, nothing is left.

I wonder, fellow-citizens, and I ask you, on what ground you could vote against this indictment. That the decree is not illegal? no motion was ever more unlawful. Or that the author of the decree does not deserve to be brought to justice? none can fairly be called to account by you for their conduct, if you discharge him. Is it not deplorable, when formerly the stage was filled with golden crowns with which our people were crowned by the Greeks, — this season being assigned for foreigners' crowns, — that now through Demosthenes' administration you are all discrowned and disheralded, while he is to

be heralded? Why, if any of the tragic poets coming on this stage after these proceedings should represent Thersites crowned by the Greeks, none of you would endure it, because Homer says he was a coward and false informer; but whenever you shall have crowned this man, do you not think you will be hissed by the judgment of all the Greeks? . . .

I would gladly discuss this decree with the author before you, fellow-citizens, as to what great service Demosthenes is worthy to be crowned for.

If you say, as embodied in the opening of the decree, that he has dug ditches around the walls well, I wonder at you, for having been their cause is a heavier count than having executed them well; and it is not for palisading the wall circuit or obliterating the public graves that an administrator should rightly merit honors, but for generating some new good to the city.

If you take up the second item of the decree, in which you have ventured to write him down a good citizen who has steadily spoken and acted for the highest good of the people of Athens, then strip the decree of humbug and boastfulness so that it may stick to facts, and prove what you allege. I will leave out the bribe-taking in the Amphissæan and Eubœan cases: but when you impute the merit of the Theban alliance to Demosthenes, you impose on the ignorant and insult those who know and understand; for by suppressing the nature of the crisis, and the reputation of those by whom the alliance was effected, you think to conceal from us the credit due the city and transfer it to Demosthenes. How great a fraud this is, I will try to make plain by a notable instance. The king of the Persians once, not long before the descent of Alexander upon Asia, sent to this people a letter both arrogant and barbarian; in which, after handling many other topics very boorishly, he had written thus at the close: "I will give you no gold," he said; "do not ask me, for you will not get it." Yet this same man, hemmed in by imminent dangers himself, sent voluntarily three hundred talents to the people — which they wisely declined to accept. What brought the gold was the juncture and fear and the needs of allies; and the very same things brought about the alliance of the Thebans.

But while you bore us by harping on the name of the Thebans and their luckless alliance, you are silent on your grabbing the seventy talents you stole of the royal gold. Was it not for lack of money, for the sake of five talents, that the

enemy would not restore the Thebans their citadel? for lack of nine talents of silver, that when all the Arcadians were drawn out and the leaders ready to come to our aid, the expedition did not take place? And you roll in wealth and celebrate games for your own pleasures! And to crown all, gentlemen, the royal gold is with him, the perils with you.

The ill-breeding of these men is also worth observing. If Ctesiphon should dare call on Demosthenes to address you, and he should rise and laud himself, listening to him would be a heavier burden than his acts. For even when really superior men, of whom many noble actions are known to us, recite their own praises, we are impatient; but if one who is the disgrace of the city were to eulogize himself, who that heard him could endure it?

But if you are wise now, Ctesiphon, you will abstain from this impudent procedure, and make your defense in person; for you cannot set up the slightest pretense of being unequal to public speaking. It would become you oddly enough, when you have recently borne up under being appointed ambassador to Cleopatra the daughter of Philip, for condolence with her on the death of Alexander king of the Molossians, to pretend now that you cannot make a speech. When you are able to console a mourning woman, a foreigner at that, can you not defend a decree you have drawn up for pay? or is this man you have ordered crowned, one who would be unknown to those he has benefited unless some one added his voice to yours? Ask the judges if they know Chabrias and Iphicrates and Timotheus, and question them why they gave those men public honors and erected their statues. All will reply to you with one voice — to Chabrias for the naval battle at Naxos, to Iphicrates because he annihilated the Lacedæmonian battalion, to Timotheus for circumnavigating Corcyra; and to others because one by one they have performed many brilliant feats in war. But should any one ask, Why to Demosthenes? — As bribe-taker, as coward, as deserter from the ranks. And which will you be doing — honoring him, or dishonoring yourselves and those who fell for you in battle? Imagine you see them protesting fiercely if he shall be crowned. For it would be marvelous indeed, fellow-citizens, if wood and stone and iron, things mute and senseless, we banish when they fall on any one and kill him; and if whoever slays himself, the hand that did the deed we bury apart from the body: yet Demosthenes, fellow-

citizens, who indeed ordered this expedition, but betrayed the soldiers — this man you should honor. By this not only the dead are insulted, but the living disheartened, on seeing that death is constituted the reward of patriotism, and their memory is to perish.

Demosthenes.

On the Crown.

I HOLD the fortune of our commonwealth to be good, and so I find the oracles of Dodonæan Jupiter and Pythian Apollo declaring to us. The fortune of all mankind, which now prevails, I consider cruel and dreadful: for what Greek, what barbarian, has not in these times experienced a multitude of evils? That Athens chose the noblest policy, that she fares better than those very Greeks who thought, if they abandoned us, they should abide in prosperity, I reckon as part of her good fortune: if she suffered reverses, if all happened not to us as we desired, I conceive she has had that share of the general fortune which fell to our lot. As to my fortune (personally speaking) or that of any individual among us, it should, as I conceive, be judged of in connection with personal matters. Such is my opinion upon the subject of fortune, a right and just one, as it appears to me, and I think you will agree with it. Æschines says that my individual fortune is paramount to that of the commonwealth, the small and mean to the good and great. How can this possibly be?

However, if you are determined, Æschines, to scrutinize my fortune, compare it with your own, and, if you find my fortune better than yours, cease to revile it. Look then from the very beginning. And I pray and entreat that I may not be condemned for bad taste. I don't think any person wise who insults poverty, or who prides himself on having been bred in affluence: but by the slander and malice of this cruel man I am forced into such a discussion; which I will conduct with all the moderation which circumstances allow.

I had the advantage, Æschines, in my boyhood of going to proper schools, and having such allowance as a boy should have who is to do nothing mean from indigence. Arrived at man's estate, I lived suitably to my breeding; was choir master, ship commander, ratepayer; backward in no acts of liberality public or private, but making myself useful to the commonwealth

and to my friends. When I entered upon state affairs, I chose such a line of politics, that both by my country and many people of Greece I have been crowned many times, and not even you my enemies venture to say that the line I chose was not honorable. Such then has been the fortune of my life: I could enlarge upon it, but I forbear, lest what I pride myself in should give offense.

But you, the man of dignity, who spit upon others, look what sort of fortune is yours compared with mine. As a boy you were reared in abject poverty, waiting with your father on the school, grinding the ink, sponging the benches, sweeping the room, doing the duty of a menial rather than a freeman's son. After you were grown up, you attended your mother's initiations, reading her books and helping in all the ceremonies: at night wrapping the novitiates in fawn skin, swilling, purifying, and scouring them with clay and bran, raising them after the lustration, and bidding them say, "Bad I have scaped, and better I have found;" priding yourself that no one ever howled so lustily — and I believe him! for don't suppose that he who speaks so loud is not a splendid howler! In the daytime you led your noble orgiasts, crowned with fennel and poplar, through the highways, squeezing the big-cheeked serpents, and lifting them over your head, and shouting Evœ Sabœ, and capering to the words Hyes Attes, Attes Hyes, saluted by the beldames as Leader, Conductor, Chest Bearer, Fan Bearer, and the like, getting as your reward tarts and biscuits and rolls; for which any man might well bless himself and his fortune!

When you were enrolled among your fellow-townsmen — by what means I stop not to inquire — when you were enrolled however, you immediately selected the most honorable of employments, that of clerk and assistant to our petty magistrates. From this you were removed after a while, having done yourself all that you charge others with; and then, sure enough, you disgraced not your antecedents by your subsequent life, but hiring yourself to those ranting players, as they were called, Simylus and Socrates, you acted third parts, collecting figs and grapes and olives like a fruiterer from other men's farms, and getting more from them than from the playing, in which the lives of your whole company were at stake; for there was an implacable and incessant war between them and the audience, from whom you received so many wounds, that

Demosthenes

From the statue in the Louvre

no wonder you taunt as cowards, people inexperienced in such encounters.

But passing over what may be imputed to poverty, I will come to the direct charges against your character. You espoused such a line of politics (when at last you thought of taking to them), that, if your country prospered, you lived the life of a hare, fearing and trembling and ever expecting to be scourged for the crimes of which your conscience accused you, though all have seen how bold you were during the misfortunes of the rest. A man who took courage at the death of a thousand citizens — what does he deserve at the hands of the living? A great deal more that I could say about him I shall omit, for it is not all I can tell of his turpitude and infamy which I ought to let slip from my tongue, but only what is not disgraceful to myself to mention.

Contrast now the circumstances of your life and mine, gently and with temper, Æschines; and then ask these people whose fortune they would each of them prefer. You taught reading, I went to school: you performed initiations, I received them: you danced in the chorus, I furnished it: you were assembly clerk, I was a speaker: you acted third parts, I heard you: you broke down, and I hissed: you have worked as a statesman for the enemy, I for my country. I pass by the rest; but this very day I am on my probation for a crown, and am acknowledged to be innocent of all offense; while you are already judged to be a pettifogger, and the question is, whether you shall continue that trade, or at once be silenced by not getting a fifth part of the votes. A happy fortune, do you see, you have enjoyed, that you should denounce mine as miserable!

Come now, let me read the evidence to the jury of public services which I have performed. And by way of comparison do you recite me the verses which you murdered: —

> From Hades and the dusky realms I come.

And

> Ill news, believe me, I am loath to bear.

Ill betide thee, say I, and may the Gods, or at least the Athenians, confound thee for a vile citizen and a vile third-rate actor!

Read the evidence.

[*Evidence.*]

Such has been my character in political matters. In private, if you do not all know that I have been liberal and humane and charitable to the distressed, I am silent, I will say not a word, I will offer no evidence on the subject, either of persons whom I ransomed from the enemy, or of persons whose daughters I helped to portion, or anything of the kind. For this is my maxim. I hold that the party receiving an obligation should ever remember it, the party conferring should forget it immediately, if the one is to act with honesty, the other without meanness. To remind and speak of your own bounties is next door to reproaching. I will not act so; nothing shall induce me. Whatever my reputation is in these respects, I am content with it.

I will have done then with private topics, but say another word or two upon public. If you can mention, Æschines, a single man under the sun, whether Greek or barbarian, who has not suffered by Philip's power formerly and Alexander's now, well and good; I concede to you that my fortune, or misfortune (if you please), has been the cause of everything. But if many that never saw me or heard my voice have been grievously afflicted, not individuals only, but whole cities and nations, how much juster and fairer is it to consider that to the common fortune apparently of all men, to a tide of events overwhelming and lamentable, these disasters are to be attributed. You, disregarding all this, accuse me whose ministry has been among my countrymen, knowing all the while that a part (if not the whole) of your calumny falls upon the people, and yourself in particular. For if I assumed the sole and absolute direction of our counsels, it was open to you the other speakers to accuse me: but if you were constantly present in all the assemblies, if the state invited public discussion of what was expedient, and if these measures were then believed by all to be the best, and especially by you (for certainly from no good will did you leave me in possession of hopes and admiration and honors, all of which attended on my policy, but doubtless because you were compelled by the truth and had nothing better to advise), is it not iniquitous and monstrous to complain now of measures, than which you could suggest none better at the time?

Among all other people I find these principles in a manner defined and settled — Does a man willfully offend? He is the object of wrath and punishment. Has a man erred uninten-

tionally? There is pardon instead of punishment for him. Has a man devoted himself to what seemed for the general good, and without any fault or misconduct been in common with all disappointed of success? Such a one deserves not obloquy or reproach, but sympathy. These principles will not be found in our statutes only: Nature herself has defined them by her unwritten laws and the feelings of humanity. Æschines however has so far surpassed all men in brutality and malignity; that even things which he cited himself as misfortunes he imputes to me as crimes.

And besides — as if he himself had spoken everything with candor and good will — he told you to watch me, and mind that I did not cajole and deceive you, calling me a great orator, a juggler, a sophist, and the like: as though, if a man says of another what applies to himself, it must be true, and the hearers are not to inquire who the person is that makes the charge. Certain am I, that you are all acquainted with my opponent's character, and believe these charges to be more applicable to him than to me. And of this I am sure, that my oratory — let it be so: though indeed I find that the speaker's power depends for the most part on the hearers; for according to your reception and favor it is, that the wisdom of a speaker is esteemed — if I however possess any ability of this sort, you will find it has been exhibited always in public business on your behalf, never against you or on personal matters; whereas that of Æschines has been displayed not only in speaking for the enemy, but against all persons who ever offended or quarreled with him. It is not for justice or the good of the commonwealth that he employs it. A citizen of worth and honor should not call upon judges impaneled in the public service to gratify his anger or hatred or anything of that kind; nor should he come before you upon such grounds. The best thing is not to have these feelings; but, if it cannot be helped, they should be mitigated and restrained.

On what occasions ought an orator and statesman to be vehement? Where any of the commonwealth's main interests are in jeopardy, and he is opposed to the adversaries of the people. Those are the occasions for a generous and brave citizen. But for a person who never sought to punish me for any offense either public or private, on the state's behalf or on his own, to have got up an accusation because I am crowned and honored, and to have expended such a multitude of words

—this is a proof of personal enmity and spite and meanness, not of anything good. And then his leaving the controversy with me, and attacking the defendant, comprises everything that is base.

I should conclude, Æschines, that you undertook this cause to exhibit your eloquence and strength of lungs, not to obtain satisfaction for any wrong. But it is not the language of an orator, Æschines, that has any value, nor yet the tone of his voice, but his adopting the same views with the people, and his hating and loving the same persons that his country does. He that is thus minded will say everything with loyal intention: he that courts persons from whom the commonwealth apprehends danger to herself rides not on the same anchorage with the people, and therefore has not the same expectation of safety. But — do you see? — I have: for my objects are the same with those of my countrymen; I have no interest separate or distinct. Is that so with you? How can it be — when immediately after the battle you went as ambassador to Philip, who was at that period the author of your country's calamities, notwithstanding that you had before persisted in refusing that office, as all men know?

And who is it that deceives the state? Surely the man who speaks not what he thinks. On whom does the crier pronounce a curse? Surely on such a man. What greater crime can an orator be charged with, than that his opinions and his language are not the same? Such is found to be your character. And yet you open your mouth, and dare to look these men in the face! Do you think they don't know you? or are sunk all in such slumber and oblivion, as not to remember the speeches which you delivered in the assembly, cursing and swearing that you had nothing to do with Philip, and that I brought that charge against you out of personal enmity without foundation? No sooner came the news of the battle, than you forgot all that; you acknowledged and avowed that between Philip and yourself there subsisted a relation of hospitality and friendship — new names these for your contract of hire. For upon what plea of equality or justice could Æschines, son of Glaucothea the timbrel player, be the friend or acquaintance of Philip? I cannot see. No! You were hired to ruin the interests of your countrymen: and yet, though you have been caught yourself in open treason, and informed against yourself after the fact, you revile and re-

proach me for things which you will find any man is chargeable with sooner than I.

Many great and glorious enterprises has the commonwealth, Æschines, undertaken and succeeded in through me ; and she did not forget them. Here is the proof : On the election of a person to speak the funeral oration immediately after the event, you were proposed, but the people would not have you, notwithstanding your fine voice, nor Demades, though he had just made the peace, nor Hegemon, nor any other of your party — but me. And when you and Pythocles came forward in a brutal and shameful manner (O merciful heaven !), and urged the same accusations against me which you now do, and abused me, they elected me all the more. The reason — you are not ignorant of it — yet I will tell you. The Athenians knew as well the loyalty and zeal with which I conducted their affairs, as the dishonesty of you and your party ; for what you denied upon oath in our prosperity, you confessed in the misfortunes of the republic. They considered, therefore, that men who got security for their politics by the public disasters had been their enemies long before, and were then avowedly such. They thought it right also, that the person who was to speak in honor of the fallen and celebrate their valor should not have sat under the same roof or at the same table with their antagonists ; that he should not revel there and sing a pæan over the calamities of Greece in company with their murderers, and then come here and receive distinction ; that he should not with his voice act the mourner of their fate, but that he should lament over them with his heart. This they perceived in themselves and in me, but not in any of you : therefore they elected me, and not you. Nor, while the people felt thus, did the fathers and brothers of the deceased, who were chosen by the people to perform their obsequies, feel differently. For having to order the funeral banquet (according to custom) at the house of the nearest relative to the deceased, they ordered it at mine. And with reason : because, though each to his own was nearer of kin than I was, none was so near to them all collectively. He that had the deepest interest in their safety and success had upon their mournful disaster the largest share of sorrow for them all.

Read him this epitaph, which the state chose to inscribe on their monument, that you may see even by this, Æschines, what a heartless and malignant wretch you are. Read.

THE EPITAPH.

These are the patriot brave, who side by side
Stood to their arms, and dashed the foeman's pride:
Firm in their valor, prodigal of life,
Hades they chose the arbiter of strife;
That Greeks might ne'er to haughty victors bow,
Nor thraldom's yoke, nor dire oppression know;
They fought, they bled, and on their country's breast
(Such was the doom of heaven) these warriors rest.
Gods never lack success, nor strive in vain,
But man must suffer what the fates ordain.

Do you hear, Æschines, in this very inscription, that "Gods never lack success, nor strive in vain?" Not to the statesman does it ascribe the power of giving victory in battle, but to the Gods. Wherefore then, execrable man, do you reproach me with these things? Wherefore utter such language? I pray that it may fall upon the heads of you and yours.

Many other accusations and falsehoods he urged against me, O Athenians, but one thing surprised me more than all, that, when he mentioned the late misfortunes of the country, he felt not as became a well-disposed and upright citizen, he shed no tear, experienced no such emotion: with a loud voice exulting, and straining his throat, he imagined apparently that he was accusing me, while he was giving proof against himself, that our distresses touched him not in the same manner as the rest. A person who pretends, as he did, to care for the laws and constitution, ought at least to have this about him, that he grieves and rejoices for the same cause as the people, and not by his politics to be enlisted in the ranks of the enemy, as Æschines has plainly done, saying that I am the cause of all, and that the commonwealth has fallen into troubles through me, when it was not owing to my views or principles that you began to assist the Greeks; for, if you conceded this to me, that my influence caused you to resist the subjugation of Greece, it would be a higher honor than any that you have bestowed upon others. I myself would not make such an assertion — it would be doing you injustice — nor would you allow it, I am sure; and Æschines, if he acted honestly, would never, out of enmity to me, have disparaged and defamed the greatest of your glories.

But why do I censure him for this, when with calumny far

more shocking has he assailed me? He that charges me with Philippizing — O heaven and earth! — what would he not say? By Hercules and the Gods! if one had honestly to inquire, discarding all expression of spite and falsehood, who the persons really are, on whom the blame of what has happened may by common consent fairly and justly be thrown, it would be found, they are persons in the various states like Æschines, not like me — persons who, while Philip's power was feeble and exceedingly small, and we were constantly warning and exhorting and giving salutary counsel, sacrificed the general interests for the sake of selfish lucre, deceiving and corrupting their respective countrymen, until they made them slaves — Daochus, Cineas, Thrasylaus, the Thessalians; Cercidas, Hieronymus, Eucampidas, the Arcadians; Myrtis, Teledamus, Mnaseas, the Argives; Euxitheus, Cleotimus, Aristæchmus, the Eleans; Neon and Thrasylochus, sons of the accursed Philiades, the Messenians; Aristratus, Epichares, the Sicyonians; Dinarchus, Demaratus, the Corinthians; Ptœodorus, Helixus, Perilaus, the Megarians; Timolaus, Theogiton, Anemœtas, the Thebans; Hipparchus, Clitarchus, Sosistratus, the Eubœans. The day will not last me to recount the names of the traitors. All these, O Athenians, are men of the same politics in their own countries as this party among you, — profligates, and parasites, and miscreants, who have each of them crippled their fatherlands; toasted away their liberty, first to Philip and last to Alexander; who measure happiness by their belly and all that is base, while freedom and independence, which the Greeks of olden time regarded as the test and standard of well-being, they have annihilated.

Of this base and infamous conspiracy and profligacy — or rather, O Athenians, if I am to speak in earnest, of this betrayal of Grecian liberty — Athens is by all mankind acquitted, owing to my counsels; and I am acquitted by you. Then do you ask me, Æschines, for what merit I claim to be honored? I will tell you. Because, while all the statesmen in Greece, beginning with yourself, have been corrupted formerly by Philip and now by Alexander, me neither opportunity, nor fair speeches, nor large promises, nor hope, nor fear, nor anything else could tempt or induce to betray aught that I considered just and beneficial to my country. Whatever I have advised my fellow-citizens, I have never advised like you men, leaning as in a balance to the side of profit: all my proceedings have been

those of a soul upright, honest, and incorrupt: intrusted with affairs of greater magnitude than any of my contemporaries, I have administered them all honestly and faithfully. Therefore do I claim to be honored.

As to this fortification, for which you ridiculed me, of the wall and fosse, I regard them as deserving of thanks and praise, and so they are; but I place them nowhere near my acts of administration. Not with stones nor with bricks did I fortify Athens: nor is this the ministry on which I most pride myself. Would you view my fortifications aright, you will find arms, and states, and posts, and harbors, and galleys, and horses, and men for their defense. These are the bulwarks with which I protected Attica, as far as was possible by human wisdom; with these I fortified our territory, not the circle of Piræus or the city. Nay, more: I was not beaten by Philip in estimates or preparations; far from it; but the generals and forces of the allies were overcome by his fortune. Where are the proofs of this? They are plain and evident. Consider.

What was the course becoming a loyal citizen — a statesman serving his country with all possible forethought and zeal and fidelity? Should he not have covered Attica on the seaboard with Eubœa, on the midland frontier with Bœotia, on the Peloponnesian with the people of that confine? Should he not have provided for the conveyance of corn along a friendly coast all the way to Piræus? preserved certain places that belonged to us by sending off succors, and by advising and moving accordingly, — Proconnesus, Chersonesus, Tenedos? brought others into alliance and confederacy with us, — Byzantium, Abydus, Eubœa? — cut off the principal resources of the enemy, and supplied what the commonwealth was deficient in? All this has been accomplished by my decrees and measures; and whoever will examine them without prejudice, men of Athens, will find they were rightly planned and faithfully executed; that none of the proper seasons were lost or missed or thrown away by me, nothing which depended on one man's ability and prudence was neglected. But if the power of some deity or of fortune, or the worthlessness of commanders, or the wickedness of you that betrayed your countries, or all these things together, injured and eventually ruined our cause, of what is Demosthenes guilty? Had there in each of the Greek cities been one such man as I was in my station among you; or rather, had Thessaly possessed one single man, and

Arcadia one, of the same sentiments as myself, none of the Greeks either beyond or within Thermopylæ would have suffered their present calamities; all would have been free and independent, living prosperously in their own countries with perfect safety and security, thankful to you and the rest of the Athenians for such manifold blessings through me.

To show you that I greatly understate my services for fear of giving offense, here — read me this — the list of auxiliaries procured by my decrees.

[*The list of auxiliaries.*]

These and the like measures, Æschines, are what become an honorable citizen (by their success — O earth and heaven! — we should have been the greatest of people incontestably, and deserved to be so: even under their failure the result is glory, and no one blames Athens or her policy: all condemn fortune that so ordered things): but never will he desert the interests of the commonwealth, nor hire himself to her adversaries, and study the enemy's advantage instead of his country's; nor on a man who has courage to advise and propose measures worthy of the state, and resolution to persevere in them, will he cast an evil eye, and, if any one privately offends him, remember and treasure it up; no, nor keep himself in a criminal and treacherous retirement, as you so often do. There is indeed a retirement just and beneficial to the state, such as you, the bulk of my countrymen, innocently enjoy: that however is not the retirement of Æschines; far from it. Withdrawing himself from public life when he pleases (and that is often), he watches for the moment when you are tired of a constant speaker, or when some reverse of fortune has befallen you, or anything untoward has happened (and many are the casualties of human life): at such a crisis he springs up an orator, rising from his retreat like a wind; in full voice, with words and phrases collected, he rolls them out audibly and breathlessly, to no advantage or good purpose whatsoever, but to the detriment of some or other of his fellow-citizens and to the general disgrace.

Yet from this labor and diligence, Æschines, if it proceeded from an honest heart, solicitous for your country's welfare, the fruits should have been rich and noble and profitable to all — alliances of states, supplies of money, conveniences of commerce, enactment of useful laws, opposition to our declared

enemies. All such things were looked for in former times; and many opportunities did the past afford for a good man and true to show himself; during which time you are nowhere to be found, neither first, second, third, fourth, fifth, nor sixth — not in any rank at all — certainly on no service by which your country was exalted. For what alliance has come to the state by your procurement? What succors, what acquisition of good will or credit? What embassy or agency is there of yours, by which the reputation of the country has been increased? What concern domestic, Hellenic, or foreign, of which you have had the management, has improved under it? What galleys? what ammunition? what arsenals? what repair of walls? what cavalry? What in the world are you good for? What assistance in money have you ever given, either to the rich or the poor, out of public spirit or liberality? None. But, good sir, if there is nothing of this, there is at all events zeal and loyalty. Where? when? You infamous fellow! Even at a time when all who ever spoke upon the platform gave something for the public safety, and last Aristonicus gave the sum which he had amassed to retrieve his franchise, you neither came forward nor contributed a mite — not from inability — no! for you have inherited above five talents from Philo, your wife's father, and you had a subscription of two talents from the chairmen of the Boards for what you did to cut up the navy law. But, that I may not go from one thing to another and lose sight of the question, I pass this by. That it was not poverty prevented your contributing, already appears: it was, in fact, your anxiety to do nothing against those to whom your political life is subservient. On what occasions then do you show your spirit? When do you shine out? When aught is to be spoken against your countrymen! — then it is you are splendid in voice, perfect in memory, an admirable actor, a tragic Theocrines.

You mention the good men of olden times; and you are right so to do. Yet it is hardly fair, O Athenians, that he should get the advantage of that respect which you have for the dead, to compare and contrast me with them, — me who am living among you; for what mortal is ignorant that toward the living there exists always more or less of ill will, whereas the dead are no longer hated even by an enemy? Such being human nature, am I to be tried and judged by the standard of my predecessors? Heaven forbid! It is not just or equitable,

Æschines. Let me be compared with you, or any persons you like of your party who are still alive. And consider this — whether it is more honorable and better for the state, that because of the services of a former age, prodigious though they are beyond all power of expression, those of the present generation should be unrequited and spurned, or that all who give proof of their good intentions should have their share of honor and regard from the people? Yet indeed — if I must say so much — my politics and principles, if considered fairly, will be found to resemble those of the illustrious ancients, and to have had the same objects in view, while yours resemble those of their calumniators; for it is certain there were persons in those times, who ran down the living, and praised people dead and gone, with a malignant purpose like yourself.

You say that I am nothing like the ancients. Are you like them, Æschines? Is your brother, or any of our speakers? I assert that none is. But pray, my good fellow (that I may give you no other name), try the living with the living and with his competitors, as you would in all cases — poets, dancers, athletes. Philammon did not, because he was inferior to Glaucus of Carystus and some other champions of a bygone age, depart uncrowned from Olympia, but, because he beat all who entered the ring against him, was crowned and proclaimed conqueror. So I ask you to compare me with the orators of the day, with yourself, with any one you like: I yield to none. When the commonwealth was at liberty to choose for her advantage, and patriotism was a matter of emulation, I showed myself a better counselor than any, and every act of state was pursuant to my decrees and laws and negotiations: none of your party was to be seen, unless you had to do the Athenians a mischief. After that lamentable occurrence, when there was a call no longer for advisers, but for persons obedient to command, persons ready to be hired against their country and willing to flatter strangers, then all of you were in occupation, grand people with splendid equipages; I was powerless, I confess, though more attached to my countrymen than you.

Two things, men of Athens, are characteristic of a well-disposed citizen — so may I speak of myself and give the least offense: In authority, his constant aim should be the dignity and preëminence of the commonwealth; in all times and circumstances his spirit should be loyal. This depends upon nature; power and might upon other things. Such a spirit,

you will find, I have ever sincerely cherished. Only see. When my person was demanded — when they brought Amphictyonic suits against me — when they menaced — when they promised — when they set these miscreants like wild beasts upon me — never in any way have I abandoned my affection for you. From the very beginning I chose an honest and straightforward course in politics, to support the honor, the power, the glory of my fatherland, these to exalt, in these to have my being. I do not walk about the market place gay and cheerful because the stranger has prospered, holding out my right hand and congratulating those who I think will report it yonder, and on any news of our own success shudder and groan and stoop to the earth, like these impious men, who rail at Athens, as if in so doing they did not rail at themselves; who look abroad, and if the foreigner thrives by the distresses of Greece, are thankful for it, and say we should keep him so thriving to all time.

Never, O ye Gods, may those wishes be confirmed by you! If possible, inspire even in these men a better sense and feeling! But if they are indeed incurable, destroy them by themselves; exterminate them on land and sea; and for the rest of us, grant that we may speedily be released from our present fears, and enjoy a lasting deliverance!

DINARCHUS.

Oration against Demosthenes.

[In the winter of B.C. 325–4, Harpalus, Alexander's treasurer in Asia, decamped with a vast sum of money, and ultimately took refuge in Athens, which he tried to raise in revolt. Demosthenes opposed him, and had him imprisoned and his remaining money — stated at 700 talents — placed in the Parthenon in trust for Alexander, in charge of a special commission of which Demosthenes was one. Harpalus escaped, and in the investigation which followed, only 350 talents could be found. The commission were prosecuted for embezzlement; Demosthenes was fined fifty talents and imprisoned in default of payment, but escaped in a few days. Professor Holm thinks the money was taken for secret party use to prepare for a war of liberation in case of Alexander's death, and that Demosthenes was an understood scape-goat.]

THIS minister of yours, Athenians, who has pronounced sentence of death upon himself should he be convicted of receiving anything from Harpalus — this very man has been clearly convicted of accepting bribes from those whom he

formerly pretended to oppose with so much zeal. . . . You are not to give up the general rights and laws of the community, or exchange the general welfare, for the speeches of the accused. You see that in this assembly it is Demosthenes that is tried ; in all other places your own trial is depending. On you men turn their eyes, and wait with eagerness to see how far the interest of your country will engage your care ; whether you are to take upon yourselves the corruption and iniquity of these men, or whether you are to manifest to the world a just resentment against those who are bribed to betray the state.

This last is fully in your power. The assembly has made a fair decree, committing the cognizance of the charge to the court of Areopagus ; . . . and although the dignity and propriety of this procedure have received the approbation of the people, Demosthenes has recourse to complaints, to appeals, to malicious accusations, now that he finds himself convicted of receiving twenty talents of gold. Shall then this council, on whose faith and justice we rely, even in the important case of premeditated murder ; to whom we commit the vengeance due to this crime ; who have an absolute power over the persons and lives of our citizens ; who can punish every violation of our laws, either by exile or by death, — shall this council, I say, on an inquiry into a case of bribery, at once lose all its authority? "Yes ; for the Areopagus has reported falsely of Demosthenes." Extravagant and absurd ! What ! report falsely of Demosthenes and Demades, against whom even the truth seems scarcely to be declared with safety? You, who have in former times moved that this council should take cognizance of public affairs, and have applauded their reports ; you, whom this whole city has not been able to restrain within the bounds of justice, — has the council reported falsely against you ? Why then did you declare to the people that you were ready to submit to death, if condemned by the report of this council ? Why have you availed yourself of their authority, to take off so many of our citizens? . . .

For now, when the council of the Areopagus have nobly and equitably proceeded to a full detection of this man, and his accomplices ; when, regardless of the power of Demosthenes and Demades, they have adhered inviolably to truth and justice ; — still Demosthenes goes round the city, utters his invectives against this council, and boasts of his services, in those speeches which you shall hear him instantly use to deceive the assembly.

"It was I who gained you the alliance of Thebes!" No! you it was who ruined the common interest of both states. — "I drew out the forces of Chæronea!" No, you were the only person who there fled from your post. — "For you have I engaged in several embassies." And what would he do, what would he demand, had these negotiations of his been successful, when, having ranged through the world only to involve us in such calamities and misfortunes, he expects to be rewarded with a liberty of receiving bribes against his country, and the privilege of speaking and of acting in this assembly as he pleases? With Timotheus, who awed all Peloponnesus by his fleet; who gained the naval victory at Corcyra over the Lacedæmonians; who was the son of Conon, the man who restored liberty to Greece; who gained Samos, and Methone, and Pydna, and Potidæa, and, besides these, twenty cities more, — with him you did not allow those important benefits he had conferred on us to have any weight against the integrity of your tribunals, against the oaths you swore by in pronouncing sentence. No: you imposed a fine of one hundred talents on him, because by his own acknowledgment he had received money from the Chians and the Rhodians. . . .

Such was this citizen that he might reasonably, Demosthenes, have expected pardon and favor from his fellow-citizens of those days. Not in words, but in actions, did he perform important services to his country. His principles were steady, his conduct uniform, not various and changeable like yours. He never made so unreasonable a request to the people as to be raised above the laws. He never required that those who had sworn to give sentence justly should break through that sacred tie; but submitted to stand condemned, if such was the judgment of his tribunal. He never pleaded the necessity of times; nor thought in one manner and harangued in another. And shall this miscreant live, who, besides his other numerous and heinous crimes, has abandoned the state of Thebes to its destruction, when for the preservation of that state he had received three hundred talents from the king of Persia?

For when the Arcadians marched to the Isthmus, refused to treat with the ambassadors of Antipater, and received those of the unfortunate Thebans — who with difficulty gained access to them by sea, appeared before them in the form of wretched supplicants, declared that their present motions were not intended to dissolve their connections with Greece or to oppose

the interest of that nation, but to free themselves from the intolerable yoke of Macedonian tyranny, from slavery, from the horrid insults to which freemen were exposed ; — when the Arcadians were disposed to assist them, when they commiserated their wretched state, when they discovered that by the necessities of the times alone they had been obliged to attend on Alexander, but that their inclinations were invariably attached to Thebes and to the liberties of Greece ; when Astylus, their mercenary general, demanded (as Stratocles has informed you) ten talents for leading a reënforcement to the Thebans ; when the ambassadors applied to this man, who they well knew had received the king's money, and requested and besought him to grant such a sum for the preservation of the state ; — then did this abandoned, this impious, this sordid wretch (when there was so fair a prospect of saving Thebes) refuse to part with ten talents out of all the vast treasures which he received ; insensible to the affecting consideration, urged by Stratocles, that there were those who would give as great a sum to divert the Arcadians from this expedition, and to prevent them from assisting Thebes. . . .

A city of our neighbors and our allies has been torn from the very heart of Greece. The plower and the sower now traverse the city of the Thebans, who united with us in the war against Philip. I say the plower and the sower traverse their habitations : nor has this hardened wretch discovered the least remorse at the calamities of a people, to whom he was sent as our ambassador ; with whom he lived, conversed, and enjoyed all that hospitality could confer ; whom he pretends to have himself gained to our alliance ; whom he frequently visited in their prosperity, but basely betrayed in their distress. Our elder citizens can inform us, that at a time when our constitution was destroyed ; when Thrasybulus was collecting our exiles in Thebes in order to possess himself of Phylè ; when the Lacedæmonians, now in the height of power, issued their mandate forbidding all states to receive the Athenians or to conduct them through their territories, — this people assisted our countrymen in their expedition, and published their decree, so often recited in this assembly, "that they would not look on with unconcern, should any enemy invade the Athenian territory."

Far different was the conduct of this man, who affects such attention to the interests of our allies (as you shall soon hear

him boast). The very money, which he received to preserve this people from ruin, he refused to part with. Let these things sink deep into your minds. Think on the calamities which arise from traitors ; let the wretched fate of the Olynthians and the Thebans teach you to make just provision for your own security. Cut off the men who are ever ready to sell the interests of their country for a bribe, and rest your hopes of safety upon yourselves and the gods. These are the means, Athenians, the only means, of reforming our city ; to bring offenders of eminence to justice, and to inflict a punishment adequate to their offenses. When common criminals are detected, no one knows, no one inquires, their fate. But the punishment of great delinquents commands men's attention ; and a rigid adherence to justice, without regard to persons, is sure to meet with due applause. — Read the decree of the Thebans ; produce the testimonies ; read the letter.

[The clerk reads them.]

He is a corrupted traitor, Athenians ! of old a corrupted traitor ! This is the man who conducted Philip's ambassadors from Thebes to this city ; who was the occasion of putting an end to the former war ; who was the accomplice of Philocrates, the author of the decree for making peace with Philip for which you banished him ; the man who hired carriages for the ambassadors that came hither with Antipater ; who entertained them, and introduced the custom of paying obsequious flattery to the Macedonians. Do not, Athenians ! do not suffer this man, whose name is subscribed to the misfortunes of this state [*i.e.*, to the decrees which caused them] and of all the states of Greece, to escape unpunished. . . .

For what occasion should we reserve this man ? When may we hope that he will prove of advantage to us ? From the moment that he first began to direct our affairs, has any one instance of good fortune attended us ? Has not all Greece, and not this state alone, been plunged in dangers, calamities, and disgrace ? Many were the fair occasions which occurred to favor his administration ; and all these occasions, of such moment to our interests, he neglected. . . Shall not then the experience of the past direct your judgments of the future ? Can any services be expected from him ? Yes ; the service of forming contrivances in favor of our enemies, on some critical emergency. Such was the time when the Lacedæmonians had

encamped, when the Eleans united with them, when they were reënforced with ten thousand mercenaries; Alexander said to be in India; all Greece inflamed with indignation at the state to which traitors had reduced every community; impatient of distress, and earnest for relief. In this conjuncture, who was the man, Demosthenes, that had the direction of our councils? In this perilous conjuncture (not to mention other like occasions) did you, whom we shall hear expressing the utmost indignation at the present fallen state of Greece — did you propose any decree? Did you assist us with your counsels? Did you supply us with your treasures? Not at all! You were employed in ranging through the city, providing your whisperers, forging letters — [*to the judges*] — he, the disgrace of his illustrious country, was then seen trimly decked with his rings, indulging in effeminacy and luxury amidst the public calamities; borne through our streets in his sedan, and insulting the distresses of the poor. And can we expect future services from him who has neglected all past occasions of serving us? . . .

Let us suppose the case that, agreeably to the decree of Demosthenes, Alexander should by his ambassadors demand the gold which Harpalus brought hither: that to confirm the sentence of the Areopagus, he should send back the slaves and direct us to extort the truth from them. What should we then say? Would you, Demosthenes, then move for a declaration of war? you, who have so nobly conducted our former wars? And if such should be the resolution of the assembly, which would be the fairer procedure: to take that money to ourselves, which you secreted, in order to support our war; or to load our citizens with taxes, to oblige our women to send in their ornaments, to melt down our plate, to strip our temples of their offerings, as your decree directed? Though from your houses in the Piræus and in the city you yourself contributed just fifty drachmæ [$10]; and nobly have the twenty talents [$24,000] you took repaid such bounty. Or would you move that we should not declare war; but that agreeably to your decree, we should return to Alexander the gold conveyed hither? In that case the community must pay your share. And is this just, is this equal dealing, is this constitutional, that our useful citizens should be taxed to glut your avarice, that men of avowed property should contribute while your property lies concealed, — notwithstanding you have received 150 talents,

partly from the king's, partly from Alexander's, treasure, — all carefully secreted, as you justly dread the consequences of your conduct? that our laws should direct that every public speaker, every leader of our forces, should recommend himself to the confidence of the public by educating children, and by possessing land within our territory, nor assume the direction of our affairs until he had given these pledges of his fidelity; and that you should sell your patrimonial lands, and adopt the children of strangers, to elude the force of laws and oaths? that you should impose military service on others, you who basely fled from your own post? . . .

And now, my fellow-citizens, consider how you are to act. The people have returned to you an information of a crime lately committed. Demosthenes stands first before you, to suffer the punishment denounced against all whom this information condemns. We have explained his guilt, with an unbiased attention to the laws. Will you then discover a total disregard of all these offenses? Will you, when intrusted with so important a decision, invalidate the judgment of the people, of the Areopagus, of all mankind? Will you take upon yourselves the guilt of these men? or will you give the world an example of that detestation in which this state holds traitors and hirelings that oppose our interests for a bribe? This entirely depends on you. You, the fifteen hundred judges, have the safety of our country in your hands. This day, this sentence you are to pronounce, must establish this city in full security, if it be consonant to justice; or must entirely defeat all our hopes, if it gives support to such iniquitous practices. Do not let the false tears of Demosthenes make an impression on your minds, nor sacrifice our rights and laws to his supplications. Necessity never forced him to receive his share of this gold: he was more than sufficiently enriched by your treasure. Necessity has not forced him now to enter on his defense: his crimes are acknowledged; his sentence pronounced by himself. The sordid baseness, the guilt of all his past life, have at length brought down vengeance upon his head. Let not then his tears and lamentations move you. It is your country that much more deservedly claims your pity; your country, which his practices have exposed to danger; your country, which now supplicates its sons, presents your wives and children before you, beseeching you to save them by punishing this traitor; that country in which your ancestors with a generous zeal encountered

numberless dangers, that they might transmit it free to their posterity; in which we find many and noble examples of ancient virtue. Here fix your attention. Look to your religion, the sacred rites of antiquity, the sepulchres of your fathers; and give sentence with an unshaken integrity.

Hyperides.

Against Athenogenes.

The manuscript of this speech was discovered in Egypt, 1888. The date of the speech was B.C. 328 to 330. The translation is by F. G. Kenyon, who says: —

The recovery of the speech against Athenogenes is especially welcome, because there is excellent reason to believe that in it we have a thoroughly characteristic specimen of that class of oratory in which Hyperides especially excelled.

The argument is as follows: Hyperides' client, whose name does not appear, desired to obtain possession of a boy slave, who, with his father Midas and his brother, was the property of an Egyptian resident in Athens, named Athenogenes. Midas was employed by Athenogenes as manager of a perfumery, one of three such shops of which the latter was the owner, and his two sons appear to have assisted him in the work. The plaintiff, a young man whose father was still alive, was not a habitual resident in Athens, but cultivated an estate in the country. His original proposal to Athenogenes was to purchase the liberty of the boy in question. Athenogenes entertained this suggestion at first, but subsequently (according to the plaintiff's story, which was, however, traversed by the defendant on this point) sent the boy to say that he could not be separated from his brother and father, and that if he bought one he must buy all. To this the plaintiff assented; whereupon (as it appears, though the mutilation of the papyrus makes the exact course of the transaction doubtful) Athenogenes, presuming on the eagerness of the would-be purchaser, developed a considerable reluctance to sell. With the view, evidently, of raising his price, he held back from concluding any bargain; while at the same time he employed a woman named Antigona, a person of many attractions but more than doubtful antecedents, to lure the young man further into the snare. Antigona acted as go-between, stimulating his anxiety on the one hand, while she pretended to intercede in his favor with Athenogenes, and the plaintiff alleges that he fell a complete victim to her wiles. At any rate, he agreed to buy the freedom of the three slaves for a sum of forty minas ($800); and Antigona professed to have won an unwilling consent from Athenogenes. The

two principals then met to conclude the bargain; when Athenogenes — out of sheer consideration, as he declared, for the young man's interests — suddenly suggested that instead of paying for the freedom of the three slaves, he should buy them right out, whereby he would have fuller control over them at the time, and could give them their liberty whenever he chose. Purchasing the slaves would carry with it any liabilities Midas might have incurred in connection with the perfumery; but these debts, Athenogenes affirmed, were trifling, and would be more than covered by the value of the stock in the concern. The proposed change of plan had some advantages and no visible disadvantages, since the business of the perfumery, according to Athenogenes' representations, could be closed at a profit; and the plaintiff accepted it. Athenogenes, with a promptness which afterward appeared suspicious, produced a draft agreement already drawn up; it was read over in due form, witnessed, and sealed, and the bargain was complete. Then came the *dénouement.* No sooner had the plaintiff acquired the perfumery than creditors sprang up on all sides, of whose existence no word had hitherto been breathed; and in a very short time he discovered that he was liable for debts amounting to five talents ($6000), in addition to the forty minas which he had already paid. Such a sum meant ruin. Accordingly he took counsel with his friends, and after failing to obtain satisfaction by a personal interview with Athenogenes, brought the present action against him.

[The beginning of the speech is lost.]

When I told her the whole story, and complained how hard Athenogenes was to deal with, and how he refused to make even the most reasonable concessions, she answered that he was always like that, and told me to be of good heart, as she would coöperate with me in everything. This she said in the most earnest manner possible, and confirmed her words with the most solemn oaths that she was entirely devoted to my interests and was telling me the simple truth. And so, gentlemen, — I will hide nothing from you, — I was persuaded. Great indeed, as experience shows, is the power of love to beguile our reason, when it is reënforced by a woman's wiles. Certain it is that by her plausible cajolements she managed to pocket for herself three hundred drachmas, professedly to buy a slave girl, just as an acknowledgment of her good-will toward me. And when one comes to think of it, gentlemen, perhaps there is nothing so marvelous in my being thus twisted around the finger of Antigona, considering that in her youth she was held to be the most accomplished courtesan of the day, and

that since her retirement she has been continually practicing as a procuress.

[Instance of her abilities quoted, but passage mutilated.]

If, then, she achieved so much by her own unassisted efforts, what might she not reasonably be expected to accomplish in the present case, with Athenogenes as her partner, — a professional attorney by trade, and what is more, an Egyptian?

Gentlemen, you have now heard the whole story in all its details. Possibly, however, Athenogenes will plead, when his turn comes, that the law declares all agreements between man and man to be binding. *Just* agreements, my dear sir. Unjust ones, on the contrary, it declares shall not be binding. I will make this clearer to you from the actual words of the law. You need not be surprised at my acquaintance with them. You have brought me to such a pass, and have filled me with such a fear of being ruined by you and your cleverness, that I make it my first and main duty to search and study the laws night and day.

Now one law forbids falsehood in the market place, and a very excellent injunction it is, in my opinion; yet you have in open market concluded a contract with me to my detriment by means of falsehoods. For if you can show that you told me beforehand of all the loans and debts, or that you mentioned in the contract the full amount of them, as I have since found it to be, I will abandon the prosecution and confess that I have done you an injustice.

There is, however, also a second law bearing on this point, which relates to bargains between individuals by verbal agreements. It provides that "when a party sells a slave he shall declare beforehand if he has any blemish; if he omit to do so, he shall be compelled to make restitution." If, then, the vendor of a slave can be compelled to make restitution because he has omitted to mention some chance infirmity, is it possible that you should be free to refuse responsibility for the fraudulent bargain which you have deliberately devised? Moreover, an epileptic slave does not involve in ruin all the rest of his owner's property; whereas Midas, whom you sold to me, has ruined not me alone but even my friends as well.

And now, Athenogenes, proceed to consider how the law stands, not only with respect to slaves, but also concerning free men. Even you, I suppose, know that children born of a

lawfully betrothed wife are legitimate? The lawgiver, however, was not content with merely providing that a wife should be betrothed by her father or brother, in order to establish legitimacy. On the contrary, he expressly enacts that "if a man shall give a woman in betrothal *justly and equitably*, the children born of such marriage shall be legitimate," but not if he betroths her on false representations and inequitable terms. Thus the law makes just betrothals valid, and unjust ones it declares invalid.

Again, the law relating to testaments is of a similar nature. It enacts that a man may dispose of his own property as he pleases, "provided that he be not disqualified by old age or disease or insanity, or be influenced by a woman's persuasions, and that he be not in bonds or under any other constraint." In circumstances, then, in which marriages and testaments relating solely to a man's own property are invalidated, how can it be right to maintain the validity of such an agreement as I have described, which was drawn up by Athenogenes in order to steal property belonging to me?

Can it be right that the disposition of one's property by will should be nullified if it is made under the persuasions of a woman, while if I am persuaded by Athenogenes' mistress, and am entrapped by them into this agreement, I am thereby to be ruined, in spite of the express support which is given me by the law? Can you actually dare to rest your case on the contract of which you and your mistress procured the signature by fraud, which is also the very ground on which I am now charging you with conspiracy, since my belief in your good faith induced me to accept the conditions which you proposed? You are not content with having got the forty minas which I paid for the slaves, but you must needs plunder me of five talents in addition, plucking me like a bird taken in a snare.

To this end you have the face to say that you could not inform me of the amount of the debts which Midas had contracted, because you had not the time to ascertain it. Why, gentlemen, I, who brought absolute inexperience into the management of commercial matters, had not the slightest difficulty in learning the whole amount of the debts and the loans within three months; but he, with a hereditary experience of three generations in the business of a perfumery — he, who was at his place in the market every day of his life — he, who owned three shops and had his accounts made up every month — he,

forsooth, was not aware of the debts! He is no fool in other matters, but in his dealings with his slave it appears he at once became a mere idiot, knowing of some of the debts, while others, he says, he did not know of — those, I take it, which he did not want to know of. Such a contention, gentlemen, is not a defense, but an admission that he has no sound defense to offer. If he states that he was not aware of the debts, it is plain that he cannot at the same time plead that he told me all about them; and it is palpably unjust to require me to discharge debts of the existence of which the vendor never informed me. . . .

If, however, you did not inform me of the total amount of the debts simply because you did not know it yourself, and I entered into the contract under the belief that what I had heard from you was the full sum of them, which of us ought in fairness to be liable for them — I, who purchased the property after their contraction, or you, who originally received the sum borrowed? In my opinion it should be you; but if we differ on this point, let the law be our arbiter. The law was not made either by infatuated lovers or by men engaged in conspiracy against their neighbors' property, but by the most public-spirited of statesmen, Solon. Solon, knowing that sales of property are common in the city, enacted a law — and one universally admitted to be just — to the effect that fines and expenditures incurred by slaves should be discharged by the master for whom they work. And this is only reasonable; for if a slave effect a good stroke of business or establish a flourishing industry, it is his master who reaps the benefit of it. You, however, pass over the law in silence, and are eloquent about the iniquity of breaking contracts. Whereas Solon held that a law was more valid than a temporary ordinance, however just that ordinance might be, you demand that a fraudulent contract should outweigh all law and all justice alike.

Now, I am no professional perfume seller, neither have I learnt any other trade. I simply till the land which my father gave me. It was solely by this man's craft that I was entrapped into the sale. Which is more probable on the face of things, Athenogenes — that I was coveting your business (a business of which I had no sort of experience), or that you and your mistress were plotting to get my money? I certainly think the design was on your side.

ALEXANDER AT HIS BEST AND WORST.

By PLUTARCH.

[Plutarch: A Greek writer of biographies and miscellaneous works; born about A.D. 50. He came of a wealthy and distinguished family and received a careful philosophical training at Athens under the Peripatetic philosopher Ammonius. After this he made several journeys, and stayed a considerable time in Rome, where he enjoyed friendly intercourse with persons of distinction, and conducted the education of the future Emperor Hadrian. He died about A.D. 120 in his native town, in which he held the office of archon and priest of the Pythian Apollo. His fame as an author is founded upon the celebrated "Parallel Lives," consisting of the biographies of forty-six Greeks and Romans, divided into pairs. Each pair contains the life of a Greek and a Roman, and generally ends with a comparison of the two. Plutarch's other writings, more than sixty short treatises on a great variety of subjects, are grouped under the title of "Morals."]

The Battle of Arbela and Afterward.

His oldest generals, and especially Parmenio, when they beheld all the plain between Niphates and the Gordyæan mountains shining with the lights and fires which were made by the barbarians, and heard the uncertain and confused sounds of voices out of their camp, like the distant roaring of a vast ocean, were so amazed at the thoughts of such a multitude, that after some conference among themselves, they concluded it an enterprise too difficult and hazardous for them to engage so numerous an enemy in the day, and therefore, meeting the king as he came from sacrificing, besought him to attack Darius by night, that the darkness might conceal the danger of the ensuing battle. To this he gave them the celebrated answer, "I will not steal a victory": which, though some at the time thought a boyish and inconsiderate speech, as if he played with danger, others regarded as an evidence that he confided in his present condition, and acted on a true judgment of the future; not wishing to leave Darius, in case he were worsted, the pretext of trying his fortune again, which he might suppose himself to have if he could impute his overthrow to the disadvantage of the night, as he did before to the mountains, the narrow passages, and the sea. For while he had such numerous forces and large dominions still remaining, it was not any want of men or arms that could induce him to give up the war, but

only the loss of all courage and hope upon the conviction of an undeniable and manifest defeat.

After they were gone from him with this answer, he laid himself down in his tent and slept the rest of the night more soundly than was usual with him, to the astonishment of the commanders, who came to him early in the morning, and were fain themselves to give order that the soldiers should breakfast. But at last, time not giving them leave to wait any longer, Parmenio went to his bedside, and called him twice or thrice by his name till he waked him, and then asked him how it was possible, when he was to fight the most important battle of all, he could sleep as soundly as if he were already victorious. "And are we not so indeed," replied Alexander, smiling, "since we are at last relieved from the trouble of wandering in pursuit of Darius through a wide and wasted country, hoping in vain that he would fight us?"

And not only before the battle, but in the height of the danger, he showed himself great, and manifested the self-possession of a just foresight and confidence. For the battle for some time fluctuated and was dubious. The left wing, where Parmenio commanded, was so impetuously charged by the Bactrian horse that it was disordered and forced to give ground, at the same time that Mazæus had sent a detachment round about to fall upon those who guarded the baggage, which so disturbed Parmenio, that he sent messengers to acquaint Alexander that the camp and baggage would be all lost unless he immediately relieved the rear by a considerable reënforcement drawn out of the front. This message being brought him just as he was giving the signal to those about him for the onset, he bade them tell Parmenio that he must have surely lost the use of his reason, and had forgotten, in his alarm, that soldiers if victorious became masters of their enemies' baggage; and if defeated, instead of taking care of their wealth or their slaves, have nothing more to do but to fight gallantly and die with honor.

He made the longest address that day to the Thessalians and other Greeks, who answered him with loud shouts, desiring him to lead them on against the barbarians, upon which he shifted his javelin into his left hand, and with his right lifted up towards heaven, besought the gods, as Callisthenes tells us, that if he was of a truth the son of Jupiter, they would be pleased to assist and strengthen the Grecians. At the same time the

augur Aristander, who had a white mantle about him, and a crown of gold on his head, rode by and showed them an eagle that soared just over Alexander and directed his flight towards the enemy ; which so animated the beholders, that after mutual encouragements and exhortations, the horse charged at full speed, and were followed in a mass by the whole phalanx of the foot. But before they could well come to blows with the first ranks, the barbarians shrank back, and were hotly pursued by Alexander, who drove those that fled before him into the middle of the battle, where Darius himself was in person, whom he saw from a distance over the foremost ranks, conspicuous in the midst of his life guard, a tall and fine-looking man, drawn in a lofty chariot, defended by an abundance of the best horse, who stood close in order about it ready to receive the enemy. But Alexander's approach was so terrible, forcing those who gave back upon those who yet maintained their ground, that he beat down and dispersed them almost all. Only a few of the bravest and valiantest opposed the pursuit, who were slain in their king's presence, falling in heaps upon one another, and in the very pangs of death striving to catch hold of the horses.

Darius now seeing all was lost, that those who were placed in front to defend him were broken and beaten back upon him, that he could not turn or disengage his chariot without great difficulty, the wheels being clogged and entangled among the dead bodies, which lay in such heaps as not only stopped, but almost covered the horses, and made them rear and grow so unruly that the frightened charioteer could govern them no longer, in this extremity was glad to quit his chariot and his arms, and mounting, it is said, upon a mare that had been taken from her foal, betook himself to flight. But he had not escaped so either, if Parmenio had not sent fresh messengers to Alexander, to desire him to return and assist him against a considerable body of the enemy which yet stood together and would not give ground. For, indeed, Parmenio is on all hands accused of having been sluggish and unserviceable in this battle, whether age had impaired his courage, or that, as Callisthenes says, he secretly disliked and envied Alexander's growing greatness. Alexander, though he was not a little vexed to be so recalled and hindered from pursuing his victory, yet concealed the true reason from his men, and causing a retreat to be sounded, as if it were too late to continue the execution any longer, marched back towards the place of danger, and by the

way met with the news of the enemy's total overthrow and flight.

This battle being thus over, seemed to put a period to the Persian empire ; and Alexander, who was now proclaimed king of Asia, returned thanks to the gods in magnificent sacrifices, and rewarded his friends and followers with great sums of money, and places, and governments of provinces. And eager to gain honor with the Grecians, he wrote to them that he would have all tyrannies abolished, that they might live free according to their own laws, and specially to the Platæans, that their city should be rebuilt, because their ancestors had permitted their countrymen of old to make their territory the seat of the war, when they fought with the barbarians for their common liberty. He sent also part of the spoils into Italy, to the Crotoniats, to honor the zeal and courage of their citizen Phayllus, the wrestler, who, in the Median war, when the other Grecian colonies in Italy disowned Greece, that he might have a share in the danger, joined the fleet at Salamis, with a vessel set forth at his own charge. So affectionate was Alexander to all kind of virtue, and so desirous to preserve the memory of laudable actions.

In this place [Susa] he took up his winter quarters, and stayed four months to refresh his soldiers. It is related that the first time he sat on the royal throne of Persia under the canopy of gold, Demaratus the Corinthian, who was much attached to him and had been one of his father's friends, wept, in an old man's manner, and deplored the misfortune of those Greeks whom death had deprived of the satisfaction of seeing Alexander seated on the throne of Darius.

From hence designing to march against Darius, before he set out, he diverted himself with his officers at an entertainment of drinking and other pastimes, and indulged so far as to let every one's mistress sit by and drink with them. The most celebrated of them was Thais, an Athenian, mistress of Ptolemy, who was afterwards king of Egypt. She, partly as a sort of well-turned compliment to Alexander, partly out of sport, as the drinking went on, at last was carried so far as to utter a saying, not misbecoming her native country's character, though somewhat too lofty for her own condition. She said it was indeed some recompense for the toils she had undergone in following the camp all over Asia, that she was that day treated in, and could insult over, the stately palace of the Persian monarchs. But, she added, it would please her much better if,

while the king looked on, she might in sport, with her own hands, set fire to the court of that Xerxes who reduced the city of Athens to ashes, that it might be recorded to posterity that the women who followed Alexander had taken a severer revenge on the Persians for the sufferings and affronts of Greece, than all the famed commanders had been able to do by sea or land. What she said was received with such universal liking and murmurs of applause, and so seconded by the encouragement and eagerness of the company, that the king himself, persuaded to be of the party, started from his seat, and with a chaplet of flowers on his head and a lighted torch in his hand led them the way, while they went after him in a riotous manner, dancing and making loud cries about the place; which when the rest of the Macedonians perceived, they also in great delight ran thither with torches; for they hoped the burning and destruction of the royal palace was an argument that he looked homeward, and had no design to reside among the barbarians. Thus some writers give their account of this action, while others say it was done deliberately; however, all agree that he soon repented of it, and gave orders to put out the fire.

Alexander was naturally most munificent, and grew more so as his fortune increased, accompanying what he gave with that courtesy and freedom which, to speak truth, is necessary to make a benefit really obliging. I will give a few instances of this kind. Ariston, the captain of the Pæonians, having killed an enemy, brought his head to show him, and told him that in his country such a present was recompensed with a cup of gold. "With an empty one," said Alexander, smiling, "but I drink to you in this, which I give you full of wine." Another time, as one of the common soldiers was driving a mule laden with some of the king's treasure, the beast grew tired, and the soldier took it upon his own back, and began to march with it, till Alexander seeing the man so overcharged asked what was the matter; and when he was informed, just as he was ready to lay down his burden for weariness, "Do not faint now," said he to him, "but finish the journey, and carry what you have there to your own tent for yourself."

He was always more displeased with those who would not accept of what he gave than with those who begged of him. And therefore he wrote to Phocion, that he would not own him for his friend any longer, if he refused his presents. He had never given anything to Serapion, one of the youths that

played at ball with him, because he did not ask of him, till one day, it coming to Serapion's turn to play, he still threw the ball to others, and when the king asked him why he did not direct it to him, "Because you do not ask for it," said he; which answer pleased him so that he was very liberal to him afterwards. One Proteas, a pleasant, jesting, drinking fellow, having incurred his displeasure, got his friends to intercede for him, and begged his pardon himself with tears, which at last prevailed, and Alexander declared he was friends with him. "I cannot believe it," said Proteas, "unless you first give me some pledge of it." The king understood his meaning, and presently ordered five talents to be given him.

How magnificent he was in enriching his friends, and those who attended on his person, appears by a letter which Olympias wrote to him, where she tells him he should reward and honor those about him in a more moderate way. "For now," said she, "you make them all equal to kings, you give them power and opportunity of making many friends of their own, and in the mean time you leave yourself destitute." She often wrote to him to this purpose, and he never communicated her letters to anybody, unless it were one which he opened when Hephæstion was by, whom he permitted, as his custom was, to read it along with him; but then as soon as he had done, he took off his ring, and set the seal upon Hephæstion's lips.

Mazæus, who was the most considerable man in Darius' court, had a son who was already governor of a province. Alexander bestowed another upon him that was better; he, however, modestly refused, and told him, instead of one Darius, he went the way to make many Alexanders. To Parmenio he gave Bagoas' house, in which he found a wardrobe of apparel worth more than a thousand talents. He wrote to Antipater, commanding him to keep a life guard about him for the security of his person against conspiracies. To his mother he sent many presents, but would never suffer her to meddle with matters of State or war, not indulging her busy temper, and when she fell out with him on this account, he bore her ill humor very patiently. Nay more, when he read a long letter from Antipater, full of accusations against her, "Antipater," he said, "does not know that one tear of a mother effaces a thousand such letters as these."

But when he perceived his favorites grow so luxurious and extravagant in their way of living and expenses, that Hagnon,

the Teian, wore silver nails in his shoes, that Leonnatus employed several camels, only to bring him powder out of Egypt to use when he wrestled, and that Philotas had hunting nets a hundred furlongs in length, that more used precious ointment than plain oil when they went to bathe, and that they carried about servants everywhere with them to rub them and wait upon them in their chambers, he reproved them in gentle and reasonable terms, telling them he wondered that they who had been engaged in so many single battles did not know by experience that those who labor sleep more sweetly and soundly than those who are labored for, and could fail to see by comparing the Persians' manner of living with their own, that it was the most abject and slavish condition to be voluptuous, but the most noble and royal to undergo pain and labor. He argued with them further, how it was possible for any one who pretended to be a soldier, either to look well after his horse, or to keep his armor bright and in good order, who thought it much to let his hands be serviceable to what was nearest to him, his own body. "Are you still to learn," said he, "that the end and perfection of our victories is to avoid the vices and infirmities of those whom we subdue?" And to strengthen his precepts by example, he applied himself now more vigorously than ever to hunting and warlike expeditions, embracing all opportunities of hardship and danger, insomuch that a Lacedæmonian, who was there on an embassy to him, and chanced to be by when he encountered with and mastered a huge lion, told him he had fought gallantly with the beast, which of the two should be king. Craterus caused a representation to be made of this adventure, consisting of the lion and the dogs, of the king engaged with the lion, and himself coming in to his assistance, all expressed in figures of brass, some of which were by Lysippus, and the rest by Leochares; and had it dedicated in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Alexander exposed his person to danger in this manner, with the object both of inuring himself and inciting others to the performance of brave and virtuous actions.

But his followers, who were grown rich, and consequently proud, longed to indulge themselves in pleasure and idleness, and were weary of marches and expeditions, and at last went on so far as to censure and speak ill of him. All which at first he bore very patiently, saying it became a king well to do good to others, and be evil spoken of. Meantime, on the smallest occasions that called for a show of kindness to his friends, there

was every indication on his part of tenderness and respect. Hearing Peucestes was bitten by a bear, he wrote to him that he took it unkindly he should send others notice of it, and not make him acquainted with it; "But now," said he, "since it is so, let me know how you do, and whether any of your companions forsook you when you were in danger, that I may punish them." He sent Hephæstion, who was absent about some business, word how while they were fighting for their diversion with an ichneumon, Craterus was by chance run through both thighs with Perdiccas' javelin. And upon Peucestes' recovery from a fit of sickness, he sent a letter of thanks to his physician Alexippus. When Craterus was ill, he saw a vision in his sleep, after which he offered sacrifices for his health, and bade him do so likewise. He wrote also to Pausanias, the physician, who was about to purge Craterus with hellebore, partly out of an anxious concern for him, and partly to give him a caution how he used that medicine. He was so tender of his friends' reputation that he imprisoned Ephialtes and Cissus, who brought him the first news of Harpalus' flight and withdrawal from his service, as if they had falsely accused him. When he sent the old and infirm soldiers home, Eurylochus, a citizen of Ægæ, got his name enrolled among the sick, though he ailed nothing, which being discovered, he confessed he was in love with a young woman named Telesippa, and wanted to go along with her to the seaside. Alexander inquired to whom the woman belonged, and being told she was a free courtesan, "I will assist you," said he to Eurylochus, "in your amour if your mistress be to be gained either by presents or persuasions; but we must use no other means, because she is freeborn."

It is surprising to consider upon what slight occasions he would write letters to serve his friends. As when he wrote one in which he gave orders to search for a youth that belonged to Seleucus, who was run away into Silicia; and in another thanked and commanded Peucestes for apprehending Nicon, a servant of Craterus; and in one to Megabyzus, concerning a slave that had taken sanctuary in a temple, gave directions that he should not meddle with him while he was there, but if he could entice him out by fair means, then he gave him leave to seize him. It is reported of him that when he first sat in judgment upon capital causes, he would lay his hand upon one of his ears while the accuser spoke, to keep it free and unprejudiced in behalf of the party accused. But afterwards such a

multitude of accusations were brought before him, and so many proved true, that he lost his tenderness of heart, and gave credit to those also that were false; and especially when anybody spoke ill of him, he would be transported out of his reason, and show himself cruel and inexorable, valuing his glory and reputation beyond his life or kingdom.

He now, as we said, set forth to seek Darius, expecting he should be put to the hazard of another battle, but heard he was taken and secured by Bessus, upon which news he sent home the Thessalians, and gave them a largess of two thousand talents over and above the pay that was due to them. This long and painful pursuit of Darius — for in eleven days he marched thirty-three hundred furlongs — harassed his soldiers so that most of them were ready to give it up, chiefly for want of water. While they were in this distress, it happened that some Macedonians who had fetched water in skins upon their mules from a river they had found out, came about noon to the place where Alexander was, and seeing him almost choked with thirst, presently filled a helmet and offered it him. He asked them to whom they were carrying the water: they told him to their children, adding, that if his life were but saved, it was no matter for them, they should be able well enough to repair that loss, though they all perished. Then he took the helmet into his hands, and looking round about, when he saw all those who were near him stretching their heads out and looking earnestly after the drink, he returned it again with thanks without tasting a drop of it. "For," said he, "if I alone should drink, the rest will be out of heart."

The soldiers no sooner took notice of his temperance and magnanimity upon this occasion, but they one and all cried out to him to lead them forward boldly, and began whipping on their horses. For whilst they had such a king they said they defied both weariness and thirst, and looked upon themselves to be little less than immortal. But though they were all equally cheerful and willing, yet not above threescore horse were able, it is said, to keep up, and to fall in with Alexander upon the enemy's camp, where they rode over abundance of gold and silver that lay scattered about; and passing by a great many chariots full of women that wandered here and there for want of drivers, they endeavored to overtake the first of those that fled, in hopes to meet with Darius among them. And at last, after much trouble, they found him lying in a chariot,

wounded all over with darts, just at the point of death. However, he desired they would give him some drink, and when he had drunk a little cold water, he told Polystratus, who gave it him, that it had become the last extremity of his ill fortune, to receive benefits and not be able to return them. "But Alexander," said he, "whose kindness to my mother, my wife, and my children, I hope the gods will recompense, will doubtless thank you for your humanity to me. Tell him, therefore, in token of my acknowledgment, I give him this right hand," with which words he took hold of Polystratus' hand and died. When Alexander came up to them, he showed manifest tokens of sorrow, and taking off his own cloak, threw it upon the body to cover it. And some time afterwards, when Bessus was taken, he ordered him to be torn in pieces in this manner. They fastened him to a couple of trees which were bound down so as to meet, and then being let loose, with a great force returned to their places, each of them carrying that part of the body along with it that was tied to it. Darius' body was laid in state, and sent to his mother with pomp suitable to his quality. His brother Exathres, Alexander received into the number of his intimate friends. . . .

Noticing that among his chief friends and favorites, Hephæstion most approved all that he did, and complied with and imitated him in his change of habits, while Craterus continued strict in the observation of the customs and fashions of his own country, he made it his practice to employ the first in all transactions with the Persians, and the latter when he had to do with the Greeks or Macedonians. And in general he showed more affection for Hephæstion, and more respect for Craterus, — Hephæstion, as he used to say, being Alexander's, and Craterus the king's friend. And so these two friends always bore in secret a grudge to each other, and at times quarreled openly, so much so, that once in India they drew upon one another, and were proceeding in good earnest, with their friends on each side to second them, when Alexander rode up and publicly reproved Hephæstion, calling him fool and madman, not to be sensible that without his favor he was nothing. He rebuked Craterus, also, in private, severely, and then causing them both to come into his presence, he reconciled them, at the same time swearing by Ammon and the rest of the gods, that he loved them two above all other men, but if ever he perceived them fall out again he would be sure to put both of them to death,

or at least the aggressor. After which they neither ever did or said anything, so much as in jest, to offend one another.

There was scarcely any one who had greater repute among the Macedonians than Philotas, the son of Parmenio. For besides that he was valiant and able to endure any fatigue of war, he was also next to Alexander himself the most munificent, and the greatest lover of his friends, one of whom asking him for some money, he commanded his steward to give it him; and when he told him he had not wherewith, "Have you not any plate, then," said he, "or any clothes of mine to sell?" But he carried his arrogance and his pride of wealth and his habits of display and luxury to a degree of assumption unbecoming a private man; and affecting all the loftiness without succeeding in showing any of the grace or gentleness of true greatness, by this mistaken and spurious majesty he gained so much envy and ill will, that Parmenio would sometimes tell him, "My son, to be not quite so great would be better." For he had long before been complained of, and accused to Alexander. Particularly when Darius was defeated in Cilicia, and an immense booty was taken at Damascus, among the rest of the prisoners who were brought into the camp, there was one Antigone of Pydna, a very handsome woman, who fell to Philotas' share. The young man one day in his cups, in the vaunting, outspoken, soldier's manner, declared to his mistress that all the great actions were performed by him and his father, the glory and benefit of which, he said, together with the title of king, the boy Alexander reaped and enjoyed by their means. She could not hold, but discovered what he had said to one of her acquaintance, and he, as is usual in such cases, to another, till at last the story came to the ears of Craterus, who brought the woman secretly to the king.

When Alexander had heard what she had to say, he commanded her to continue her intrigue with Philotas, and give him an account from time to time of all that should fall from him to this purpose. He, thus unwittingly caught in a snare, to gratify sometimes a fit of anger, sometimes a mere love of vainglory, let himself utter numerous foolish, indiscreet speeches against the king in Antigone's hearing, of which, though Alexander was informed and convinced by strong evidence, yet he would take no notice of it at present, whether it was that he confided in Parmenio's affection and loyalty, or that he apprehended their authority and interest in the army. But about

this time, one Limnus, a Macedonian of Chalastra, conspired against Alexander's life, and communicated his design to a youth whom he was fond of, named Nicomachus, inviting him to be of the party. But he, not relishing the thing, revealed it to his brother Balinus, who immediately addressed himself to Philotas, requiring him to introduce them both to Alexander, to whom they had something of great moment to impart which very nearly concerned him. But he, for what reason is uncertain, went not with them, professing that the king was engaged with affairs of more importance. And when they had urged him a second time, and were still slighted by him, they applied themselves to another, by whose means being admitted into Alexander's presence, they first told about Limnus' conspiracy, and by the way let Philotas' negligence appear, who had twice disregarded their application to him.

Alexander was greatly incensed, and on finding that Limnus had defended himself, and had been killed by the soldier who was sent to seize him, he was still more discomposed, thinking he had thus lost the means of detecting the plot. As soon as his displeasure against Philotas began to appear, presently all his old enemies showed themselves, and said openly, the king was too easily imposed on, to imagine that one so inconsiderable as Limnus, a Chalastrian, should of his own head undertake such an enterprise; that in all likelihood he was but subservient to the design, an instrument that was moved by some greater spring; that those ought to be more strictly examined about the matter whose interest it was so much to conceal it. When they had once gained the king's ear for insinuations of this sort, they went on to show a thousand grounds of suspicion against Philotas, till at last they prevailed to have him seized and put to the torture, which was done in the presence of the principal officers, Alexander himself being placed behind some tapestry to understand what passed. Where, when he heard in what a miserable tone, and with what abject submissions Philotas applied himself to Hephæstion, he broke out, it is said, in this manner: "Are you so mean-spirited and effeminate, Philotas, and yet can engage in so desperate a design?" After his death, he presently sent into Media, and put also Parmenio, his father, to death, who had done brave service under Philip, and was the only man, of his older friends and counselors, who had encouraged Alexander to invade Asia. Of three sons whom he had had in the army, he had already lost two,

and now was himself put to death with the third. These actions rendered Alexander an object of terror to many of his friends, and chiefly to Antipater, who, to strengthen himself, sent messengers privately to treat for an alliance with the Ætolians, who stood in fear of Alexander, because they had destroyed the town of the Œniadæ; on being informed of which, Alexander had said the children of the Œniadæ need not revenge their father's quarrel, for he would himself take care to punish the Ætolians.

Not long after this happened the deplorable end of Clitus, which, to those who barely hear the matter-of-fact, may seem more inhuman than that of Philotas; but if we consider the story with its circumstance of time, and weigh the cause, we shall find it to have occurred rather through a sort of mischance of the king's, whose anger and overdrinking offered an occasion to the evil genius of Clitus. The king had a present of Grecian fruit brought him from the seacoast, which was so fresh and beautiful that he was surprised at it, and called Clitus to him to see it, and to give him a share of it. Clitus was then sacrificing, but he immediately left off and came, followed by three sheep, on whom the drink offering had been already poured preparatory to sacrificing them. Alexander, being informed of this, told his diviners, Aristander and Cleomantis the Lacedæmonian, and asked them what it meant; on whose assuring him it was an ill omen, he commanded them in all haste to offer sacrifices for Clitus' safety, forasmuch as three days before he himself had seen a strange vision in his sleep, of Clitus all in mourning, sitting by Parmenio's sons who were dead.

Clitus, however, stayed not to finish his devotions, but came straight to supper with the king, who had sacrificed to Castor and Pollux. And when they had drunk pretty hard, some of the company fell a singing the verses of one Pranichus, or as others say of Pierion, which were made upon those captains who had been lately worsted by the barbarians, on purpose to disgrace and turn them to ridicule. This gave offense to the older men who were there, and they upbraided both the author and the singer of the verses, though Alexander and the younger men about him were much amused to hear them, and encouraged them to go on, till at last Clitus, who had drunk too much, and was besides of a froward and willful temper, was so nettled that he could hold no longer,

saying it was not well done to expose the Macedonians before the barbarians and their enemies, since though it was their unhappiness to be overcome, yet they were much better men than those who laughed at them. And when Alexander remarked that Clitus was pleading his own cause, giving cowardice the name of misfortune, Clitus started up: "This cowardice, as you are pleased to term it," said he to him, "saved the life of a son of the gods, when in flight from Spithridates' sword; it is by the expense of Macedonian blood, and by these wounds, that you are now raised to such a height as to be able to disown your father Philip, and call yourself the son of Ammon."

"Thou base fellow," said Alexander, who was now thoroughly exasperated, "dost thou think to utter these things everywhere of me, and stir up the Macedonians to sedition, and not be punished for it?"

"We are sufficiently punished already," answered Clitus, "if this be the recompense of our toils; and we must esteem theirs a happy lot who have not lived to see their countrymen scourged with Median rods, and forced to sue to the Persians to have access to their king." While he talked thus at random, and those near Alexander got up from their seats and began to revile him in turn, the elder men did what they could to compose the disorder. Alexander, in the mean time turning about to Xenodochus, the Cardian, and Artemius, the Colophonian, asked them if they were not of opinion that the Greeks, in comparison with the Macedonians, behaved themselves like so many demigods among wild beasts.

But Clitus for all this would not give over, desiring Alexander to speak out, if he had anything more to say, or else why did he invite men who were freeborn and accustomed to speak their minds openly without restraint, to sup with him? He had better live and converse with barbarians and slaves who would not scruple to bow the knee to his Persian girdle and his white tunic. Which words so provoked Alexander that, not able to suppress his anger any longer, he threw one of the apples that lay upon the table at him, and hit him, and then looked about for his sword. But Aristophanes, one of his life guard, had hid that out of the way, and others came about him and besought him, but in vain. For breaking from them, he called out aloud to his guards in the Macedonian language, which was a certain sign of some great disturbance in

him, and commanded a trumpeter to sound, giving him a blow with his clenched fist for not instantly obeying him; though afterwards the same man was commended for disobeying an order which would have put the whole army into tumult and confusion.

Clitus still refusing to yield, was with much trouble forced by his friends out of the room. But he came in again immediately at another door, very irreverently and confidently singing the verses out of Euripides' "Andromache": —

In Greece, alas! how ill things ordered are!

Upon this, at last, Alexander, snatching a spear from one of the soldiers, met Clitus as he was coming forward and was putting by the curtain that hung before the door, and ran him through the body. He fell at once with a cry and a groan. Upon which the king's anger immediately vanishing, he came perfectly to himself, and when he saw his friends about him all in a profound silence, he pulled the spear out of the dead body, and would have thrust it into his own throat, if the guards had not held his hands, and by main force carried him away into his chamber, where all that night and the next day he wept bitterly, till being quite spent with lamenting and exclaiming, he lay as it were speechless, only fetching deep sighs.

His friends, apprehending some harm from his silence, broke into the room, but he took no notice of what any of them said, till Aristander putting him in mind of the vision he had seen concerning Clitus, and the prodigy that followed, as if all had come to pass by an unavoidable fatality, he then seemed to moderate his grief. They now brought Callisthenes, the philosopher, who was the near friend of Aristotle, and Anaxarchus of Abdera, to him. Callisthenes used moral language, and gentle and soothing means, hoping to find access for words of reason, and get a hold upon the passion. But Anaxarchus, who had always taken a course of his own in philosophy, and had a name for despising and slighting his contemporaries, as soon as he came in, cried out aloud, "Is this the Alexander whom the whole world looks to, lying here weeping like a slave, for fear of the censure and reproach of men to whom he himself ought to be a law and measure of equity, if he would use the right his conquests have given him as supreme lord and governor of all, and not be the victim of a vain and

idle opinion? Do not you know," said he, "that Jupiter is represented to have Justice and Law on each hand of him, to signify that all the actions of a conqueror are lawful and just?" With these and the like speeches, Anaxarchus indeed allayed the king's grief, but withal corrupted his character, rendering him more audacious and lawless than he had been.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

[John Dryden: An English poet; born August 9, 1631; educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. The son of a Puritan, he wrote eulogistic stanzas on the death of Cromwell; but his versatile intellect could assume any phase of feeling, and he wrote equally glowing ones on the Restoration of 1660. His "Annus Mirabilis" appeared in 1667, and in 1668 he was made poet laureate. His "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" is excellent; but as a dramatist, though voluminous, he has left nothing which lives. His satire "Absalom and Achitophel" is famous; and his "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" is considered the finest in the language.]

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crowned.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove;
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,

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And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound.
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes:
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War he sung is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair,
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

By J. P. MAHAFFY.

(From "Greek Life and Thought.")

[John Pentland Mahaffy, born in Switzerland of Irish parentage, February 26, 1839, is one of the most brilliant of recent scholars and writers on classical Greek subjects; especially the literature, habits, and morals of the Hellenic or Hellenized peoples down to the time of Christ. He is professor of ancient history in Trinity College, Dublin. He has written only one formal history of events, "The Empire of the Ptolemies" (1896); though much valuable incidental historic and biographic matter is contained in his other works, the chief of which are "Social Life in Greece," "Greek Life and Thought" (a continuation of the former), "Greece under Roman Sway," "Problems in Greek History," "History of Greek Classical Literature," etc.]

There was no king throughout all the Eastern world in the third century B.C. who did not set before him Alexander as the ideal of what a monarch ought to be. His transcendent figure so dominates the imagination of his own and the following age, that from studying his character we can draw all the materials for the present chapter. For this purpose the brilliant sketch of Plutarch, who explicitly professes to write the life and not the history of the king, is on the whole more instructive than the detailed chronicle of Arrian. From both we draw much that is doubtful and even fabulous, but much also which is certain and of unparalleled interest, as giving us a picture of the most extraordinary man that ever lived. The astonishing appearance of this lad of twenty, hurried to the throne by his father's death, in the midst of turmoil within and foes without, surrounded by doubtful friends and timid advisers, without treasury, without allies — and yet at once and without hesitation asserting his military genius, defeating his bravest enemies, cowing his disloyal subjects, crushing sedition, and then starting to conquer Asia, and to weld together two continents by a new policy — this wonder was indeed likely to fascinate the world, and if his successors aped the leftward inclination of his head and the leonine sit of his hair, they were sure enough to try to imitate what was easier and harder — the ways of his court and the policy of his kingdom.

Quite apart from his genius, which was unique, his position in Greece was perfectly novel, in that he combined Hellenic training, language, and ideas with a totally un-Hellenic thing — royalty. For generations, the Macedonian kings had been trying to assert themselves as real Greeks. They had suc-

ceeded in having their splendid genealogy accepted — an undeniable gain in those days, but their other claims were as yet hardly established. It is true they had entertained great poets at their court, and had odes and tragedies composed for the benefit of their subjects, but none of them, not even Philip, who was just dead, had yet been accepted as a really naturalized Greek. Yet Philip had come closer to it than his predecessors; he had spent his youth in the glorious Thebes of Epaminondas; he trained himself carefully in the rhetoric of Athens, and could compose speeches and letters which passed muster even with such fastidious stylists as Demosthenes. But though he could assume Greek manners and speak good Greek in his serious moments, when on his good behavior, it was known that his relaxations were of a very different kind. Then he showed the Thracian — then his Macedonian breeding came out.

Nevertheless he saw so clearly the importance of attaining this higher level that he spared no pains to educate his son, and with him his son's court, in the highest culture. We know not whether it was accident or his clear judgment of human character which made him choose Aristotle as Alexander's tutor — there were many other men employed to instruct him — but we feel how foreign must have been Aristotle's conversation at the palace and among the boon companions of Philip, and hence Mieza, a quiet place away from court, was chosen for the prince's residence. There Aristotle made a Hellene of him in every real sense. It is certain, if we compare Alexander's manifesto to Darius with what is called Philip's letter, that he did not write so well as his father; but he learned to know and love the great poets, and to associate with men of culture and of sober manners. Every one testifies to the dignity and urbanity of his address, even if at late carouses with intimates he rather bored the company with self-assertion and boasting. But this social defect was not unknown among the purest Hellenes. All through his life he courted Greek letters, he attended Greek plays, he talked in Greek to Greek men, and we can see how deep his sympathy with Hellenedom was from his cutting remark — *in vino veritas* — to two Greeks sitting at the fatal banquet where the Macedonian veteran, Clitus, broke out into indecent altercation. "Don't you feel like demigods among savages when you are sitting in company with these Macedonians?" It may be said that Hellenedom was less fastidious in the days of Alexander than in the days of his prede-

cessors. I need not argue that question; suffice it to say that even had he made no world conquests he would have been recognized as a really naturalized Hellene, and fit to take his place among the purest Greeks, in opposition to the most respectable barbarians. The purest Hellene, such as the Spartan Pausanias, was liable to degradation of character from the temptations of absolute power no less than a Macedonian or a Roman.

But on the other hand he was a king in a sense quite novel and foreign to the Greeks. They recognized one king, the King of Persia, as a legitimate sovereign, ruling in great splendor, but over barbarians. So they were ready to grant such a thing as a king over other barbarians of less importance; but a king over Greeks, in the proper sense of the word, had not existed since the days of legendary Greece. There were indeed tyrants, plenty of them, and some of them mild men and fond of culture, friends of poets, and respectable men; and there were the kings of Sparta. But the former were always regarded as arch heretics were regarded by the Church in the Middle Ages, as men whose virtues were of no account and whose crime was unpardonable; to murder them was a heroic deed, which wiped out all the murderer's previous sins. On the other hand, the latter were only hereditary, respected generals of an oligarchy, the real rulers of which were the ephors. Neither of these cases even approached the idea of a sovereign, as the Macedonians and as the kingdoms of mediæval and modern Europe have conceived it.

For this implied in the first place a legitimate succession, such as the Spartan kings indeed possessed, and with it a divine right in the strictest sense. As the Spartan, so the Macedonian kings came directly from Zeus, through his greatest hero sons, Heracles and Æacus. But while the Spartan kings had long lost, if they ever possessed, the rights of Menelaus, who could offer to give a friend seven inhabited towns as a gift, while they only retained the religious preëminence of their pedigree, the kings of Macedonia had preserved all their ancient privileges. Grote thinks them the best representatives of that prehistoric sovereignty which we find in the Greece of Homer. But all through his history he urges upon us the fact that there was no settled constitutional limit to the authority of the kings even in cases of life and death. On the other hand, German inquirers, who are better acquainted with absolute monarchy,

see in the assembly of free Macedonians — occasionally convened, especially in cases of high treason or of a succession to the throne — a check like that of the Commons in earlier England. There seem in fact to have been two powers, both supreme, which could be brought into direct collision any day, and so might produce a deadlock only to be removed by a trial of strength. Certain it is that Macedonian kings often ordered to death, or to corporal punishment and torture, free citizens and even nobles. It is equally certain that the kings often formally appealed to an assembly of soldiers or of peers to decide in cases of life and death. Such inconsistencies are not impossible where there is a recognized divine right of kings, and when the summoning of an assembly lies altogether in the king's hands. Except in time of war, when its members were together under arms, the assembly had probably no way of combining for a protest, and the low condition of their civilization made them indulgent to acts of violence on the part of their chiefs.

Niebuhr, however, suggests a very probable solution of this difficulty. He compares the case of the Frankish kings, who were only princes among their own free men, but absolute lords over lands which they conquered. Thus many individual kings came to exercise absolute power illegally by transferring their rights as conquerors to those cases where they were limited monarchs. It is very possible too that both they and the Macedonian kings would prefer as household officers nobles of the conquered lands, over whom they had absolute control. Thus the constitutional and the absolute powers of the king might be confused, and the extent of either determined by the force of the man who occupied the throne.

That Alexander exerted his supreme authority over all his subjects is quite certain. And yet in this he differed absolutely from a tyrant, such as the Greeks knew, that he called together his peers and asked them to pass legal sentence upon a subject charged with grave offenses against the crown. No Greek tyrant ever could do this, for he had around him no halo of legitimacy, and, moreover, he permitted no order of nobility among his subjects.

It appears that for a long time back the relations of king and nobles had been in Macedonia much as they were in the Middle Ages in Europe. There were large landed proprietors, and many of them had sovereign rights in their own provinces.

Not only did the great lords gather about the king as their natural head, but they were proud to regard themselves as his personal servants, and formed the household, which was known as the *therapeia* in Hellenistic times. Earlier kings had adopted the practice of bringing to court noble children, to be the companions of the prince, and to form an order of *royal pages;* so no doubt Greek language and culture had been disseminated among them, and perhaps this was at first the main object. But in Alexander's time they were a permanent part of the king's household, and were brought up in his personal service, to become his aids-de-camp and his lords in waiting as well as his household brigade of both horse and foot guards, and perform for him many semi-menial offices which great lords and ladies are not ashamed to perform for royalty, even up to the present day.

I will add but one more point, which is a curious illustration of the position of the Macedonian kings among their people. None of them contented himself with one wife, but either kept concubines, like all the kings in Europe, and even in England till George III., or even formally married second wives, as did Philip and Alexander. These practices led to constant and bloody tragedies in the royal family. Every king of Macedon who was not murdered by his relatives was at least conspired against by them. What is here, however, of consequence, is the social position of the royal bastards. They take their place not with the dishonored classes, but among the nobles, and are all regarded as pretenders to the throne.

I need not point out to the reader the curious analogies of mediæval European history. The facts seem based on the idea that the blood of kings was superior to that of the highest noble, and that even when adulterated by an ignoble mother, it was far more sacred than that of any subject. The Macedonians had not indeed advanced to the point of declaring all marriages with subjects morganatic, but they were not very far from it; for they certainly suffered from all the evils which English history as well as other histories can show, where alliances of powerful subjects with the sovereign are permitted.

Thus Alexander the Great, the third Macedonian king of his name, stood forth really and thoroughly in the position assigned by Herodotus to his elder namesake — *a Greek man* in pedigree, education, and culture, *and king of the Macedonians*, a position unknown and unrecognized in the Greek world since

the days of that Iliad which the conqueror justly prized, as to him the best and most sympathetic of all Hellenic books. Let us add that in the text, which Aristotle revised for him, there were assertions of royalty, including the power of life and death, which are expunged from our texts. He had the sanction of divine right, but what was far more important, the practical control of life and death, regarding the nobility as his household servants, and the property of his subjects as his own, keeping court with considerable state, and in every respect expressing, as Grote says, the principle *l'État c'est moi.*

A very few words will point out what changes were made in this position by his wonderful conquests. Though brought up in considerable state, and keeping court with all the splendor which his father's increased kingdom and wealth could supply, he was struck with astonishment, we are told, at the appointments of Darius' tents, which he captured after the battle of Issus. When he went into the bath prepared for his opponent, and found all the vessels of pure gold, and smelt the whole chamber full of frankincense and myrrh, and then passed out into a lofty dining tent with splendid hangings, and with the appointments of an oriental feast, he exclaimed to his staff: "Well, this *is* something like royalty." Accordingly there was no part of Persian dignity which he did not adopt. We hear that the expenses of his table — he always dined late — rose to about £400 daily, at which limit he fixed it. Nor is this surprising when we find that he dined as publicly as the kings of France in the old days, surrounded by a brilliant staff of officers and pages, with a bodyguard present, and a trumpeter ready to summon the household troops. All manner of delicacies were brought from the sea and from remote provinces for his table.

In other respects, in dress and manners, he drifted gradually into Persian habits also. The great Persian lords, after a gallant struggle for their old sovereign, loyally went over to his side. Both his wives were oriental princesses, and perhaps too little has been said by historians about the influence they must have had in recommending to him Persian officers and pages. The loyalty of these people, great aristocrats as they were, was quite a different thing from that of the Macedonians, who had always been privileged subjects, and who now attributed to their own prowess the king's mighty conquests. The orientals, on the other hand, accepted him as an absolute monarch,

nay, as little short of a deity, to whom they readily gave the homage of adoration. It is a characteristic story that when the rude and outspoken Casander had just arrived at Babylon for the first time, on a mission from his father Antipater, the regent of Macedonia, he saw orientals approaching Alexander with their customary prostrations, and burst out laughing. Upon this Alexander was so enraged that he seized him by the hair and dashed his head against the wall, and there can be little doubt that the king's death, which followed shortly, saved Casander from a worse fate. Thus the distinction pointed out by Niebuhr would lead Alexander to prefer the orientals, whom he had conquered, and who were his absolute property, to the Macedonians, who were not only constantly grumbling but had even planned several conspiracies against him.

There was yet another feature in Alexander's court which marks a new condition of things. The keeping of a regular court journal, *Ephēmerides*, wherein the events of each day were carefully registered, gave an importance to the court which it had never before attained within Greek or Macedonian experience. The daily bulletins of his last illness are still preserved to us by Arrian and Plutarch from these diaries. In addition to this we hear that he sent home constant and detailed public dispatches to his mother and Antipater, in which he gave the minutest details of his life.

In these the public learned a new kind of ideal of pleasure as well as of business. The Macedonian king, brought up in a much colder climate than Greece, among mountains which gave ample opportunity for sport, was so far not a "Greek man" that he was less frugal as regards his living, and had very different notions of amusement. The Hellene, who was mostly a townsman, living in a country of dense cultivation, was beholden to the gymnasium and palestra for his recreation, of which the highest outcome was the Olympic and other games, where he could attain glory by competition in athletic meetings. The men who prize this sort of recreation are always abstemious and careful to keep in hard condition by diet and special exercising of muscles. The Macedonian ideal was quite different, and more like that of our country gentleman, who can afford to despise bodily training in the way of abstinence, who eats and drinks what he likes, nay, often drinks to excess, but works off evil effects by those field sports which have always produced the finest type of man — hunting, shooting, fishing — in fact

the life of the natural or savage man reproduced with artificial improvements.

Alexander took the Macedonian side strongly against the Greek in these matters. He is said to have retorted upon the people who advised him to run in the sprint race at Olympia, that he would do so when he found kings for competitors. But the better reason was that he despised that kind of bodily training; he would not have condescended to give up his social evenings, at which he drank freely; and above all he so delighted in hunting that he felt no interest in athletic meetings. When he got into the preserves of Darius he fought the lion and the bear, and incurred such personal danger that his adventures were commemorated by his fellow-sportsmen in bronze. He felt and asserted that this kind of sport, requiring not only courage and coolness but quick resource, was the proper training for war, in contrast to the athletic habit of body, which confessedly produced dullness of mind and sleepiness of body.

This way of spending the day in the pursuit of large game, and then coming home to a late dinner and a jovial carouse, where the events of the day are discussed and parallel anecdotes brought out, was so distinctive as to produce a marked effect on the social habits of succeeding generations. The older Spartans had indeed similar notions; they despised competitions in the arena, and spent their time hunting in the wilds of Mount Taygetus; but the days for Sparta to influence the world were gone by, and indeed none but Arcadians and Ætolians among the Greeks had like opportunities.

It would require a separate treatise to discuss fully the innovations made by Alexander in the art of war. But here it is enough to notice, in addition to Philip's abandonment of citizen for professional soldiers, the new development Alexander gave to cavalry as the chief offensive branch of military service. He won all his battles by charges of heavy cavalry, while the phalanx formed merely the defensive wing of his line. He was even breaking up the phalanx into lighter order at the time of his death. So it came that the noblest and most esteemed of his Companions were cavalry officers, and from this time onward no general thought of fighting, like Epaminondas, a battle on foot. Eastern warfare also brought in the use of elephants, but this was against the practice of Alexander, who did not use them in battle, so far as we know.

I believe I was the first to call attention to the curious analogies between the tactics of Alexander and those of Cromwell. Each lived in an age when heavy cavalry were found to be superior to infantry, if kept in control, and used with skill. Hence each of them fought most of his battles by charging with his cavalry on the right wing, overthrowing the enemy's horse, and then, avoiding the temptation to pursue, charging the enemy's infantry in flank, and so deciding the issue. Meanwhile they both felt strong enough to disregard a defeat on their left wing by the enemy's horse, which was not under proper discipline, and went far away out of the battle in pursuit. So similar is the course of these battles, that one is tempted to believe that Cromwell knew something of Alexander. It is not so. Each of these men found by his genius the best way of using the forces at his disposal. Alexander's Companions were Cromwell's Ironsides.

In one point, however, he still held to old and chivalrous ways, and so fell short of our ideal of a great commander. He always charged at the head of his cavalry, and himself took part in the thickest of the fight. Hence in every battle he ran the risk of ending the campaign with his own life. It may be said that he had full confidence in his fortune, and that the king's valor gave tremendous force to the charge of his personal companions. But nothing can convince us that Hannibal's view of his duties was not far higher, of whom it was noted that he always took ample care for his own safety, nor did he ever, so far as we know, risk himself as a combatant. Alexander's example, here as elsewhere, gave the law, and so a large proportion of his successors found their death on the battlefield. The aping of Alexander was apparently the main cause of this serious result.

Modern historians are divided as regards Alexander into two classes: First those like Grote, who regard him as a partly civilized barbarian, with a lust for conquest, but with no ideas of organization or of real culture beyond the establishment of a strong military control over a vast mass of heterogeneous subjects. Secondly, those like Droysen, who are the majority, and have better reasons on their side, feel that the king's genius in fighting battles was not greater than his genius in founding cities, not merely as outposts, but as marts, by which commerce and culture should spread through the world. He is reported to have disputed with Aristotle, who wished him to

treat the orientals like a master and to have asserted that his policy was to treat them as their leader. We know from Aristotle's "Politics" that with all his learning, the philosopher had not shaken off Hellenic prejudices, and that he regarded the Eastern nations as born for slavery. Apart from the questionable nature of his theory, he can have known little of the great Aryan barons of Bactriana or Sogdiana, who had for centuries looked on the Greek adventurers they met as the Romans did in later days. But Alexander belongs to a different age from Aristotle, as different as Thucydides from Herodotus, contemporary though they were in their lives, and he determined to carry out the "marriage of Europe and Asia." To a Hellene the marriage with a foreigner would seem a more or less disgraceful concubinage. The children of such a marriage could not inherit in any petty Greek state. Now the greatest Macedonian nobles were allied to Median and Persian princesses, and the Greeks who had attained high official position at court, such as Eumenes, the chief secretary, were only too proud to be admitted to the same privilege.

The fashion of making or cementing alliances by marriages becomes from this time a feature of the age. The kings who are one day engaged in deadly war are the next connected as father and son-in-law, or as brothers-in-law. No solemn peace seems to be made without a marriage, and yet these marriages seldom hinder the breaking out of new wars.

All the Greek historians blame the Persian tendencies of Alexander, his assumption of oriental dress and of foreign ceremonial. There was but one of his officers, Peucestas, who loyally followed his chief, and who was accordingly rewarded by his special favor. Yet if we remember Greek prejudices, and how trivial a fraction of the empire the Greeks were in population, we may fairly give Alexander credit for more judgment than his critics. No doubt the Persian dress was far better suited to the climate than the Macedonian. No doubt he felt that a handful of Macedonians could never hold a vast empire without securing the sympathy of the conquered. At all events he chose to do the thing his own way, and who will say that he should have done it as his critics prescribe?

THE VOYAGE OF NEARCHUS.

By ARRIAN.

[Nearchus, "son of Androtimus," is the only known navigator of antiquity who singly added much to the stock of the world's knowledge. He was a Cretan who migrated to Macedonia, became a favored companion of Alexander, and in the Asiatic invasion was made governor of Lycia and vicinity, where he remained five years. In B.C. 329, he joined Alexander in Bactria with a body of troops, and took a prominent part in the Indian campaign, whence arose his immortal voyage, B.C. 325.

The terror which this sail of a few hundred miles inspired in every one, even Alexander, is a curious proof of the unfitness of the old war galleys for serious navigation, and their inability to carry any store of provisions. The crew were nearly starved in a few days after they left victualing places behind. The voyage added the coast of Baluchistan to the known map. Alexander was so pleased that he proposed to equip a similar expedition under Nearchus to circumnavigate Arabia; but his own death put an end to it. In the break-up, Nearchus took service with Antigonus, who was defeated and killed at Ipsus, B.C. 301. We know nothing further of him.

Arrian (Lucius Flavius Arrianus) was born in Nicomedia, Asia Minor, about A.D. 100; died under Marcus Aurelius, not far from A.D. 180. He lived in Rome and Athens, and held high office under Hadrian and the Antonines in Rome; being governor of Cappadocia under the former in 136 (repelling an invasion of the Mongol Alani), and consul under Antoninus Pius in 146. He then retired to a priesthood in his native city, devoting himself to philosophy and literary work. He wrote an abstract of Epictetus's philosophy, a work on India, and a "Voyage around the Euxine"; but his chief and only extant work is the "Anabasis of Alexander," modeled on Xenophon.]

This narrative is a description of the voyage which Nearchus made with the fleet, starting from the outlet of the Indus through the Great Sea as far as the Persian Gulf, which some call the Red Sea.

Nearchus has given the following account of this. He says that Alexander had a great wish to sail right round the sea from India as far as the Persian sea, but was alarmed at the length of the voyage. He was afraid that his army would perish, lighting upon some uninhabited country, or one destitute of roadsteads, or not sufficiently supplied with the ripe crops. He thought that this great disgrace following upon his mighty exploits would annihilate all his success. But the desire he always felt to do something new and marvelous won the day. However, he was in perplexity whom to choose as competent to carry out his projects, and how he was to remove the fear of the sailors and of those sent on such an expedition

that they were being sent out recklessly to a foreseen and manifest danger.

Nearchus says that Alexander consulted him as to whom he should choose to conduct the expedition, mentioning one after another as having declined, some not being willing to run the risk of losing their reputation by failure, others because they were cowardly at heart, others being possessed by a yearning for their own land. The king accused one of making one excuse, and another of making another. Then Nearchus himself undertook the office and said: "O king, I undertake to conduct this expedition, and if God assists me, I will bring the ships and the men safely round as far as the land of Persis, at any rate if the sea in that quarter is navigable; and if the enterprise is not an impossible one for the human intellect." Alexander in reply said he was unwilling to expose any of his friends to such great hardship and such great danger; but Nearchus, all the more on this account, refused to give in, and persevered in his resolve. Alexander was so pleased with the zeal of Nearchus, that he appointed him commander of the whole expedition.

Voyage from the Indus.

As soon as the annual winds were lulled to rest, they started on the twentieth day of the month Boëdromion (October) [B.C. 325]. These annual winds continue to blow from the sea to the land the whole season of summer, and thereby render navigation impossible. Before commencing the voyage, Nearchus offered sacrifice to Zeus the Preserver, and celebrated a gymnastic contest. Having started from the roadstead down the river Indus, on the first day they moored near a large canal, and remained there two days. Departing on the third day they sailed 30 stades ($3\frac{1}{2}$ miles), as far as another canal, the water of which was salt. For the sea came up into it, especially with the tide, and the water mingling with the river remained salt even after the ebb. Thence still sailing down the river 20 stades ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles) they moored at Coreëstis. Starting thence they sailed not far; for they saw a reef at the mouth of the river, and the waves dashed against the shore, and this shore was rugged. But they made a canal through a soft part of the reef for 5 stades and got the ships through it, when the tide reached them from the sea. Having sailed

right round 150 stades (17½ miles) they moored at a sandy island called Crocala, and stayed there the rest of the day. Near this island lives an Indian nation called Arabians. From Crocala they sailed, having on their right the mountain called by them Eirus, and on their left an island lying level with the sea. The island, stretching along the shore, makes a narrow strait. Having sailed through this they moored in a harbor affording good anchorage. There is an island near the mouth of the harbor, about two stades off; the island lying athwart the sea has made a natural harbor. Here great and continuous winds blew from the sea; and Nearchus, fearing that some of the barbarians might band together and turn to plunder his camp, fortified the place with a stone wall. The stay here was twenty-four days. He says that his soldiers caught sea mice, oysters, and a shellfish called *solenes*, wonderful in size if compared with those in this sea of ours; and the water was salt to the taste.

Voyage along the Coast of India.

As soon as the wind ceased they put to sea, and having proceeded 60 stades (7 miles), they cast anchor near a sandy coast; and near the coast was an uninhabited island, named Domæ. Using this as a breakwater, they anchored. But on the shore there was no water; so they advanced into the interior about 20 stades (2½ miles), and lighted on some good water. On the next day they sailed 300 stades (35 miles) to Saranga, and anchored at night near the shore, about 8 stades (1 mile) from which there was water. Sailing thence they anchored at Sacala, an uninhabited spot; and sailing between two cliffs so near each other that the oars of the ships touched the rocks on both sides, they anchored at Morontobara, having advanced 300 stades. The harbor was large, circular, deep, and sheltered from the waves; and the entrance into it was narrow. This is called in the native tongue, the Woman's Harbor, because a woman first ruled over this place. While they were sailing between the rocks, they met with great waves and the sea had a swift current; so that it appeared a great undertaking to sail out beyond the rocks. On the next day they sailed, having on their left an island like a breakwater to the sea, so close to the shore that one might conjecture that a canal had been cut between it and the shore. The channel

extends 70 stades (8¼ miles). Upon the shore were dense woods, and the island was covered with every sort of tree. At the approach of dawn they sailed beyond the island over the narrow surf; for the ebb tide was still running. Having sailed 120 stades (14 miles) they anchored in the mouth of the river Arabis. There was a large and fine harbor near the mouth. The water was not drinkable; for the water discharged by the river had been mixed with that of the sea. But having advanced into the interior 40 stades (4¾ miles), they came upon a pond, and having got water from it they returned. Near the harbor is an elevated uninhabited island, round which oysters and every kind of fish are caught.

The Coast of Baluchistan.

Starting from the outlet of the Arabis, they sailed along the land of the Oreitians. They anchored in a river swollen by winter rain, the name of which was Tomērus. And at the outlet of the river was a lake. Men in stifling huts inhabited the narrow strip of land near the shore. When they saw the fleet approaching they were amazed, and, extending themselves in line along the shore, they formed into military array to prevent the men from landing. They carried thick spears, 6 cubits (9 feet) long; the point was not of iron, but the sharp end hardened in fire served the same purpose. They were about 600 in number. When Nearchus saw that these were waiting for him drawn up in battle array, he ordered the ships to be kept riding at anchor within range, so that his men's arrows might reach the land; for the thick spears of the barbarians seemed to be adapted for close fighting, but were not to be feared in distant skirmishing. He ordered the lightest of his soldiers and the lightest armed, who were also very expert in swimming, to swim from the ships at a given signal. Their instructions were that those who had swum ashore should stand in the water and wait for their comrades, and not attack the barbarians before their phalanx had been arranged three deep; then they were to raise the battle cry and advance at full speed. At once the men who had been appointed to carry out this plan threw themselves out of the ships into the sea, swam quickly, placed themselves in rank, formed themselves into phalanx, and began to advance at full speed shouting the battle cry to Enyalius. Those on the ships joined in the shout,

nd arrows and missiles from the military engines were launched against the barbarians. They were alarmed at the flashing of the weapons and the quickness of the attack; and being struck by the arrows and the other missiles, they did not turn to defend themselves even a little, but took to flight, as was natural in men half naked. Some of them were killed there in their flight, and others were captured; but some escaped into the mountains. Those who were captured were covered with hair not only on the head but on the rest of the body; and their nails were like the claws of wild beasts. For they were said to use them as we use iron: they killed fish, splitting them up with these; with these they cut the softer kinds of wood. Other things they cut with sharp stones, for they have no iron. Some wore the skins of beasts as clothing, and others the thick skins of large fishes.

Nearchus says that while they were sailing along the coast of India, shadows did not act as before. For when they advanced far into the sea towards the south, the shadows themselves also were seen turned towards the south, and when the sun reached the middle of the day then they saw all things destitute of shadow. And the stars which before they used to observe far up in the sky, were some of them quite invisible, and others were seen near the earth itself, and those which formerly were always visible were observed to set and rise again. These things which Nearchus relates seem to me not improbable. For at Syene in Egypt, when the summer solstice comes round, a well is shown in which at midday no shadow is seen. At Meroë all things are shadowless at the same season. It is therefore probable that among the Indians the same phenomena occur, as they live towards the south; and especially throughout the Indian Ocean, as that sea is more inclined to the south. Let these things be so.

The Coast of the Ichthyophagi.

Next to the Oreitians the Gadrosians bear sway in the interior parts. South of the Gadrosians, along the sea itself, live the people called Ichthyophagi (fish-eaters). Along the coast of this people's country they sailed. . . . On the next day, earlier than usual, they put to sea and sailed round a lofty and precipitous promontory which stretches far out into the sea. Having dug wells and drawn up water scanty and bad,

they lay at anchor that day, because the breakers were violent on the shore. . . . There was an island, Carninē by name, about 100 stades (11½ miles) from the shore. Here the villagers brought sheep and fish to Nearchus as presents of hospitality. He says that the mutton was fishy like that of sea birds, because the sheep here eat fish; for there is no grass in the country. On the next day, sailing 200 stades, they anchored near the shore and a village called Cissa, 30 stades (3½ miles) distant from the sea. The name of the shore was Carbis. Here they came upon some vessels which were small, as was natural, belonging as they did to some miserable fishermen. They did not catch the men, for they had fled as soon as they saw the ships were being anchored. There was no corn there, and most of the supply for the army was exhausted. But after they had thrown some goats into the ships they sailed away.

Setting out from Mosarna in the night, they sailed 750 stades (88 miles) to the shore called Balomus, thence 400 stades (47 miles) to the village of Barna, where many palm trees were, and a garden in which myrtles and flowers grew. From these the villagers made garlands. Here they first, since they started, saw cultivated trees, and men living not altogether savage. Sailing thence 500 stades (59 miles) they arrived at a certain small city situated upon a hill not far from the shore. Nearchus, considering that probably the country was sown with crops, told Archias that they must capture the place. Archias was son of Anaxidotus, a Pellæan, one of the Macedonians of repute, and he was sailing with Nearchus. Nearchus said that he did not believe they would willingly supply the army with food, and it was not possible to take the town by assault. There would therefore be the necessity of besieging it, which would involve delay. Their supply of food was exhausted. He guessed that the land was productive of corn, from the tall stalks which he observed not far from the shore. When they had decided upon this plan, he ordered all the ships but one to be got ready for sailing. Archias managed this expedition for him, while he, being left with a single ship, went to view the city.

Capture of a City by Surprise.

When he approached the walls in a friendly manner, the inhabitants brought from the city to him as gifts of hospitality

tunny fish baked in pans, a few cakes, and some dates. These men were the most westerly of the Ichthyophagi, and the first whom they had seen not eating the fish raw. He said that he received these things with pleasure, and should like to view their city. They allowed him to enter. When he passed within the gates, he ordered two of his bowmen to guard the postern, and he himself with two others and the interpreter mounted the wall in the direction in which Archias had gone, and gave him the signal, as it had been agreed that the one should give the signal and the other should conjecture its meaning and do the thing ordered. The Macedonians, seeing the signal, drove their ships aground with speed and leaped eagerly into the sea. The barbarians, being alarmed at these proceedings, ran to arms. But the interpreter with Nearchus made a proclamation to them that they should give corn to the army, if they wished to keep their city in safety. They denied that they had any, and at the same time began to approach the wall. But Nearchus's bowmen, shooting from a commanding position, kept them back. When they perceived that their city was already held by the enemy, and on the point of being sacked, they besought Nearchus to take the corn which they had and to carry it away, but not to destroy the city. Nearchus ordered Archias to seize the gates and the part of the wall near them; while he himself sent men with the natives to see whether they were showing their corn without deceit. The natives showed them a quantity of meal made from baked fish ground to powder, but only a little wheat and barley; for they were in the habit of using the powder made from fish instead of wheat, and wheaten loaves as a dainty. When they had shown them what they possessed, they victualled themselves from what was at hand, and setting sail, they arrived at a promontory called Bageia, which the natives consider sacred to the Sun.

The Ichthyophagi.

Setting out thence at midnight they sailed 1000 stades (118 miles) to Talmena, a harbor with good anchorage; thence they proceeded 400 stades (47 miles) to Canassis, a deserted city. Here they found a well dug, and some wild palm trees were growing near it. Cutting off the cabbages which grow on the top of these, they ate them; for the food of the army was now exhausted. Being now weak from hunger

they sailed a day and night, and anchored near a deserted shore. Nearchus, being afraid that if his men landed they would desert the ships from loss of spirit on account of their distress, kept the vessels riding at anchor in deep water. Having departed thence, they sailed 750 stades (88 miles) and anchored at Canate. There were short channels running from the shore. Sailing thence 800 stades (94 miles) they anchored near the land of the Trœans, in which were small, miserable villages. The people left their houses, but they found a small quantity of corn there, and some dates. They slaughtered seven camels which they caught, and ate the flesh of these. Having started at break of day, they sailed 300 stades (35 miles) and reached Dagaseira, where dwelt some people who were nomadic. Having set out from thence they sailed a night and a day without stopping at all, and after proceeding 1100 stades (129 miles) they sailed beyond the boundary of the nation called Ichthyophagi, suffering much distress from lack of provisions. They did not anchor near the land because the coast for a great distance was rocky and unsafe; thus they were compelled to ride at anchor in deep water. The length of the voyage along the coast of the Ichthyophagi was a little more than 10,000 stades (1176 miles). These people are called Ichthyophagi because they live upon fish. Only a few of them are fishermen by trade; for not many make boats for this business, or have discovered the art of catching fish. They are supplied, for the most part, with fish by the ebbing of the tide. Some of them made nets to catch them, mostly two stades in length (one-fourth of a mile). They construct them out of the inner bark of palm trees, which they twist as we do hemp. But when the tide ebbs and the land is left dry, most of it is destitute of fish; but where there are depressions, some of the water is left behind in them, in which are very many fishes. Most of them are small, but others are larger. These they catch by casting nets around them. The tenderest of them they eat raw as soon as they draw them out of the water; but they dry the larger and harder ones in the sun, and when they are thoroughly baked, they grind them down and make meal and loaves of them. Others bake cakes from this meal. Their cattle also live on dried fish; for the country is destitute of meadows and does not produce grass. They catch also crabs, oysters, and other shellfish all along the coast. There is natural salt in the country. From these they make oil. Some

inhabit desert places, where the land is without trees, and does not produce cultivated fruits. The whole diet of these consists of fish. Few of them sow any corn in the land, and what little is produced they use as a relish to the fish; for they use fish in place of bread. The most prosperous of them collect the bones of the whales cast up by the sea, and use these instead of timber for their houses; the broad bones which they find they make into doors. The majority, who are poorer, make their houses of the backbones of fishes.

Whales.

Great whales live in the external sea, as well as fish far larger than those in this internal sea [the Mediterranean]. Nearchus says that when they were sailing from Cyïza they saw at daybreak the water of the sea being blown upward as if being borne violently aloft from the action of bellows. Being alarmed, they asked the pilots what it was, and from what this phenomenon arose; and they answered that this was caused by whales rushing through the sea and blowing the water upward. The sailors were so alarmed at this that they let the oars fall from their hands. Nearchus went to them and encouraged them, and bade them be of good cheer; and sailing past each of the vessels, he ordered the men to direct their ships straight at them as in a sea battle, to raise a loud shout, and to row as hard as they could, making as much noise and din as possible. Being thus encouraged, at the signal given, they rowed the ships together. When they got near the beasts, the men shouted as loud as they could, the trumpets sounded, and they made as much noise as possible with the rowing. Then the whales, which were just now seen at the prows of the ships, being frightened, dived to the bottom, and soon afterwards came up again near the sterns, and again blew the sea up to a great distance. Then there was loud applause among the sailors at their unexpected deliverance, and praise was given to Nearchus for his boldness and wisdom. Some of these whales are left ashore on many parts of the coast, when the ebb tide flows, being imprisoned in the shallows; others are thrown up on the dry ground by the rough storms, and then perish and rot. When the flesh has fallen off the bones are left; which the people use for making their houses. The

large bones in their sides form beams for the houses, and the smaller ones rafters, the jawbones the doorposts. For many of them reach the length of 25 fathoms [152 feet].

The Snark Island, and the Mermaid.

When they were sailing along the coast of the land of the Ichthyophagi, they heard a tale about a certain island, which lies 100 stades (11½ miles) from the mainland there, and is uninhabited. The natives say it is called Nosala, and that it is sacred to the Sun, and that no man wishes to touch at it. For whoever lands there through ignorance, disappears. Nearchus says that one of their light galleys having a crew of Egyptians disappeared not far from this island; and that the pilots stoutly affirmed in regard to this occurrence, that no doubt, having put in at the island through want of knowledge, they had disappeared. But Nearchus sent a ship with thirty oars all round the island, ordering the sailors not to land on it, but sailing along so as to graze the shore to shout out to the men, calling out the captain's name and that of any other man known to them. But when no one obeyed him, he says he himself sailed to the island, and compelled the sailors against their will to put in. He landed himself, and proved that the tale about the island was an empty myth.

He heard another tale told about this island, to the effect that one of the Nereids dwelt in it; but her name was not mentioned. She had communication with every man who approached the island, and having changed him into a fish, cast him into the sea. But the Sun was angry with the Nereid, and ordered her to depart from the island. She agreed to depart, but besought that her disease should be healed. The Sun hearkened to her request, and pitying the men whom she had turned into fishes, he turned them back again into men; and from these, they said, the race of the Ichthyophagi sprang, which continued down to the time of Alexander. I, for my part, do not praise Nearchus for spending his time and ability in proving these things false, though they were not very difficult of disproof. I know, however, that it is a very difficult task for one who reads the ancient tales to prove that they are false.

Voyage along the Coast of Carmania.

They came to anchor near a deserted shore, and observed a long promontory stretching far out into the sea. The promontory seemed about a day's voyage off. Those who were acquainted with those parts said that this promontory, which stretched out, was in Arabia, and was called Maceta; and that cinnamon and such like things were carried thence to the Assyrians. From this shore, where the fleet was riding at anchor, and from the promontory which they saw stretching out into the sea opposite them, the gulf runs up into the interior, which is probably the Red Sea (Arabian Sea). So I think, and so did Nearchus.

When they saw this promontory, Onesicritus gave orders to direct their course to it, in order that they might not suffer hardships driving their ships up the gulf. But Nearchus answered that Onesicritus was childish if he did not know for what purpose Alexander had dispatched the expedition. For he did not send out the ships because he could not convey all his army by land in safety, but because he wished to explore the coast by a coasting voyage to see what harbors and islands were there, and if any gulf ran into the land to sail round it; to find out what cities were on the seacoast, and see if any of the country was fertile, and if any was deserted. Therefore they ought not to render their whole work nugatory, now they were already near the end of their labors, especially as they no longer were in want of necessaries on the voyage. He said he was afraid, because the promontory stretched towards the south, that they should meet with a country there uninhabited, waterless, and fiery hot. These arguments prevailed, and Nearchus seems clearly to me to have saved his army by this advice; for the report is current that that promontory and all the land adjacent is uninhabited and entirely destitute of water.

Arrival at Harmozeia.

Loosening from the shore they sailed, keeping close to the land, and after voyaging 700 stades (82 miles) they anchored on another shore, named Neoptana. And again they put to sea at break of day, and sailing 100 stades (11½ miles) they anchored in the river Anamis. The place was called Har-

mozeia [near Gombroon], and was pleasant and fertile in everything; except that olive trees did not grow there. Here they disembarked and rested with delight from all their labors, recalling all the hardships they had endured on the sea and near the land of the Ichthyophagi, the desolateness of the country, and the savageness of the people. They also recapitulated their own distresses.

Some of them went up far into the country away from the sea, scattering themselves about away from the camp, one in search of one thing, another of another. Here they saw a man wearing a Grecian cloak, and equipped in other respects like a Greek. He also spoke the Greek language. The men who first saw this person said that they wept; it seemed so unexpected a thing for them, after so many misfortunes, to see a Greek and to hear a Greek voice. They asked him whence he came and who he was. He said he had wandered away from Alexander's camp, and that the king himself and his army were not far off. They conducted this man to Nearchus, shouting and clapping their hands. He told Nearchus everything, and that the king and the camp were distant from the sea a journey of five days. He said he would introduce the governor of this land to Nearchus, and did so. Nearchus imparted to the governor his intention of going up the country to the king.

Nearchus Rejoins Alexander.

The governor having learnt that Alexander was very anxious about this expedition, thought that he would receive a great reward if he were the first to announce to him the safety of Nearchus and his army, and he knew that Nearchus would arrive in the king's presence in a very short time. So he drove the shortest way, and told Alexander that Nearchus would soon be with him from the ships. At that time, although the king did not believe the story, yet he rejoiced at the news, as was natural. But when one day after another passed by, the report no longer seemed credible to him, when he considered the time since he received the news. Several persons were sent one after the other to fetch Nearchus. Some, after going a little distance on the journey and meeting no one, returned without him; others, having gone farther, but having missed Nearchus and his men, did not return. Then Alexander ordered that

man to be arrested, as a reporter of empty rumors, and one who had made his troubles more grievous than before on account of his foolish joy. It was evident from his face and his decision that he was cast into great grief. Meanwhile, some of those who had been dispatched in search of Nearchus with horses and carriages, fell in with him and Archias, and five or six with them, on the road; for he was coming up with so few attendants. When they met them they recognized neither him nor Archias; so much altered did they look. They had long hair, they were dirty and covered with brine; their bodies were shriveled, and they were pale from want of sleep and other hardships.

[Alexander was overjoyed to find both fleet and army safe, and wished to send the fleet up to Susa under another command; but Nearchus protested against having accomplished all the hard part of the voyage and letting another do the easy part and get the glory of the finished voyage. He was therefore allowed to sail it up the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates.]

They traveled 900 stades (106 miles), and cast anchor at the mouth of the Euphrates, near a certain village in Babylonia, named Diridotis; where the merchants bring frankincense from the country on the opposite side of the gulf, and all the other spices which the country of the Arabs produces. From the mouth of the Euphrates up to Babylon, Nearchus said, is a voyage of 3300 stades (388 miles). . . .

When it was reported that Alexander was approaching, they again sailed up the river, and moored near the bridge of boats by which Alexander was going to convey his army to Susa. Here a junction was formed, and Alexander offered sacrifices for the safety of the ships and of the men, and celebrated contests. Wherever Nearchus appeared in the army he was pelted with flowers and garlands. Here also Nearchus and Leonnatus were crowned by Alexander with golden crowns; the former for the preservation of the fleet, and the latter for the victory which he had won over the Oreitians and the neighboring barbarians. Thus Alexander's army, starting from the mouth of the Indus, arrived safely.

THE FORGED WILL.

By W. A. BECKER.

(From "Charicles.")

[Wilhelm Adolf Becker, a noted German classical antiquary, was born at Dresden, 1796; died at Meissen, 1846. Designed for trade, he left it for scholarship; studied at Leipsic, and the last four years of his life was professor there. His still familiar works are "Charicles" and "Gallus," novels embodying the social life of the Greeks in Alexander's time and the Romans in Augustus'. His "Handbook of Roman Antiquities" (1843–1846) is his chief monument as a scholar.]

[Note.—A talent may be reckoned as nearly $1200; a mina, $20; a drachma, 20 cents.]

Polycles was a very wealthy man. His country estates, his houses in the city and the Piræus, and his numerous slaves, yielded him, with no trouble, a secure income; which however was as nothing compared to that which he derived from the ready money lying at the money changers', or lent out elsewhere, at a high rate of interest. Those who were more intimate with the state of his affairs were convinced that his property amounted in all to more than fifty talents.

He had remained single till his fifty-fifth year, and then, in compliance with his late brother's dying request, he had married his only surviving daughter, Cleobule, a blooming girl of sixteen. But in the midst of the festivity of the marriage feast, he was attacked with apoplexy, which had been succeeded by tedious and painful illness. No means of relief had been neglected. The veteran family physician, a man of no mean skill, had called in the advice of other medical men, but the resources of their art were exhausted without success: neither their exertions, nor the tenderness of Cleobule, who nursed the patient like a dutiful daughter, availed to reunite the ruptured threads of his existence. Polycles was not satisfied with applying for aid to the successors of Æsculapius, but tried the efficacy of certain charms; while interpreters of dreams were consulted, expiations placed in the crossways, and aged women, reputed to have the power of curing diseases by mysterious arts and magic songs, had been summoned to attend. Whole days and nights had also been passed by the sufferer in the temple

of Æsculapius, but to no purpose. At last, hearing of a happy cure effected in a similar case by the baths of Ædepsos, he repaired thither for the benefit of the waters: but the Nymphs had refused their succor; and some days ago the doctor had declared that the patient would never need any herb more, save the parsley [funeral wreaths].

Next day Charicles was on the point of going out. The previous evening he had come to the resolution of marrying, and he had determined that Phorion should play the suitor for him. At this moment a slave rapped at the door, on an errand from Polycles. Weak as the patient was, he had expressed great pleasure on hearing that the son of his old friend was in Athens, and now sent to say he wished to see him once more before his end, which he felt was drawing nigh. Charicles could not refuse a request expressive of so much kindliness, and therefore promised to attend.

"It were better to come along with me at once," said the slave. "My master is very low now, and his friends have just met at his bedside."

"Well, lead on," said Charicles, not unwilling to put off for a time his intended visit to Phorion; "lead on, I follow you."

At the doctor's side stood three friends of the family, their gaze fixed inquiringly on his countenance; while at the foot of the bed an aged slave, with clasped hands, was gazing intently on his dying master. Long and silently did the leech hold the sick man's wrist, and at last let it go, though without uttering a word that might encourage hope.

The slave who had conducted Charicles now approached, and first whispered his arrival to the doctor, with whose assent he further announced it to his master. The sick man pushed back the felt cap which he had drawn down over his forehead, and extended his right hand to Charicles. "Joy to you, son of my friend," he murmured feebly; "and thanks for fulfilling my wish. I was present at the festival of naming you, and thus you stand now at my dying bed."

"Health to you also," answered Charicles, "and joy, although now you are in pain and anguish. May the gods transform into lightsome day the dark night that now encompasses you."

"Nay," said Polycles; "I am not to be deceived. I am not one of those who, when they meet with suffering or misfortune, send for a sophist to console them. Rather tell me

something of the fate of thy family." The youth, accordingly, delivered a brief recital of the fortunes of his house since the flight from Athens.

The sick man evinced so much emotion in the course of the narration, that at last the doctor motioned Charicles to break off. "Is the draught ready that I ordered to be prepared?" he inquired of a slave who just then entered.

"Manto will bring it immediately," was the reply.

"Manto?" exclaimed Polycles: "why not Cleobule?"

"She heard that gentlemen were with you," replied the slave.

"They are only near friends of the family," said the sick man; "she need not mind them. I prefer taking the draught from her."

The slave departed to inform the lady of his master's wishes, and the doctor again felt the patient's pulse, whilst the by-standers stood aside.

One of the three, who had been addressed as Sophilos, had seized Charicles by the hand, and retired with him to a corner of the room. His age was between fifty and sixty, and his exterior bespoke affluence, as well as polish and good breeding. Time had furrowed his brow, and rendered gray his locks; but his firm carriage and active step betokened one still vigorous, and he conversed with all the vivacity of youth. A gentle earnestness and good-humored benevolence beamed in his countenance, and his whole appearance was calculated to awaken confidence and attract the beholder.

As Charicles recounted the misfortunes of his family, Sophilos had listened with sympathy, and, when he now further questioned Charicles about many passages in his life, his glance dwelt on the youth with peculiar satisfaction. Whilst they were engaged in low-toned conversation, the hanging was pushed aside, and Cleobule entered, followed by a female slave. Nearly overcome with timidity, she did not dare raise her eyes, but kept them fixed on the glass phial in her right hand, and she hastened to present to her sick husband and uncle the portion which it contained, the physician having first mingled in it something from his drug box. She next smoothed the pillow, bending affectionately over her husband, as if to inquire whether he felt any relief.

The eyes of all present were fastened on this picture of dutiful affection, but the gaze of Charicles especially seemed

riveted to the spot. When Cleobule entered, he was conversing with Sophilos, with his back to the door, and she on her part was so entirely occupied with tending the sick man, that her face had not once been turned towards the group behind her. Yet there was something in that graceful figure that awoke scarcely stifled emotions in his breast. It was the very image of the apparition by the brook. . . .

The physician next prescribed a bath for his patient. . . . Cleobule hastened to superintend in person the needful preparations, and as she turned round to go towards the door, her eye fell upon Charicles, who was standing near it. Suddenly she started as though she had seen the Gorgon's head, or some specter risen out of Hades; and the glass phial would have dropped from her hand, had not the doctor caught it. With a deep blush, and downcast eyes, she rushed hurriedly past the young man, who was himself so surprised and confused that he did not hear the question which Sophilos just then put to him. It was now necessary to leave the sick chamber, and he was not sorry to do so. Approaching the bed, he expressed a hope that its tenant would amend, and then hastened from the chamber in a tumult of contending emotions.

It was one of those blustering nights so common at the commencement of Mæmacterion [latter part of November]. The wind blew from Salamis, driving before it the scud of black rain clouds over the Piræus; and when they opened for a moment, the crescent of the waning moon would peer forth, throwing a transient glimmer on the distant temples of the Acropolis. In the streets of the seaport, generally so full of bustle, reigned deep repose, only broken by the dull roaring of the sea, or the groaning of the masts, as some more violent gust swept through the rigging of the vessels yet remaining in the harbor. Occasionally, too, some half-intoxicated sailor would stagger lanternless from the wine shops towards the harbor; or some footpad would sneak along the sides of the houses, ready to pounce on the cloak of a belated passenger, and hiding cautiously behind a Hermes or an altar whenever the bell of the night patrol was heard.

In a small room of a house situated some distance from the harbor, a young man of unprepossessing exterior lay stretched upon a low couch, which was too short for his figure. His hollow eyes and sunken cheeks, the carelessness of his demeanor,

his hasty way of draining the cup in his right hand, and the coarse jokes that from time to time escaped him, sufficiently marked him as one of those vulgar roués who were accustomed to waste the day at the dice board, and devote the night to riot and debauchery. On the table near him, beside the nearly empty punch bowl, stood a lamp with a double wick, whose light abundantly illumined the narrow chamber. There were also the remnants of the frugal supper that he had just concluded, and a second goblet, which a slave, who sat upon another couch opposite the young man, replenished pretty frequently. Between them was a draughtboard which the slave was eying attentively, whilst the other surveyed it with tolerable indifference. The game was by no means even. The menial evidently had the advantage; and he now made a move which reduced his adversary to great straits.

"A stupid game, this!" exclaimed the youth, as he tossed the pieces all in a heap; "a game where it's all thinking, and nothing won after all. Dicing for me," he added with a yawn. "But what has got Sosilas? It must be past midnight; and such weather as this, I should not over-enjoy the walk from the town to the haven."

"He's gone to Polycles," replied the slave. "'Twas said he would not live till morning, and Sosilas seems vastly concerned about him."

"I know," answered the youth; "but then why did he send for me, just at this time of all others? The morning would have done quite as well; and I must needs leave a jolly party, forsooth; and here I am, hang it, and have to stand my own wine, for not a drop has the old hunks provided."

"All I know," replied the slave, "is that he bade me fetch you wherever you were, as he must have speech with you this very night without fail."

"Then why doesn't he come?" retorted the other, peevishly. "Did he go unattended?"

"Syrus went with him; he'll come to no harm. And even suppose he didn't return," continued the slave with a smile; "why, you're his next relation and heir, aren't you? Two houses in the city, besides this here — a carpenter's shop, and maybe some five or six talents in ready cash; — in sooth, no such bad heritage!"

The youth lolled back complacently on the couch. "Yes, Molon," said he, "when he's once out of the way, then ——"

At this moment came a violent rap at the outer door. "There he is!" cried the slave, as he hastily caught up the draughtboard and one of the goblets, smoothed down the cushion and coverlet of the couch he had been sitting on, and stationed himself at the stripling's elbow, as if he had been waiting on him.

Steps were now audible in the courtyard, and a gruff voice was heard giving orders to a slave in harsh accents. The door opened, and in walked a man with a large beard, and dark and forbidding features. He was wrapped, after the Spartan fashion, in a short mantle of coarse thick texture, and wore Laconian shoes. In his hand was a stout cudgel, with its handle bent in the form of a cross. The sight of the drinking cups and the unwonted illumination of the chamber made him forget the greeting. He approached the slave in a rage.

"Ah! you knave!" cried he, raising his stick; "what d'ye mean by these two burners, and such large wicks? Does not the winter consume oil enough without this? And you, Lysistratos," — he here turned to the youth — "seem to make yourself quite at home in my house."

"Oh! to be sure, uncle," answered the other, dryly; "wine on credit from the tavern, since yours is safe under lock and key. Do you suppose I'm going to wait here half the night for you, without a drop to drink?"

"I didn't expect to be kept so long," said the old man, somewhat softened, as he hastily scanned the apartment. "You may go," he said to the slave; "we don't want you any more: leave us, and go to bed." The slave departed; Sosilas bolted the door, and returned to his nephew.

"He is dead," whispered he, drawing a long breath; "Polycles is dead, and a property of sixty talents and more is left without natural heirs."

The nephew started. "Well! and what good is that to us, if we do not come in for a share?"

"That's just the question," answered the uncle. "Lysistratos," he resumed after a short silence, "you may be a rich man, if you will."

"Will? ay! by Dionysos will I, and no mistake," laughed the nephew.

"Only do what I tell you," said Sosilas, "and you have your desire. We are connected — very distantly, I grant — with Polycles, for my long-deceased wife and Cleobule's mother

were first cousins. Yet this connection gives us no title to the property. But, now, what if a will were produced naming me heir!"

"You mean a forged one," said Lysistratos musingly; "but how will it be accredited without you have his signet ring? And do you suppose Polycles, during his long illness, has not himself arranged about bequeathing his property?"

The old man quietly opened an adjoining room, and fetched out of it a box, which he unfastened, and drew forth a document with a seal. "Look ye there, read that," said he, as he placed it before the youth. "What's the superscription?"

"By Dionysos!" cried the youth springing to his feet, "'The last will of Polycles.' How came you by this?"

"Very simply," replied the uncle. "When Polycles was starting to Ædepsos, and Sophilos, who had got him in his meshes, was luckily gone upon a journey, he summoned me, as a relative of his wife's, and intrusted me with his will in the presence of the three witnesses therein named."

"Capital!" shouted Lysistratos; "so you can substitute another of your own composing. But still, even then, you will want his signet: do you think you could imitate it?"

"That would be a dangerous experiment," replied the uncle; "and besides, you can perceive by the superscription in what peculiar shaky characters it is written; so that it would be almost impossible to forge an imitation, nor indeed do we want one." Saying this he produced a knife, removed the shell which served as a capsule to the seal, and said, "See! that's Polycles' seal, and there is just such another beneath the writing; and now look at this," cried he, as he placed side by side with it another seal, hanging by a slip of string.

"By Poseidon! exactly the same," exclaimed Lysistratos, in amazement; "but I can't conceive what all this is about."

"You'll understand presently," replied the uncle. He took the knife, and without hesitation severed the string to which the seal was appended, opened the document, and spread it before his nephew. "Look," he said with a malicious grin; "supposing 'Sosilas' stood *here* instead of 'Sophilos,' and *there*, 'Sophilos' instead of 'Sosilas.' I should not so much mind then."

The youth read in astonishment. "I' faith!" he exclaimed, "that were indeed a master stroke; and there are only two letters to alter; for as good luck has it, the fathers' names are

the same. But the seal?" he added, "the seal? how could you venture to break open the deed?"

The old man made a second dive into the mysterious box, and drew out something resembling a signet. "I learned how to make this substance from a cunning fellow who went about soothsaying. If pressed upon a seal when soft, it receives all the characters with perfect accuracy and in a short time becomes as hard as stone." The will had been opened before, and the seal appended to it was merely an impression of this. "Can you distinguish between it and the genuine one?"

"No, that I can't," answered the nephew.

"So, then, it will be an easy matter to reseal the deed, when we have altered the letters in these two places."

"But how am *I* to become rich by this?" now interposed the youth, suspiciously; "*my* name is not mentioned in the testament."

"Listen a moment," replied the uncle; "the inheritance, as you may have read, is coupled with one condition — that the heir must marry the widow Cleobule, and if he object to this, must be content with five talents as his portion; but he will have the right of giving the widow in marriage, along with the rest of the property, to whomsoever he may judge proper. Now I am too old to marry again; and besides, I was warned against it in a dream. I dreamed that I wished to take a wife, and went to the bride's house to be betrothed to her; but when I essayed to go away again, the door was fastened, and could not be opened. Two interpreters of dreams, whom I consulted, foretold that I should die on the day of my betrothment; and that is warning enough; but you shall marry Cleobule, if you will privately cede half the property to me."

The nephew reflected for a moment. "It's an unequal partition," he said at last: "your share is unincumbered, while my moiety will be saddled with the widow."

"Fool!" retorted Sosilas: "Cleobule is such a beauty that many a man would be glad to take her without any dowry at all; besides which, it all depends on me, you know, whether you get a farthing."

After some higgling, it was finally settled that the uncle should not receive the five talents over and above his half of the property, but that these should be included in the partition.

"Now hand me the will," said the old man; "with this little sponge I erase the two letters, and the more easily because the paper is so good. Look! they are now scarce distinguishable. This ink," continued he, as he produced a little box and the writing reed, "is of just the same blackness as the writing. There we have it, all right. Who will assert that it was not always as it now stands?"

"Excellent!" said the nephew; "now for the seal."

The old man carefully folded up the deed again, moistened some clay, tied the string, and impressed the forged stamp upon the clay. "There!" said he, "isn't it the same seal?"

"Well, that beats everything," cried Lysistratos, as he compared the two seals; "no one will ever dream that it is a forgery."

A rustling outside the door startled the old man. He snatched up the will and the other contents of the box, which he bore off, and fastened the door of the room adjacent, sealing it for greater security. Then taking the lamp he explored the court, to discover if possible the cause of the disturbance. "It was nothing," he said, when he came back; "most likely the storm which made the door shake. It will soon be morning: Lysistratos, come into my bedchamber, and let us have a short nap."

The two worthies had not been long gone when Molon glided softly into the room, and groped about in the dark for one of the sofas. A gleam of moonlight shone through the open door, and he hastily seized something that lay in the folds of the drapery, and then as quickly and softly vanished, his gestures denoting the prize to be one on which he set a high value.

When morning dawned on the house of the deceased, it found the inmates already busy with preparations for the burial. An earthen vessel, filled with water, stood before the door, to signify to the passenger that it was a house of mourning. Within, the women were occupied in anointing and laying out the corpse. Cleobule, inexperienced, and woe-begone like an orphan child, had begged the aid of Sophilos, who, even without solicitation, would have undertaken to conduct the funeral. She had always looked on Polycles in the light of an affectionate uncle, who had indulged her every wish; and now she wept for him as for a parent; while she applied herself to

her mournful duties, assisted by her mother, whom she had sent for on the previous evening, — as her childlike tremors, which had been early nourished by nurses' fairy tales and ghost stories, rendered solitude in the house of death insupportable.

It was still early, and Sophilos was just debating with the women of the order of the interment, when Sosilas also made his appearance, with sorrow in his aspect but exultation in his heart. He had hastened, he said, to bring the will which the deceased had deposited in his hands ; as perhaps it might contain some dispositions respecting his interment. He then named the witnesses who had been by when he received the will, and whose presence would now be necessary at the opening. Cleobule was somewhat disconcerted to find the document that was to decide her future fate placed in the custody of one to whom, from early childhood, she had entertained feelings of aversion. Polycles had never been explicit on this head, merely assuring her in general terms that she had been cared for. And such she now hoped was the case ; but yet she had rather that anybody else had produced the will. Sophilos, on the other hand, did not seem at all put out by the circumstance. He praised Sosilas for his punctuality, and desired that the witnesses might be cited to attend ; but this, the other said, was not necessary, as he had already sent them notices to that effect.

Before long the three made their appearance. "You were present," said Sosilas to them, "when Polycles committed his last will to my charge?"

They replied in the affirmative.

"You will be ready then to testify that this is the deed which he intrusted to me?"

"The superscription and the seal," answered one of them, "are what prove its authenticity. All that we can witness to is that a testament was deposited with you — not, that this is the identical one in question ; still there is no ground for the contrary assumption, since the seal is untouched, and may be recognized as that of Polycles."

"Do you, therefore, satisfy yourself, Cleobule, that I have faithfully discharged your husband's behest. Do you acknowledge this seal?"

With trembling hand Cleobule took the deed. "An eagle clutching a snake," said she ; "it is the device of his signet." She next handed the testament to Sophilos, who also pronounced it all right.

"Open it then," said Sosilas to one of the witnesses, "that its contents may be known. My sight is bad: do one of you read for me."

The string was cut, the document unfolded, and the witness read as follows: —

"The testament of Polycles the Pæanian. May all be well; but should I not recover from this sickness, thus do I devise my estate. I give my wife Cleobule, with all my fortune, as set down in the accompanying schedule, — save and except all that is herein otherwise disposed, — to my friend Sosilas, the son of Philo, to which end I adopt him as my son. Should he refuse to marry her, then I bequeath to him the five talents lying with Pasion, the money changer; but I then constitute him guardian of Cleobule, and he shall give her, with the rest of the property, to some husband of his own choosing, who shall take possession of my house. I give and bequeath my house on the Olympieion to Theron, the son of Callias; and the lodging house in the Piræus to Sophilos, son of Philo. To the son of Callipides I bequeath my largest silver bowl, and to his wife a pair of gold earrings, and two coverlets and two cushions of the best in my possession; that I may not seem to have forgotten them. To my physician Zenothemis I leave a legacy of one thousand drachmæ, though his skill and attention have deserved still more. Let my sepulchre be erected in a fitting spot of the garden outside the Melitic gate. Let Theron, together with Sophilos and my relatives, see to it that my obsequies and monument be neither unworthy of me, nor yet on too sumptuous a scale. I expressly prohibit Cleobule and the women, as well as the female slaves, from cutting off their hair, or otherwise disfiguring themselves. To Demetrius, who has long been free, I remit his ransom, and make him a present of five minæ, a himation and a chiton [cloak and gown], in consideration of his faithful services. Of the slaves I hereby manumit Parmeno, and Chares, with his child; but Carion and Donax must work for four years in the garden, and shall then be made free, if they shall have conducted themselves well during that period. Manto shall be free immediately on Cleobule's marriage, and shall also receive three minæ. Of the children of my slaves none are to be sold, but are to be kept in the house till they are grown up, and then set free. Syrus, however, shall be sold. Sophilos, Theron, and Callipides will discharge the duties of executors. This testament is placed in the keeping

of Sosilas. Witnesses: Lysimachos, son of Strato; Hegesias, of Hegio; and Hipparchos of Callippos."

A deathlike stillness reigned among the audience when the reader had concluded. At the first words Cleobule had turned pale, and sunk back on a settle half fainting, while her mother, who was crying, supported her. Sophilos placed his hand on his lips, and was lost in thought; the witnesses mutely surveyed the scene. Sosilas alone seemed perfectly composed. "Take courage," said he, approaching Cleobule; "fear not that I will lay claim to the happiness that Polycles intended for me. I myself, too, am astonished, and could easily be dazzled by the tempting prize; but I am too old to dream of wedding a young bride. Willingly do I resign the rich inheritance, and shall select for you a husband more suitable in age."

Cleobule turned away with a shudder. Sosilas grasped the will, saying, "Nothing more is now wanting but the attestation of the witnesses, that such was the tenor of the will when opened."

The witnesses accordingly set their seals to the writing. "It is not the only testament that Polycles has left," remarked one of them.

"How? What?" exclaimed Sosilas, turning pale; "nothing is said here about the existence of another will."

"I don't rightly understand it," replied the witness; "but two days after you received this, Polycles called me and four others in as witnesses, on his depositing another document — doubtless a duplicate of this — in the hands of Menecles, to whose house he had caused himself to be conveyed."

The effects of this disclosure on those present were, as might have been expected, extremely various. Sosilas stood like one utterly undone; a faint ray of hope glimmered in the bosom of Cleobule; Sophilos eyed narrowly the countenance of the forger, who quailed before his glance; and the witnesses looked doubtingly at one another.

Sosilas at length broke the silence. "This will," said he with some vehemence, "is genuine; and even supposing that there is another authentic one in existence, its contents will of course be the same."

"Why! it is indeed hardly to be supposed," rejoined Sophilos, "that Polycles would have changed his mind in two days; but we must invite Menecles to produce the copy in his custody, without loss of time." A slave here entered, and

whispered a message in his ear. "The very thing!" he cried. "Menecles is not less punctual than you. Two of his witnesses have already arrived, in obedience to his summons; and he will therefore shortly be here in person."

The men now entered. Sosilas walked up and down the room, and gradually recovered his composure. Even should his plans be unpleasantly disturbed by the contents of the second will, still a wide field would be open for litigation, in which he had an even chance of coming off victor. Menecles soon arrived with the other two witnesses, and delivered the will. The superscription and seal were found to be correct, and its contents tallied with those of the first, word for word, with the exception of the two names, which were interchanged. At the end was a postscript, to the effect that an exactly similar testament was deposited with Sosilas the Piræan.

The reading of this caused a violent scene, and plenty of abuse and recrimination followed on both sides. Sosilas pronounced it a forgery, and went off declaring that he would make good his claims before a court of law.

The morning of the funeral had arrived; and before daybreak a crowd of mourners, and of others actuated merely by motives of curiosity, had collected in and around the house, either to attach themselves to the procession, or merely to be spectators of the pageant. Even the day before, whilst the corpse lay in state, the door was crowded by persons who in the course of their lives had never before crossed its threshold. Several, too, had evinced much celerity in putting on mourning, being very anxious to establish their claims to a distant relationship with the defunct, when they learned the property was in dispute, and there seemed a prospect of good fishing in the troubled waters.

Charicles, however, did not present himself within; although perhaps the house possessed greater attractions for him than for any of the others. The impression his late unexpected appearance made on Cleobule had not escaped him, and he held it improper to disturb her duties to the departed by a second visit. Still he could not omit accompanying the funeral procession to the place of interment; and in fact Sophilos, who somehow felt a great liking for the youth, had himself invited him to be present. The old gentleman had paid him several visits, and in a significant manner had described how much Cleobule was im-

periled by the will, which he was convinced was a forgery. Charicles was perhaps more disquieted at this than even Sophilos himself. Whichever way the matter might be decided, it would of course make no difference to him personally: for in case a fraud were detected, the lady would become the wife of Sophilos; and as regarded himself, he had made up his mind that even under the most favorable circumstances, it would never befit one of his years and condition to marry a widow of such large property: he was nevertheless pained to think that such a fascinating creature might fall into the power of one who, to judge from all accounts, must be utterly unworthy of her. . . .

When the bones had been consigned to the ground, and the women had bidden farewell to the new-made grave, Charicles with Sophilos wended his way back towards the city. The possible consequences of the unhappy will formed the topic of conversation. Charicles could not conceal how very different an impression Sosilas had made upon him from what he had expected. To-day the man had looked so unassuming and devout, and withal so venerable, that he had well nigh dropped his suspicions.

"Who would ever believe," said he, "that beneath this exterior lurked such knavery?"

"You will meet with plenty more such," answered Sophilos, "who go about with the aspect of lambs, but within are the most poisonous scorpions; it is just these that are most dangerous of all."

At the city gate they separated. A strange slave had followed them at a distance all the way. He now stood still for a moment, apparently undetermined which of the two he should pursue. "Youth is more liberal," said he half aloud, after reflecting a moment, "especially when in love." With this he struck into the path Charicles had taken, and which led through a narrow lonely lane, between two garden walls; here he redoubled his pace, and soon overtook Charicles.

"Who art thou?" asked the youth, retreating back a step.

"A slave, as you see," was the reply, "and one who may be of service to you. You seem interested in Cleobule's fate, eh?"

"What business is that of yours?" retorted Charicles; but his blush was more than a sufficient answer for the slave.

"It is not indifferent to you," he proceeded, "whether Sophilos or Sosilas be the heir."

"Very possibly; but wherefore these inquiries? what is this to you, sirrah?"

"More than you think," rejoined the slave. "What shall be my reward if I hand you the proof that one of the two wills is a forgery?"

"You! a miserable slave!" exclaimed the youth, astonished.

"The slave is often acquainted with his master's most secret dealings," answered the other. "Come now, what's to be my reward?"

"Freedom, which is your rightful due for the discovery of such a crime."

"Good," replied the slave, "but the freedman must have the means wherewith to live."

"That also shall you have: five minæ are yours, if you speak the truth."

"Thy name is Charicles," said the slave; "no one hears your promise, but I'll trust you. My master is Sosilas, and they call me Molon." He opened a small bag, and pulled something out of it with a mysterious air. "See, here is the signet," said he, "with which the forged will was sealed." He took some wax, wetted it, and impressed the seal thereon. "That is the device of Polycles, an eagle clawing a snake; you will be the eagle." He related how he had witnessed the forgery through a crack in the door; how a rustling he had made was near betraying him; and how Sosilas, in his haste to bundle up the things, had unwittingly let the false stamp drop on the coverlet. "Now then," said he, "haven't I kept my word?"

"By the gods! and so will I," cried Charicles, almost beside himself with wonder and joy. "Not five — no — ten minæ shalt thou have. And now to Sophilos with all speed."

"No!" said the slave, "I trust to you. Do you go by yourself, and have me called when you have need of me." . . .

In addition to the slave's statement, and the production of the forged signet, another decisive proof had been obtained. With his usual circumspection and prudence, Polycles had, during his stay at Ædepsos, deposited a third copy of the will in the hands of a respectable man there. Of course this also testified against Sosilas; and the forgery he had committed was now so manifest, that he might congratulate himself on the magnanimity of Sophilos in not proceeding against him.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

By ARISTOTLE.

(From the "Ethics.")

[ARISTOTLE, the greatest name in the history of philosophy, was born at Stageira, Macedonia, B.C. 384, of a line of able physicians; his father was the friend and physician of King Philip's father. Early orphaned, and trained for the family profession, at eighteen he went to Athens to study philosophy; on Plato's return from Syracuse, three years later, Aristotle became his pupil, and remained such for the seventeen years of Plato's life, teaching rhetoric, also in rivalry with Isocrates. On Plato's death, he went to the court of his old pupil Hermeias, now chief by conquest of Atarneus, opposite Lesbos. Three years after, Hermeias was slain by treachery; Aristotle escaped to Mitylene with and married Hermeias' daughter. Two years later, B.C. 342, Philip invited him to Macedon to educate his son Alexander, then thirteen. In 334, when Alexander invaded Asia, he returned to Athens, and opened a school of philosophy in the Peripatos, or covered walk of the Lyceum. After the death of Alexander in 323, Aristotle was prosecuted for impiety, like Socrates; he fled to Chalcis in Eubœa, and died in 322. His writings comprised 146 volumes (100 now lost), and systematized all the knowledge of antiquity. Of his extant works, the chief are his "Logic," — a science he practically created, — "Ethics," "Politics," "Poetics," and "Rhetoric."]

LIBERALITY AND ILLIBERALITY.

LET us next speak of liberality. Now it appears to be a mean on the subject of possessions; for the liberal man is praised, not for matters which relate to war, nor for those in which the temperate character is exhibited, nor yet for his judgment, but in respect to the giving and receiving of property; and more in giving than receiving. But by property we mean everything of which the value is measured by money. Now, the excess and defect on the subject of property are prodigality and illiberality: the term illiberality we always attach to those who are more anxious than they ought about money; but that of prodigality we sometimes use in a complex sense, and attach it to intemperate people, — for we call those who are incontinent, and profuse in their expenditure for purposes of intemperance, prodigal; therefore they seem to be the most wicked, for they have many vices at once. Now, they are not properly so called, for the meaning of the word prodigal is the man who has one single vice, namely, that of wasting his fortune; for the man who is ruined by his own means is prodigal, and the waste of property appears

to be a sort of ruining one's self, since life is supported by means of property. This is the sense, therefore, that we attach to prodigality. But it is possible to make a good and bad use of everything which has use. Now, money is one of the useful things; and that man makes the best use of everything who possesses the virtue which relates to it: therefore he who possesses the virtue that relates to money will make the best use of it, and the possessor of it is the liberal man.

But spending and giving seem to be the use of money, and receiving and taking care of it are more properly the method of acquiring it: hence it is more the part of the liberal man to give to proper objects than to receive from proper persons, or to abstain from receiving from improper persons; for it belongs more to the virtue of liberality to do than to receive good, and to do what is honorable than to abstain from doing what is disgraceful. And it is clear that doing what is good and honorable belongs to giving, and that receiving good and abstaining from doing what is disgraceful belongs to receiving; and thanks are bestowed on the giver, and not on him who abstains from receiving, and praise still more so; and abstaining from receiving is more easy than giving, for men are less disposed to give what is their own than not to take what belongs to another; and givers are called liberal, while those who abstain from receiving are not praised for liberality, but nevertheless they are praised for justice; but those who receive are not praised at all. But liberal men are more beloved than any others, for they are useful, and their usefulness consists in giving.

But actions according to virtue are honorable, and are done for the sake of the honorable: the liberal man, therefore, will give for the sake of the honorable, and will give properly, for he will give to proper objects, in proper quantities, at proper times: and his giving will have all the other qualifications of right giving, and he will do this pleasantly and without pain; for that which is done according to virtue is pleasant, or without pain, and by no means annoying to the doer. But he who gives to improper objects, and not for the sake of the honorable, is not to be called liberal, but something else; nor yet he who gives with pain, for he would prefer the money to the performance of an honorable action, and this is not the part of a liberal man. Nor yet will the liberal man receive from improper persons, for such receiving is not characteristic

of him who estimates things at their proper value ; nor would he be fond of asking, for it is not like a benefactor readily to allow himself to be benefited : but he will receive from proper sources, for instance from his own possessions, not because it is honorable, but because it is necessary in order that he may have something to give; nor will he be careless of his own fortune, because he hopes by means of it to be of use to others; nor will he give at random to anybody, in order that he may have something to give to proper objects and in cases where it is honorable to do so.

It is characteristic of the liberal man to be profuse and lavish in giving, so as to leave but little for himself; for it is characteristic of him not to look to his own interest. But the term liberality is applied in proportion to a man's fortune, for the liberal consists not in the quantity of the things given, but in the habit of the giver ; and this habit gives according to the means of the giver. And there is nothing to hinder the man whose gifts are smaller being more liberal, provided he gives from smaller means. But those who have not been the makers of their own fortune, but have received it by inheritance, are thought to be more liberal, for they are inexperienced in want, and all men love their own productions most, as parents and poets. But it is not easy for the liberal man to be rich, since he is not apt to receive or to take care of money, but rather to give it away, and to be careless of it for its own sake, and only to care for it for the sake of giving away. And for this reason people upbraid fortune, because those who are most deserving of wealth are the least wealthy. But this happens not without reason, for it is impossible for a man to have money who takes no pains about getting it, as is the case in other things.

Yet the liberal man will not give to improper persons, nor at improper times, and so forth, for if he did, he would cease to act with liberality; and if he were to spend money upon these things, he would have none to spend upon proper objects, — for, as has been observed, the man who spends according to his means, and upon proper objects, is liberal, but he who is in the excess is prodigal. For this reason we do not call kings prodigal, for it does not appear easy to exceed the greatness of their possessions in gifts and expenditure.

Liberality, therefore, being a middle state on the subject of giving and receiving money, the liberal man will give and

expend upon proper objects, and in proper quantities, in small and great matters alike, and this he will do with pleasure; and he will receive from proper sources, and in proper quantities: for since the virtue of liberality is a mean state, it both giving and receiving, he will in both cases act as he ought; for proper receiving is naturally consequent upon proper giving, and improper receiving is the contrary. Habits, therefore, which are naturally consequent upon each other are produced together in the same person, but those that are contrary clearly cannot. But if it should happen to the liberal man to spend in a manner inconsistent with propriety and what is honorable, he will feel pain, but only moderately and as he ought; for it is characteristic of virtue to feel pleasure and pain at proper objects, and in a proper manner. And the liberal man is ready to share his money with others; for, from his setting no value on it, he is liable to be dealt with unjustly, and he is more annoyed at not spending anything that he ought to have spent, than pained at having spent what he ought not. But the prodigal man even in these cases acts wrongly, for he neither feels pleasure nor pain, where he ought nor as he ought.

But we have said that prodigality and illiberality are the excess and the defect, and that they are conversant with two things, giving and receiving, for we include spending under giving. Prodigality, therefore, exceeds in giving and not receiving, and falls short in receiving; but illiberality is deficient in giving, but excessive in receiving, but only in cases of small expenditure. Both the characteristics of prodigality, therefore, are seldom found in the same person; for it is not easy for a person who receives from nobody to give to everybody, for their means soon fail private persons who give, and these are the very persons who seem to be prodigal. This character now would seem considerably better than the illiberal one; for he is easily to be cured by age and by want, and is able to arrive at the mean: for he has the qualifications of the liberal man; for he both gives and abstains from receiving, but in neither instance as he ought, nor well. If, therefore, he could be accustomed to do this, or could change his conduct in any other manner, he would be liberal, for he will then give to proper objects, and will not receive from improper sources; and for this reason he does not seem to be bad in moral character, for it is not the mark of a wicked or an ungenerous man to be excessive in giving and not receiving, but rather of a

fool. But he who is in this manner prodigal seems far better than the illiberal man, not only on account of the reasons already stated, but also because he benefits many people, while the other benefits nobody, not even himself.

But the majority of prodigals, as has been stated, also receive from improper sources, and are in this respect illiberal. Now, they become fond of receiving, because they wish to spend, and are not able to do it easily, for their means soon fail them: they are, therefore, compelled to get supplies from some other quarter, and at the same time, owing to their not caring for the honorable, they receive without scruple from any person they can; for they are anxious to give, and the how or whence they get the money matters not to them. Therefore their gifts are not liberal, for they are not honorable, nor done for the sake of the honorable, nor as they ought to be done; but sometimes they make men rich who deserve to be poor, and will give to men of virtuous characters nothing, and to flatterers, or those who provide them with any other pleasure, much. Hence the generality of prodigals are intemperate also; for, spending money carelessly, they are expensive also in acts of intemperance, and, because they do not live with a view to the honorable, they fall away towards pleasures. The prodigal, therefore, if he be without the guidance of a master, turns aside to these vices; but if he happen to be taken care of, he may possibly arrive at the mean, and at propriety.

But illiberality is incurable, for old age and imbecility of every kind seem to make men illiberal, and it is more congenial to human nature than prodigality; for the generality of mankind are fond of money rather than of giving, and it extends very widely, and has many forms, for there appear to be many modes of illiberality: for as it consists in two things, the defect of giving and the excess of receiving, it does not exist in all persons entire, but is sometimes divided; and some exceed in receiving, and others fall short in giving. For those who go by the names of parsimonious, stingy, and niggardly, all fall short in giving: but do not desire what belongs to another, nor do they wish to receive, some of them from a certain fairness of character, and caution lest they commit a base action; for some people seem to take care of their money, or at least say that they do, in order that they may never be compelled to commit a disgraceful action. Of these also is the cummin splitter, and every one of similar character, and he

derives his name from being in the excess of unwillingness to give. Others, again, through fear abstain from other persons' property, considering it difficult for them to take what belongs to other people, without other people taking theirs. They therefore are satisfied neither to receive nor give.

Again, in receiving, some are excessive in receiving from any source and anything; those, for instance, who exercise illiberal professions, and brothel keepers, and all persons of this kind, and usurers, and those who lend small sums at high interest; for all these receive from improper sources, and in improper quantities. And the love of base gain appears to be common to them all; for they all submit to reproach for the sake of gain, and even for small gain. For we do not call those illiberal who receive great things from improper sources, as tyrants, who lay waste cities and pillage temples, but rather we call them wicked, impious, and unjust. But the gamester, the clothes stealer, and the robber are of the illiberal class, for they are fond of base gain; for both of them ply their trades for the sake of gain, and incur reproach. Clothes stealers and robbers submit to the greatest dangers for the sake of the advantage they gain, and gamesters gain from their friends, to whom they ought to give. Both, therefore, are lovers of base gain, in that they desire to gain from sources whence they ought not; and all such modes of receiving are illiberal. With reason, therefore, is illiberality said to be contrary to liberality; for not only is it a greater evil than prodigality, but also men are more apt to err on this side than on the side of the prodigality before mentioned.

Of Magnanimity and Little-Mindedness.

Magnanimity, even from its very name, appears to be conversant with great matters. First let us determine with what kind of great matters. But it makes no difference whether we consider the habit, or the man who lives according to the habit. Now, the magnanimous man appears to be he who, being really worthy, estimates his own worth highly; for he who makes too low an estimate of it is a fool; and no man who acts according to virtue can be a fool, nor devoid of sense. The character before-mentioned, therefore, is magnanimous; for he whose worth is low, and who estimates it lowly, is a modest man, but not a magnanimous one: for magnanimity belongs to greatness,

just as beauty exists only with good stature ; for little persons may be pretty and well proportioned, but cannot be beautiful. He who estimates his own worth highly, when in reality he is unworthy, is vain ; but he who estimates it more highly than he deserves, is not in all cases vain. He who estimates it less highly than it deserves, is little-minded, whether his worth be great or moderate, or if, when worth little, he estimates himself at less : and the man of great worth appears especially little-minded ; for what would he have done if his worth had not been so great? The magnanimous man, therefore, in the greatness of his merits, is in the highest place ; but in his proper estimation of himself, in the mean : for he estimates himself at the proper rate, while the others are in the excess and defect. If therefore the magnanimous man, being worthy of great things, thinks himself so, and still more of the greatest, his character must display itself on some one subject in particular.

Now, the term value is used with reference to external goods : and we must assume that to be of the greatest value which we award to the gods, and which men of eminence are most desirous of, and which is the prize of the most honorable acts ; and such a thing as this is honor; for this is the greatest of external goods. The magnanimous man, therefore, acts with propriety on subjects of honor and dishonor. And, even without arguments to prove the point, it seems that the magnanimous are concerned with honor, for great men esteem themselves worthy of honor more than anything else ; for it is according to their desert. But the little-minded man is in the defect, both as regards his own real merit and the magnanimous man's dignity ; but the vain man is in the excess as regards his own real merit, but is in the defect as regards that of the magnanimous man.

The magnanimous man, if he is worthy of the highest honors, must be the best of men ; for the better man is always worthy of the greater honor, and the best man of the greatest. The truly magnanimous man must therefore be a good man ; and it seems that whatever is great in any virtue belongs to the magnanimous character : for it can in nowise be befitting the magnanimous man to swing his arms and run away, nor to commit an act of injustice ; for what could be the motive to base conduct to him to whom nothing is great? And if we examine the particulars of the case it will appear ridiculous that the magnanimous man should not be a good man : and he

could not even be deserving of honor, if he were a bad man; for honor is the prize of virtue, and is bestowed upon the good.

Magnanimity, then, seems to be, as it were, a kind of ornament of the virtues; for it makes them greater, and cannot exist without them. And for this reason it is difficult to be really magnanimous; for it is impossible without perfect excellence and goodness. The magnanimous character, therefore, is principally displayed on the subject of honor and dishonor. And in the case of great instances of honor, bestowed by the good, he will be moderately gratified, under the idea that he has obtained what is his due, or even less than he deserves; for no honor can be equivalent to perfect virtue. Not but that he will receive it, because they have nothing greater to give him; but honor from any other persons, and on the score of trifles, he will utterly despise: for these he does not deserve; and likewise he will despise dishonor, for he cannot justly deserve it.

The magnanimous character is therefore, as has been said, principally concerned with honors: not but that in wealth and power, and all good and bad fortune, however it may come to pass, he will behave with moderation; and not be too much delighted at success, nor too much grieved at failure: for he will not feel thus even at honor, though it is the greatest thing of all; for power and wealth are eligible because of the honor they confer — at any rate, those who possess them desire to be honored on account of them. To him, therefore, by whom honor is lightly esteemed, nothing else can be important; wherefore magnanimous men have the appearance of supercilliousness. Instances of good fortune also appear to contribute to magnanimity; for the nobly born are thought worthy of honor, and those who possess power and wealth, for they surpass others; and everything which is superior in goodness is more honorable. Hence, such things as these make men more magnanimous; for by some people they are honored. But in reality the good man alone is deserving of honor; but he who has both is thought more worthy of honor: but those who, without virtue, possess such good things as these, neither have any right to think themselves worthy of great things, nor are properly called magnanimous; for magnanimity cannot exist without perfect virtue. But those who possess these things become supercilious and insolent; for without virtue it is difficult to bear good fortune with propriety: and being unable to bear it, and thinking that they excel others, they despise them,

while they themselves do anything they please; for they imitate the magnanimous man, though they are not like him: but this they do wherever they can. Actions according to virtue they do not perform, but they despise others. But the magnanimous man feels contempt justly, for he forms his opinions truly; but the others form theirs at random.

The magnanimous man neither shuns nor is fond of danger, because there are but few things which he cares for; but to great dangers he exposes himself, and when he does run any risk, he is unsparing of his life, thinking that life is not worth having on some terms. He is disposed to bestow, but ashamed to receive benefits; for the former is the part of a superior, the latter of an inferior: and he is disposed to make a more liberal return for favors; for thus the original giver will have incurred an additional obligation, and will have received a benefit. He is thought also to recollect those whom he has benefited, but not those from whom he has received benefits; for the receiver is inferior to the giver: but the magnanimous man wishes to be superior, and the benefits which he confers he hears of with pleasure, but those he receives with pain. Thetis therefore says nothing to Jupiter about the benefits she has conferred upon him, nor do the Lacedæmonians to the Athenians, but only about those which they have received. Again, it is characteristic of the magnanimous man to ask no favors, or very few, of anybody, but to be willing to serve others: and towards men of rank or fortune to be haughty in his demeanor, but to be moderate towards men of middle rank; for to be superior to the former is difficult and honorable, but to be superior to the latter is easy: and among the former there is nothing ungenerous in being haughty; but to be so amongst persons of humble rank is bad taste, just like making a show of strength to the weak.

Another characteristic is, not to go in search of honor, nor where others occupy the first places; and to be inactive and slow, except where some great honor is to be gained, or some great work to be performed; and to be inclined to do but few things, but those great and distinguished. He must also necessarily be open in his hatreds and his friendships; for concealment is the part of a man who is afraid. He must care more for truth than for opinion. He must speak and act openly; for this is characteristic of a man who despises others: for he is bold in speech, and therefore apt to despise

others and truth telling, except when he uses dissimulation; but to the vulgar he ought dissemble. And he cannot live at the will of another, except it be a friend; for it is servile: for which reason all flatterers are mercenary, and low-minded men are flatterers. He is not apt to admire; for nothing is great to him. He does not recollect injuries; for accurate recollection, especially of injuries, is not characteristic of the magnanimous man: but he rather overlooks them. He is not fond of talking of people: for he will neither speak of himself, nor of anybody else; for he does not care that he himself should be praised, nor that others should be blamed. He is not disposed to praise; and therefore he does not find fault even with his enemies, except for the sake of wanton insult. He is by no means apt to complain or supplicate help in unavoidable or trifling calamities; for to be so in such cases shows anxiety about them. He is apt to possess rather what is honorable and unfruitful, than what is fruitful and useful; for this shows more self-sufficiency. The step of the magnanimous man is slow, his voice deep, and his language stately; for he who only feels anxiety about few things is not apt to be in a hurry: and he who thinks highly of nothing is not vehement; and shrillness and quickness of speaking arise from these things. This, therefore, is the character of the magnanimous man.

He who is in the defect is little-minded; he who is in the excess is vain. But these do not seem to be vicious, for they are not evil doers, but only in error: for the little-minded man, though worthy of good things, deprives himself of his deserts; but yet he resembles one who has something vicious about him, from his not thinking himself worthy of good things, and he seems ignorant of himself, for otherwise he would have desired those things of which he was worthy, especially as they are good things. Yet such men as these seem not to be fools, but rather idle. And such an opinion seems to make them worse; for each man desires those things which are according to his deserts: and they abstain even from honorable actions and customs, considering themselves unworthy; and in like manner from external goods.

But vain men are foolish, and ignorant of themselves, and this obviously; for, thinking themselves worthy, they aspire to distinction, and then are found out; and they are fine in their dress, and their gestures, and so on; and they wish their

good fortune to be known, and speak of it, hoping to be honored for it. But little-mindedness is more opposed to magnanimity than vanity, for it is oftener found, and is worse. Magnanimity, therefore, as we have said, relates to great honor.

HYMN TO DEMETRIUS POLIORCETES.

TRANSLATION BY J. A. SYMONDS.

SEE how the mightiest gods, and best-beloved
Towards our town are winging!
For lo, Demeter and Demetrius
This glad day is bringing!
She to perform her daughter's solemn rites;
Mystic pomps attend her:
He, joyous as a god should be, and blithe,
Comes with laughing splendor.
Show forth your triumph! Friends all, troop around!
Let him shine above you!
Be you the stars to circle him with love;
He's the sun to love you.
Hail, offspring of Poseidon, powerful god,
Child of Aphrodite!
The other gods keep far away from earth;
Have no ears, though mighty;
They are not, or they will not hear us wail:
Thee our eye beholdeth;
Not wood, not stone, but living, breathing, real,
Thee our prayer enfoldeth.
First give us peace! Give, dearest, for thou canst:
Thou art Lord and Master!
The Sphinx, who not on Thebes, but on all Greece
Swoops to gloat and pasture;
The Ætolian, he who sits upon his rock,
Like that old disaster;
He feeds upon our flesh and blood, and we
Can no longer labor;
For it was ever thus the Ætolian thief
Preyed upon his neighbor;
Him punish thou, or if not thou, then send
Œdipus to harm him,
Who'll cast this Sphinx down from his cliff of pride,
Or to stone will charm him.

CHARACTERS OF MEN.

By THEOPHRASTUS.

(Translated by R. C. Jebb.)

[THEOPHRASTUS, the successor of Aristotle at the head of the Lyceum (born in Lesbos, B.C. 374), was like him a naturalist as well as philosopher, and wrote works on botany. But his vital work was a little pamphlet containing thirty brief sketches of types of masculine character as exhibited in social relations, the model of the many such characterizations attempted since. He died B.C. 287.]

THE SURLY MAN.

SURLINESS is discourtesy in words.

The Surly man is one who, when asked where so and so is, will say, "Don't bother me;" or, when spoken to, will not reply. If he has anything for sale, instead of informing the buyers at what price he is prepared to sell it, he will ask them what he is to get for it. Those who send him presents with their compliments at feast-tide are told that he "will not touch" their offerings. He cannot forgive a person who has besmirched him by accident, or pushed him, or trodden upon his foot. Then if a friend asks him for a subscription, he will say that he cannot give one; but will come with it by and by, and remark that he is losing this money also. When he stumbles in the street he is apt to swear at the stone. He will not endure to wait long for any one; nor will he consent to sing, or to recite, or to dance. He is apt also not to pray to the gods.

THE ARROGANT MAN.

Arrogance is a certain scorn for all the world beside oneself.

The Arrogant man is one who will say to a person who is in a hurry, that he will see him after dinner when he is taking his walk. He will profess to recollect benefits which he has conferred. As he saunters in the street, he will decide cases for those who have made him their referee. When he is nominated to public offices he will protest his inability to accept them, alleging that he is too busy. He will not permit himself to give any man the first greeting. He is apt to order persons

who have anything to sell, or who wish to hire anything from him, to come to him at daybreak. When he walks in the streets he will not speak to those whom he meets, keeping his head bent down, or at other times, when so it pleases him, erect. If he entertains his friends, he will not dine with them himself, but will appoint a subordinate to preside. As soon as he sets out on a journey, he will send some one forward to say that he is coming. He is not likely to admit a visitor when he is anointing himself, or bathing, or at table. It is quite in his manner, too, when he is reckoning with any one, to bid his slave push the counters apart, set down the total, and charge it to the other's account. In writing a letter, he will not say "I should be much obliged," but "I wish it to be thus and thus;" or "I have sent to you for" this or that; or "You will attend to this strictly;" or "Without a moment's delay."

The Man of Petty Ambition.

Petty Ambition would seem to be a mean craving for distinction.

The man of Petty Ambition is one who, when asked to dinner, will be anxious to be placed next to the host at table. He will take his son away to Delphi to have his hair cut. He will be careful, too, that his attendant shall be an Ethiopian; and when he pays a mina he will cause the slave to pay it with a new coin. Also he will have his hair cut very frequently, and will keep his teeth white; he will change his clothes, too, while still good; and will anoint himself with unguent. In the market place he will frequent the bankers' tables; in the gymnasia he will haunt those places where the young men take exercise; in the theater, when there is a representation, he will sit near the generals. For himself he will buy nothing, but will make purchases on commission for foreign friends — pickled olives to go to Byzantium, Laconian hounds for Cyzicus, Hymettian honey for Rhodes; and will talk thereof to people at Athens. Also he is very much the person to keep a monkey; to get a satyr ape, Sicilian doves, deerhorn dice, Thurian vases of the approved rotundity, walking sticks with the true Laconian curve, and a curtain with Persians embroidered upon it. He will have a little court provided with an arena for wrestling and a ball alley, and will go about lending it to philosophers, sophists, drill sergeants, musicians, for their displays;

at which he himself will appear upon the scene rather late, in order that the spectators may say one to another, "This is the owner of the palestra." When he has sacrificed an ox, he will nail up the skin of the forehead, wreathed with large garlands, opposite the entrance, in order that those who come in may see that he has sacrificed an ox. When he has been taking part in a procession of the knights, he will give the rest of his accouterments to his slave to carry home, but, after putting on his cloak, will walk about the market place in his spurs. He is apt, also, to buy a little ladder for his domestic jackdaw, and to make a little brass shield, wherewith the jackdaw shall hop upon the ladder. Or if his little Melitean dog has died, he will put up a memorial slab, with the inscription, A Scion of Melita. If he has dedicated a brass ring in the temple of Asclepius, he will wear it to a wire with daily burnishings and oilings. It is just like him, too, to obtain from the presidents of the Senate by private arrangement the privilege of reporting the sacrifice to the people; when, having provided himself with a smart white cloak and put on a wreath, he will come forward and say: "Athenians! we, the presidents of the Senate, have been sacrificing to the Mother of the Gods meetly and auspiciously; receive ye her good gifts!" Having made this announcement, he will go home to his wife and declare that he is supremely fortunate.

The Unseasonable Man.

Unseasonableness consists in a chance meeting, disagreeable to those who meet.

The Unseasonable man is one who will go up to a busy person, and open his heart to him. He will serenade his mistress when she has a fever. He will address himself to a man who has been cast in a surety suit, and request him to become his security. He will come to give evidence when the trial is over. When he is asked to a wedding he will inveigh against womankind. He will propose a walk to those who have just come off a long journey. He has a knack, also, of bringing a higher bidder to him who has already found his market. He loves to rise and go through a long story to those who have heard it and know it by heart; he is zealous, too, in charging himself with offices which one would rather not have done, but

is ashamed to decline. When people are sacrificing and incurring expense he will come to demand his interest. If he is present at the flogging of a slave, he will relate how a slave of his was beaten in the same way — and hanged himself; or, assisting at an arbitration, he will persist in embroiling the parties when they both wish to be reconciled. And when he is minded to dance he will seize upon another person who is not yet drunk.

The Officious Man.

Officiousness would seem to be, in fact, a well-meaning presumption in word or deed.

The Officious man is one who will rise and promise things beyond his power; and who, when an arrangement is admitted to be just, will oppose it, and be refuted. He will insist, too, on the slave mixing more wine than the company can finish; he will separate combatants, even those whom he does not know; he will undertake to show the path, and after all be unable to find his way. Also he will go up to his commanding officer, and ask when he means to give battle, and what is to be his order for the day after to-morrow. When the doctor forbids him to give wine to the invalid, he will say that he wishes to try an experiment, and will drench the sick man. Also he will inscribe upon a deceased woman's tombstone the name of her husband, of her father, and of her mother, as well as her own, with the place of her birth; recording further that "All these were Estimable Persons." And when he is about to take an oath he will say to the bystanders, "This is by no means the first that I have taken."

The Stupid Man.

Stupidity may be defined as mental slowness in speech and action.

The Stupid man is one who, after doing a sum and setting down the total, will ask the person next to him, "What does it come to?" When he is defendant in an action, and it is about to come on, he will forget it and go into the country; when he is a spectator in the theater he will be left behind slumbering in solitude. If he has been given anything, and

has put it away himself, he will look for it and be unable to find it. When the death of a friend is announced to him in order that he may come to the house, his face will grow dark — tears will come into his eyes, and he will say, "Heaven be praised!" He is apt, too, when he receives payment of a debt, to call witnesses; and in winter time to quarrel with his slave for not having brought cucumbers; and to make his children wrestle and run races until he has exhausted them. If he is cooking a leek himself in the country he will put salt into the pot twice, and make it uneatable. When it is raining he will observe, "Well, the smell from the sky is delicious (when others of course say "from the earth"); or if he is asked, "How many corpses do you suppose have been carried out at the Sacred Gate?" he will reply, "I only wish you or I had as many."

The Shameless Man.

Shamelessness may be defined as neglect of reputation for the sake of base gain.

The Shameless man is one who, in the first place, will go and borrow from the creditor whose money he is withholding. Then, when he has been sacrificing to the gods, he will put away the salted remains, and will himself dine out; and, calling up his attendant, will give him bread and meat taken from the table, saying in the hearing of all, "Feast, most worshipful." In marketing, again, he will remind the butcher of any service which he may have rendered him; and, standing near the scales, will throw in some meat, if he can, or else a bone for his soup: if he gets it, it is well; if not, he will snatch up a piece of tripe from the counter, and go off laughing. Again, when he has taken places at the theater for his foreign visitors, he will see the performance without paying his own share; and will bring his sons, too, and their attendant, the next day. When any one secures a good bargain, he will ask to be given a part in it. He will go to another man's house and borrow barley, or sometimes bran; and moreover will insist upon the lender delivering it at his door. He is apt, also, to go up to the coppers in the baths, — to plunge the ladle in, amid the cries of the bathman, — and to souse himself; saying that he has had his bath, and then, as he departs, — "No thanks to you!"

The Newsmaker.

Newsmaking is the framing of fictitious sayings and doings at the pleasure of him who makes news.

The Newsmaker is a person who, when he meets his friend, will assume a demure air, and ask with a smile, "Where are you from, and what are your tidings? What news have you to give about this affair?" And then he will reiterate the question, "Is anything fresh rumored? Well, certainly these are glorious tidings!" Then, without allowing the other to answer, he will go on: "What say you? You have heard nothing? I flatter myself that I can treat you to some news;" and he has a soldier, or a slave of Asteius the fluteplayer, or Lycon the contractor, just arrived from the field of battle, from whom he says that he has heard of it. In fact, the authorities for his statements are always such that no one can possibly lay hold upon them. Quoting these, he relates how Polysperchon and the king have won the battle, and Cassander has been taken alive; and if any one says to him, "But do you believe this?" — "Why," he will answer, "the town rings with it! The report grows firmer and firmer — every one is agreed — they all give the same account of the battle:" adding that the hash has been dreadful; and that he can tell it, too, from the faces of the government — he observes that they have all changed countenance. He speaks also of having heard privately that the authorities have a man hid in a house who came just five days ago from Macedonia, and who knows it all. And in narrating all this — only think! — he will be plausibly pathetic, saying "Unlucky Cassander! Poor fellow! Do you see what fortune is? Well, well, he was a strong man once . . .": adding, "No one but you must know this" — when he has run up to everybody in town with the news.

The Evil Speaker.

The habit of Evil Speaking is a bent of the mind towards putting things in the worst light.

The Evil Speaker is one who, when asked who so-and-so is, will reply, in the style of genealogists: "I will begin with his parentage. This person's father was originally called Sosias; in the ranks he came to rank as Sosistratus, and, when he was

enrolled in his deme, as Sosidemus. His mother, I may add, is a noble damsel of Thrace — at least she is called 'my life' in the language of Corinth — and they say that such ladies are esteemed noble in their own country. Our friend himself, as might be expected from his parentage, is — a rascally scoundrel." He is very fond, also, of saying to one: "Of course — I understand that sort of thing; you do not err in your way of describing it to our friends and me. These women snatch the passers-by out of the very street. . . . That is a house which has not the best of characters. . . . Really there is something in that proverb about the women. . . . In short, they have a trick of gossiping with men, — and they answer the hall door themselves."

It is just like him, too, when others are speaking evil, to join in: "And I hate that man above all men. He looks a scoundrel, — it is written on his face: and his baseness — it defies description. Here is a proof: he allows his wife, who brought him six talents of dowry and has borne him a child, three farthings for the luxuries of the table; and makes her wash with cold water on Poseidon's day." When he is sitting with others he loves to criticise one who has just left the circle; nay, if he has found an occasion, he will not abstain from abusing his own relations. Indeed he will say all manner of injurious things of his friends and relatives, and of the dead; misnaming slander "plain speaking," "republican candor," "independence," and making it the chief pleasure of his life.

The Grumbler.

Grumbling is undue censure of one's portion.

The Grumbler is one who, when his friend has sent him a present from his table, will say to the bearer, "You grudged me my soup and my poor wine, or you would have asked me to dinner." He will be annoyed with Zeus, not for not raining, but for raining too late; and, if he finds a purse on the road, "Ah," he will say, "but I have never found a treasure." When he has bought a slave cheap after much coaxing of the seller, "It is strange," he will remark, "if I have got a sound lot at such a bargain." To one who brings him the good news, "A son is born to you," he will reply, "If you add that I have lost half my property, you will speak the truth." When he has won a lawsuit by a unanimous verdict, he will find fault with the composer of his speech for having left out several of the

points in his case. If a subscription has been raised for him by his friends, and some one says to him, "Cheer up!" — "Cheer up?" he will answer, "when I have to refund this money to every man, and to be grateful besides, as if I had been done a service!"

The Distrustful Man.

Distrustfulness is a presumption that all men are unjust.

The Distrustful man is one who, having sent his slave to market, will send another to ascertain what price he gave. He will carry his money himself, and sit down every two hundred yards to count it. He will ask his wife in bed if she has locked the wardrobe, and if the cupboard has been sealed, and the bolt put upon the hall door; and if the reply is "yes," not the less will he forsake the blankets and run about shoeless to inspect all these matters, and barely thus find sleep. He will demand his interest from his creditors in the presence of witnesses, to prevent the possibility of their repudiating the debt. He is apt also to send his cloak to be cleaned, not to the best workman, but wherever he finds sterling security for the fuller. When any one comes to ask the loan of cups he will, if possible, refuse; but if perchance it is an intimate friend or relation, he will almost assay the cups in the fire, and weigh them, and do everything but take security, before he lends them. Also he will order his slave, when he attends him, to walk in front and not behind, as a precaution against his running away in the street. To persons who have bought something of him and say, "How much is it? Enter it in your books, for I am too busy to send the money yet," — he will reply: "Do not trouble yourself; if you are not at leisure, I will accompany you."

The Mean Man.

Meanness is an excessive indifference to honor where expense is concerned.

The Mean man is one who, when he has gained the prize in a tragic contest, will dedicate a wooden scroll to Dionysus, having had it inscribed with his own name. When subscriptions for the treasury are being made, he will rise in silence from his place in the Ecclesia, and go out from the midst.

When he is celebrating his daughter's marriage he will sell the flesh of the animal sacrificed, except the parts due to the priest; and will hire the attendants at the marriage festival on condition that they find their own board. When he is trierarch he will spread the steersman's rugs under him on the deck, and put his own away. He is apt, also, not to send his children to school when there is a festival of the Muses, but to say that they are unwell, in order that they may not contribute. Again, when he has bought provisions, he will himself carry the meat and vegetables from the market place in the bosom of his cloak. When he has sent his cloak to be scoured he will keep the house. If a friend is raising a subscription, and has spoken to him about it, he will turn out of the street when he descries him approaching, and will go home by a roundabout way. Then he will not buy a maid for his wife, though she brought him a dower, but will hire from the Women's Market the girl who is to attend her on the occasions when she goes out. He will wear his shoes patched with cobbler's work, and say that it is as strong as horn. He will sweep out his house when he gets up, and polish the sofas; and in sitting down he will twist aside the coarse cloak which he wears himself.

The Coward.

Cowardice would seem to be, in fact, a shrinking of the soul through fear.

The Coward is one who, on a voyage, will protest that the promontories are privateers; and, if a high sea gets up, will ask if there is any one on board who has not been initiated. He will put up his head and ask the steersman if he is halfway, and what he thinks of the face of the heavens; remarking to the person sitting next him that a certain dream makes him feel uneasy; and he will take off his tunic and give it to his slave; or he will beg them to put him ashore.

On land also, when he is campaigning, he will call to him those who are going out to the rescue, and bid them come and stand by him and look about them first, saying that it is hard to make out which is the enemy. Hearing shouts and seeing men falling, he will remark to those who stand by him that he has forgotten in his haste to bring his sword, and will run to the tent, where, having sent his slave out to reconnoiter the

position of the enemy, he will hide the sword under his pillow, and then spend a long time in pretending to look for it. And seeing from the tent a wounded comrade being carried in, he will run towards him and cry "Cheer up!" he will take him into his arms and carry him; he will tend and sponge him; he will sit by him and keep the flies off his wound; in short, he will do anything rather than fight with the enemy. Again, when the trumpeter has sounded the signal for battle, he will cry as he sits in the tent, "Bother! you will not allow the man to get a wink of sleep with your perpetual bugling!" Then, covered with blood from the other's wound, he will meet those who are returning from the fight, and announce to them, "I have run some risk to save one of our fellows," and he will bring in the men of his parish and of his tribe to see his patient, at the same time explaining to each of them that he carried him with his own hands to the tent.

The Oligarch.

The Oligarchical temper would seem to consist in a love of authority; covetous, not of gain, but of power.

The Oligarchical man is one who, when the people are deliberating whom they shall associate with the archon as joint directors of the procession, will come forward and express his opinion that these directors ought to have plenary powers; and, if others propose ten, he will say that "one is sufficient," but that "he must be a man." Of Homer's poetry he has mastered only this one line: —

> No good comes of manifold rule; let the ruler be one:

of the rest he is absolutely ignorant. It is very much in his manner to use phrases of this kind: "We must meet and discuss these matters by ourselves, and get clear of the rabble and the market place:" "we must leave off courting office, and being slighted or graced by these fellows;" "either they or we must govern the city." He will go out about the middle of the day with his cloak gracefully adjusted, his hair daintily trimmed, his nails delicately pared, and strut through the Odeum Street, making such remarks as these: "There is no living in Athens for the informers;" "we are shamefully treated in the courts by the juries;" "I cannot conceive what people want with meddling in public affairs;" "how ungrateful the people are—

always the slaves of a largess or a bribe ; " and " how ashamed I am when a meager, squalid fellow sits down by me in the Ecclesia ! " " When," he will ask, " will they have done ruining us with these public services and trierarchies ? How detestable that set of demagogues is ! " " Theseus " (he will say) " was the beginning of the mischief to the state. It was he who reduced it from twelve cities to one, and undid the monarchy. And he was rightly served, for he was the people's first victim himself."

And so on to foreigners and to those citizens who resemble him in their disposition and their politics.

The Patron of Rascals.

The Patronizing of Rascals is a form of the appetite for vice.

The Patron of Rascals is one who will throw himself into the company of those who have lost lawsuits and have been found guilty in criminal causes; conceiving that, if he associates with such persons, he will become more a man of the world, and will inspire the greater awe. Speaking of honest men he will add " so-so," and will remark that no one is honest, — all men are alike ; indeed, one of his sarcasms is, " What an honest fellow ! " Again he will say that the rascal is " a frank man, if one will look fairly at the matter." " Most of the things that people say of him," he admits, " are true; but some things," he adds, " they do not know ; namely, that he is a clever fellow, and fond of his friends, and a man of tact ; " and he will contend in his behalf that he has " never met with an abler man." He will show him favor, also, when he speaks in the Ecclesia or is at the bar of a court ; he is fond, too, of remarking to the bench, " The question is of the cause, not of the person." " The defendant," he will say, " is the watchdog of the people, — he keeps an eye on evil-doers. We shall have nobody to take the public wrongs to heart, if we allow ourselves to lose such men." Then he is apt to become the champion of worthless persons, and to form conspiracies in the law courts in bad causes; and, when he is hearing a case, to take up the statements of the litigants in the worst sense.

In short, sympathy with rascality is sister to rascality itself ; and true is the proverb that, " Like moves towards like."

FRAGMENTS OF GREEK TRAGIC POETS.

(Translations by several different hands; the greater part made for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

THESPIS.

[Lived in the middle of the sixth century B.C. The traditional founder of Greek tragedy.]

To Pan.

Lo, UNTO thee I pour the creamy draught
Pressed from the nursing goats of creamy hue;
Lo, on thy holy altars I have placed,
O twi-horned Pan, cheese with red honey mixed;
Behold, I pour thee Bromius' sparkling blood.

PHRYNICHUS.

[Flourished about B.C. 512–475.]

THE light of love burns upon crimson cheeks.

Meleager.

Yet could he not escape a horrid doom:
Swift flame consumed him from the wasting brand,
Fired by his evil-working mother's will.

The Invasion of Bœotia by the Barbarians.

Once poured the host of Hyas through this land,
The ancient people who had tilled the soil;
And all the fields and meadows by the sea,
The swift flame licked up in its gluttonous jaws.

PRATINAS.

[Flourished before and after B.C. 500.]

WHAT revel-rout is this? What noise is here?
What barbarian discord strikes my ear?
What jarring sounds are these that rage
Unholy on the Bacchic stage?
'Tis mine to sing in Bromius' praise —
'Tis mine to laud the god in dithyrambic lays —
As o'er the mountain height,
The woodland Nymphs among,
I wing my rapid flight,
And tune my varied song,

Sweet as the melody of swans, that lave
Their nestling pinions in the silver wave;
Of the harmonious lay the Muse is sovereign still;
Then let the minstrel follow if he will —
But not precede: whose stricter care should be,
And more appropriate aim,
To fan the lawless flame
Of fiery youths, and lead them on
To deeds of drunkenness alone,
The minister of revelry —
When doors, with many a sturdy stroke,
Fly from their bolts, to shivers broke,
And captive beauty yields, but is not won.
Down with the Phrygian pipe's discordant sound!
Crackle, ye flames! and burn the monster foul
To very ashes — in whose notes are found
Naught but what's harsh and flat — no music for the soul, —
The work of some vile handicraft. To thee,
Great Dithyrambus! ivy-tressed king!
I stretch my hand, — 'tis here — and rapidly
My feet in airy mazes fling.
Listen my Doric lay: to thee, to thee I sing.

Aristias.

[Fifth century B.C. Contemporary of Sophocles.]

The Glutton.

That feaster is a boatman or a tramp,
A parasite of hell, with bottomless belly.

Aristarchus.

[Flourished about B.C. 454.]

"—— great argument
About it and about." — *Omar Khayyám.*

Fair speech in such things, and no speech, are one;
Study and ignorance have equal value;
For wise men know no more than simple fools
In these dark matters; and if one by speaking
Conquer another, mere words win the day.

Love Laughs at Locksmiths.

That man who hath not tried of love the might
Knows not the strong rule of necessity,
Bound and constrained, whereby this road I travel;

Yea, our lord Love strengthens the strengthless, teaches
The craftless how to find both craft and cunning.

Neophron.

[Exhibited 431 B.C.]

Medea Decides to Kill her Children.

Well, well: what wilt thou do, my soul? Think much
Before this sin be sinned, before thy dearest
Thou turn to deadliest foes. Whither art bounding?
Restrain thy force, thy god-detested fury.
And yet, why grieve I thus, seeing my life
Laid desolate, despitefully abandoned,
By those who least should leave me? Soft, forsooth,
Shall I be in the midst of wrongs like these?
Nay, heart of mine, be not thy own betrayer!
Ah me! 'Tis settled. Children, from my sight
Get you away! for now bloodthirsty madness
Sinks in my soul and swells it. Oh, hands, hands,
Unto what deed are we accoutred? Woe!
Undone by my own daring! In one minute
I go to blast the fruit of my long toil.

Achæus.

[Flourished about B.C. 484–448. He and Ion were ranked next after Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, as making up the five great tragic dramatists of Athens.]

The Athletes in the Games.

Naked above, their radiant arms displaying,
In lustihood of ruffling youth, and bloom
Of beauty bright on stalwart breasts, they fare;
Their shoulders and their feet in floods of oil
Are bathed, like men whose homes abound in plenty. . . .
Ambassadors or athletes do you mean?
Great feeders are they, like most men in training.
Of what race are the strangers, then? — Bœotians.

The Cock and the Pearls.

To hungry men a barley cake is more
Than gold and ivory in an ample store.

The Scythians Angry at the Watered Wine.

Was the whole Achelous in this wine?
But even then this race would not cease drinking,
For this is all a Scythian's happiness.

Ion.

[Exhibited about B.C. 424.]

"Know thou thyself —" that saw is trivial stuff:
Not even a god but Zeus has power enough.

The town of Sparta is not walled with words;
But when young Ares falls upon her men,
Then reason rules and the hand does the deed.

The Crippled, Blinded, and Caged Bird.

His body maimed, his sight no more,
Still he recalls his strength of yore:
Helpless he cries, and gladly would
Exchange for death his servitude.

Agathon.

[About B.C. 477–430.]

One thing not God himself can do, I ween, —
To make what's done as though it ne'er had been.

Skill is true friend of chance, and chance of skill.

Worsted by suffering, cowards dote on death.

Some things we mortals can effect by skill;
Some fall on us as fate and fortune will.

We work on superfluities as if a need were nigh,
And dawdle on our real work as superfluity.

Ariston.

[Son of Sophocles; middle of the fifth century B.C. This citation is on the authority of Theophilus, bishop of Antioch in the latter part of the second century A.D.; but the Greek verse is unclassically poor, and it is quite possible Theophilus wrote it himself.]

Providence.

A. Cheer up: the god is wont to succor all
Deserving of it — chiefly just this sort.
If the front rank be not assigned to them,
Why should men practice rigid piety?
B. That may be so; and yet I often see
Those who conduct their business piously
Bearing strange evils; on the other hand,

Those out for profit and themselves alone
Holding a far more honored place among us.
A. For the present, yes; but one should look ahead
And wait the final closing up of all.
By not so doing, some have let prevail
The notion, vile and profitless to life,
That each man's course is automatic, each
Guided by chance; and so the mob decide
Each for himself to hug his provender.
And yet the crowns are for the virtuous lives,
And to the wicked comes their penalty;
For naught takes place apart from Providence.

Chœrilus.

[Flourished latter part of fifth century B.C.]

"Some Banquet Hall Deserted."

Here in my hands I hold a wretched piece
Of earthen goblet, broken all around,
Sad relic of a band of merry feasters;
And often the fierce gale of wanton Bacchus
Dashes such wrecks with insult on the shore.

Critias.

[The leader and the worst of the Thirty Tyrants, B.C. 404, and slain fighting for them against Thrasybulus the same year. He was a pupil of Socrates, friend and supporter of Alcibiades, and a democrat till banished by the people; returning, headed the oligarchic revolution with the vindictive rancor of a renegade, put his colleague Theramenes to death for counseling caution, and threatened Socrates. He was a forcible speaker, and a dabbler in various kinds of literature. The opening lines of this poem are curious when compared with his final venture in public life.]

Theoretic Evolution of Law and Religion.

Time was, when lawless was the life of men,
Like to wild beasts, in thrall to mere brute force,
When to the good resulted no reward,
When to the wicked fell no chastisement.
Thereafter, men I think established laws
To quell the unruly, so that justice might
Put down the tyrants, check the outrages,
And punish whoso broke the social rule.
Then, when the laws forbade the evil sort
To work their will by force and openly,
Yet still they did their mischief underhand,—
I fancy then some subtle sage conceived

What mortals needed was to find out how
Fear might be laid on evil-doers, if aught
They do or speak or think in secret wise:
That then he introduced the Being Divine,
As spirit blooming in perpetual life,
Hearing and seeing and thinking with the mind,
Forever keeping watch on those misdeeds,
And as a god, with power to see and hear
Whate'er was done or said among mankind;
Even if in silence you frame evil wishes,
You shall not hide it from the gods, for thought
Is the gods' essence.
Speaking in such words,
He must have introduced grand moral teachings,
Concealing truth with mask of lying phrase;
Asserted that the gods dwelt here on earth,
To strike dismay to men and lead them on.
He noted too that fears came on them thence,
Adding new hardships to their wretched life:
The motions of the sky, that brought about
The lightning's glare, the fearful thunder crash,
The starry host — resplendent broidery
Of Time, sage artificer; thence beside
The dazzling meteor shot the heavenly way,
The laden storm-cloud moved along the land.
These all about them pierced their souls with fear;
Thereby his speech gained credit, when a place
He chose as fit to build the god a home,
And crushed the headstrong by the laws he made.
Thus first, methinks, men must have been persuaded
By some man to obey the spirit's law.

Moschion.

[Flouris ed about B.C. 380. He is also ranked as a writer of the Middle Comedy, which shows the absurdity of the artificial classification of tragic and comic. But the remains belong to the serious Muse.]

De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum.

'Tis vain to offer outrage to thin shades:
God-fearers strike the living, not the dead.
What gain we by insulting mere dead men?
What profit were taunts cast at voiceless clay?
For when the sense that can discern things sweet
And things offensive is corrupt and fled,
The body takes the rank of mere deaf stone.

Quality Counts, not Quantity.

In far mountain vales
See how a single ax fells countless firs;
So a few men can curb a myriad lances.

Astydamas Junior.

[Grandson of Æschylus' sister. Flourished middle of fourth century B.C.]

The Dramatic Craft.

A wise playwright should act like the man who gives a magnificent feast:
He should seek to delight the spectators, that each on departing may feel
He has eaten and drunk just the things he would chiefly have chosen himself:
Not set but one dish for all palates, one writing for all sorts of tastes.

Virtue will Always be Honored.

The people's praise is sure to fall,
  Their fullest honor to be shown,
To him who makes the right his all,
  Whose ways are loftiest: such a one
They will term noble. Search the land:
  In every hundred, one like this
  Can there be found? The quest will miss,
E'en though ten thousand join the band.

Carcinus Junior.

[Flourished about B.C. 380.]

O Zeus, what need for one to waste one's words
In speaking ill of women? for what worse
Is there to add, when one has called them women?

Virtue is for the individual's care;
Fortune to ask for of the gods in prayer:
  Whoever has the power to yoke the two,
Rightly a good and happy name shall bear.

For most of human ills, the sovereign healing
Is silence, which at least is prudent dealing.

[To a slave:]
Seeing you full of hate, I am rejoiced:

Knowing that hatred works one piece of justice
On those it strikes, — the slave abhors his masters.

O wealth, though oft enough a luckless fate,
Thou forcest men to fiercely emulate.

This is a thing that men should hold in dread —
To vaunt one's self above the mighty dead.

Wine should not turn you; for if you have been
Admonished by your nature fixed within,
Occasion ne'er will tempt you into sin.

Diogenes Œnomaüs.

[Began to exhibit B.C. 404.]

Music in Asiatic Worship.

And now I hear the turban-bearing women,
The votaries of Asian Cybele,
The wealthy Phrygians' daughters, loudly sounding,
With drums, and rhombs, and brazen-clashing cymbals,
Their hands in concert striking on each other,
Pour forth a wise and healing hymn to the gods.
Likewise the Syrian and the Bactrian maids
Who dwell beside the Halys, loudly worship
The Tmolian goddess Artemis, who loves
The laurel shade of the thick leafy grove,
Striking the clear three-cornered pectis, and
Raising responsive airs upon the magadis,
While flutes in Persian manner neatly joined
Accompany the chorus.

Dionysius.

[Tyrant of Syracuse B.C. 405–367.]

If then you think no pain to your condition
Will come, you have a happy disposition:
Of gods' life, not of mortals', is your vision.

[Solon's saw versified:]

Let no man think another mortal blest
Until he sees his life close undistrest:
To praise the dead alone is safe and best.

As from a tranquil face looks out God's eye,
And gazes o'er all things eternally.

[This is the original, or at least the theme, of verse 45, canto 3, of "Childe Harold." The repetitions and assonances closely follow the Greek.]

Knowest thou naught of this fact of fate's —
Those who are naught, not any one hates?
Ever the great is what rouses hate;
All power tall grown is fated for hatred.

If humbly born, hate not the rich:
Envy tunes some to slander's pitch.

Theodectes.

[A great rhetorician of the school of Isocrates: lived about B.C. 375–335.]

Mirages.

Old age and marriage are twin happenings:
We long to have them both befall ourselves,
But when befallen, we deplore too late.

The One Immortal Thing.

All human things are born to die
And reach their ending by-and-by,
Save shamelessness, apparently
Let the race wax howe'er it may,
This waxes with it day by day.

Hope Deferred.

One can but oft
Be weary of the quest for fame and praise.
Our indolence, the present sweetness grasped,
Wails, with fond dreams what future time will bring.

The Mills of God.

[This is the exact theme of Walter Bagehot's "The Ignorance of Man."]

Mortal, whoe'er thou art, who blamest God
Because not swiftly but with long delay
He strikes the wicked, listen to the cause:
Were retribution visited forthwith,
Many through fear and not through piety
Would worship God; but retribution now
Being far off, each acts his nature out.
But when detected, known as evil men,
They pay the penalty in later times.

The bridegroom when he brings his housemate home
Not merely takes a wife, 'tis evident:
Along with that he takes a spirit in,
For blessing or malignance, as may be.

Chæremon.

[Flourished probably about B.C. 380.]

A Garden of Girls.

There one reclined apart I saw, within the moon's pale light,
With bosom through her parted robe appearing snowy white:
Another danced, and floating free her garments in the breeze,
She seemed as buoyant as the waves that leap o'er summer seas;
While dusky shadows all around shrunk backward from the place,
Chased by the beaming splendor shed like sunshine from her face.
Beside this living picture stood a maiden passing fair,
With soft round arms exposed. A fourth, with free and graceful air,
Like Dian when the bounding hart she tracks through morning dew,
Bared through the opening of her robes her lovely limbs to view;
And oh! the image of her charms, as clouds in heaven above,
Mirrored by streams, left on my soul the stamp of hopeless love.
And slumbering near them others lay, on beds of sweetest flowers,
The dusky-petaled violet, the rose of Raphian bowers,
The inula and saffron flower, which on their garments cast
And veils, such hues as deck the sky when day is ebbing fast;
While far and near tall marjoram bedecked the fairy ground,
Loading with sweets the vagrant winds that frolicked all around.

Crates.

[Cynic philosopher: flourished about B.C. 328.]

No single fortress, no one single house,
Is fatherland to me; but all throughout
Each city and each dwelling in the land
Will find me ready there to make a home.

Hunger will quell your love; if not, then time;
If neither of these things will quench the flame,
The one cure left's a rope to hang yourself.

Sositheus.

[Flourished about B.C. 280. One of the so-called "Pleiad" — seven poets of the Alexandrian court, in the third century B.C., ranked as the chief Grecian tragic poets after the great Five (Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Ion, Achæus), they were — Homer, Sositheus, Lycophron (see his "Cassandra" under separate head), Alexander, Philiscus, Sosiphanes, Dionysiades. The first two were considered greatest.]

The Myth of Lityerses.

This is Celænæ, fatherland, old city
Of aged Midas, who with asses' ears
And stupid human mind, here held his reign.
This is his bastard son, with spurious father,
But of what mother, she who bore him knows:
He eats in sooth three pack-ass loads of bread
Three times in one short day, and what he calls
A measure of wine is a ten-amphora jar; [three barrels]
But for his food supply he labors nimbly,
Mowing the swathes; yet on a given day
He mingles Dionysus with his victual.
And when a stranger came or passed along,
He gave him to eat, — indeed, he fed him fat, —
And freely proffered drink, as wont in summer —
One hesitates to grudge those doomed to death.
Viewing the fields along Mæander's channels
Watered for herbage with abundant streams,
The man-tall corn he cuts with sharpened sickle;
Then sheaf and stranger mingled into one
He leaves without a head, and laughs to think
How foolishly the reaper breakfasted.

* * * * * * *

A. Slain, he was pitched by the feet into Mæander,
Just like a quoit; and who the quoitsman was —
B. Who?
A. You shall hear. Who else but Hercules?

Philiscus.

[See above.]

O fool, the idlers find it hard
To earn the laborer's reward.

Among both men and gods, the right alone
Forever deathless holds their judgments' throne.

FRAGMENTS OF GREEK COMIC POETS.

(Translations by various hands; in part made for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

"OLD COMEDY."

Susarion.

[Father of Greek comedy; flourished about B.C. 570.]

Hear, folk! Susarion has this to say,
Philinus' son, native of Megara:
Women are evils: just the same, my friends,
Without those evils all home-building ends.
To marry or not, alike to evil tends.

Chionides.

[Fifth century B.C.]

I have known many a youth of not your breed
In rough night watch or sleeping on mat of reed.

Meseems, by Heaven, no difference from me hath
A willow sprung amid the torrent's path.

Epicharmus.

[About B.C. 540–450. Born in Cos, but spent most of his life at the court of Hiero in Syracuse. A famous Pythagorean philosopher; as a poet said to have lifted comedy from low buffoonery to art.]

"A Man's a Man for a' That."

Good gossip, if you love me, prate no more:
What are your genealogies to me?
Away to those who have more need of them!
Let the degenerate wretches, if they can,
Dig up dead honor from their fathers' tombs,
And boast it for their own — vain, empty boast!
When every common fellow that they meet,
If accident hath not cut off the scroll,
Can show a list of ancestry as long.
You call the Scythians barbarous, and despise them:
Yet Anacharsis was a Scythian born;
And every man of a like noble nature,
Though he were molded from an Ethiop's loins,
Is nobler than your pedigrees can make him.

Marriage.

Marriage is like to casting dice. If chance
Bring you a virtuous and good-tempered wife,
Your lot is happy. If you gain instead
A gadding, gossiping, and thriftless quean,
No wife is yours, but everlasting plague
In woman's garb; the habitable globe
Holds not so dire a torment anywhere.
I feel it to my sorrow: better luck
Is that man's portion who has never tried.

It needs the strength of a lion to subdue the weakness of love.
Be sober in thought, be slow to belief: these are the sinews of wisdom.

'Tis a wise man's part to judge rightly before the course is begun,
So shall he not repent him after the action is done.

Waste not your anger on trifles! let reason, not rage, be your guide.

Mankind owe more to labor than to talent:
The gods set up their favors at a price,
And industry alone can furnish it.

If you lack merit, you will not be envied;
But who would win exemption at the cost?

PHRYNICHUS.

[Exhibited from B.C. 429 till after 405.]

The Men Proud of Insolent Wit.

THE hardest task that our fortune sends
To-day is to ward them off, in sooth;
For they have a sting at their finger-ends —
The malice of blooming and insolent youth.
They're forever at hand in the market-place,
And honey us all with their compliments blithe;
Then they stand on the seats and scratch face after face,
And deride us in concert at seeing us writhe.

'Tis sweet to do grilling
And not spend a shilling.

Epitaph on Sophocles.

Blest Sophocles! who, wonted age o'erpast,
Died fortunate and skilful to the last.
Many and fair the tragic scenes he drew;
His end as fair, and ills he never knew.

Magnes.

[Flourished about B.C. 430. See Parabasis to Aristophanes' "Knights," end of Vol. 3.]

Have you not heard the hot loaves from the pan
Hissing when honey you have poured thereon?

Teleclides.

[See Crates for a companion picture. Several other poets of the period have left similar skits, but these two are sufficient.]

The Golden Age.

[Zeus speaks.]

I will tell you, then, what the life was that at first I made ready for mortals.
To begin with, peace was for all, just like water for washing the hands.
The earth bore no fear nor diseases, all the needfuls were there of themselves:
For each mountain stream flowed with wine, and the loaves had a strife with the biscuits
To enter the mouths of the people, and begged to be taken and eaten
If any one loved utter whiteness; the fishes came into the houses,
And broiling themselves, placed their bodies for viands upon the tables;
Beside every couch ran a river of soup with hot meat floating through it;
And streamlets of salads were there for all who might chance to desire them,
So that the tender mouthful was lavishly watered to swallow.
Cakelets thrown into dishlets were ready and sprinkled with saucelets;
And one could see thrushes with toastlets flying into men's gullets;
From the pancakes jostling each other at mouths came a cry as of battle,
And boys along with their mothers played dice with the tidbits and cutlets.
Men were all corpulent then, and a huge aggregation of giants.

Cratinus.

[Flourished from about 480 to 423 B.C. The originator of political comedy. See, for a magnificent tribute to him, the Parabasis to Aristophanes' "Knights," end of Vol. 3. He won nine first prizes, one over Aristophanes himself after the latter had counted him out of the field, and when near death.]

The Cyclops to Ulysses and his Company.

For all these services, my dear companions,
When I have taken you and roasted you,
Boiled you, and broiled you on a charcoal fire,
Salted you down and dipped you into pickle, —
Warm vinegar and salt, or salt and garlic, —
Him that seems cooked most perfectly of all
I'll gnaw his bones myself, in soldier fashion.

The men who lived in times of yore,
When Kronos was their king,
They gambled with the loaves of bread,
And often used to fling
The ripe Ægina barley cakes
Down in the wrestling ring;
And they plumed themselves upon their lands —
When Kronos was the king.

Have you seen that Thasian pickle, how he does the big bow-wow?
How well and swiftly he pays back his grudges, here and now!
It's not "a blind man talking to a deaf one," you'll allow.

A. How can one break this man, how can one, pray,
Break him from drink, from drinking much too much?
B. I know: I'll smash his gallon jars for him,
And burn his casks to ashes like the lightning,
And all the other vessels for his liquor,
Till not a wine cup shall be his to own.

It takes more than the eating of one brook trout
To make one an epicure out and out.

[Lampon was a soothsayer, whose gluttony and covetousness were constant butts of Aristophanes.]

There's Lampon, whom never a law men could make
Would keep from his friends when a spread was at stake; . . .
Now he's belching again;
He eats all that's in sight — for a mullet he'd fight.

Leda's Egg.

Leda, this is your work: now it is your duty
Dignifiedly, like a hen, — there's no other wise, —
To sit on it, and hatch us out a perfect little beauty,
A bird so wonderful that one must praise it to the skies.

[On the luxury of old times:]

By their ears stood the soft thyme, the lily, or the rose;
Sceptre-globe and staff I held, market loungers those.

[On the Lacedæmonian feast called the Kopis: compare Irving's "Knickerbocker," and the lump of sugar hung by a string:]

Is it true, as they say, that each stranger among
The arrivals is banqueted high at that feast?
In the clubrooms are sausages skewered and hung
For the elders to bite pieces off with their teeth?

[On the youth:]

The land has trained and fed them free
At public cost to man's degree,
That they may its defenders be.

[The woman speaks:]

Let us return to what we were discussing:
Whether this man, who has another woman
In his heart, is slandering me to her? I think
His trouble is part old age, and partly liquor;
For nothing comes before his drink to him.

Good Lord, I don't know letters, they're no reliance of mine;
But I'll tell you the story with my tongue, for I remember fine.

[On himself; see Parabasis as above:]

O Lord Apollo, what a flood of words!
The torrents roar! twelve springs are in that mouth,
Ilissus in that throat! What shall I tell you?
For unless some one plugs that mouth of yours,
Everything here will be o'erflowed with songs.

Time was that with only a rag to your loin
You cheerfully threw in your lot with mine,
And drank the lees of the poorest wine.

Far from the lyre the asses sit.

Every spectator will take his chances to sleep, if he's wise,
To be rid of the spell of stupidity cast by the poets' eyes.

Splendid things are waiting for you, you'll be glad to hit on;
Gracious beaming girls, that is, and maple stools to sit on.

The Cottabus.

It is death to drink wine that water's come near;
But she mixed half and half of two lots that were sheer,
And drank six quarts from a curving cup,
Then named the Corinthian pet she held dear,
And threw the last drops for what fate would show up.

CRATES.

[Flourished about B.C. 440. For his literary character, see Parabasis to the "Knights," as above.]

Old Age.

THESE shriveled sinews and this bending frame
The workmanship of Time's strong hand proclaim;
Skilled to reverse whate'er the gods create,
And make that crooked which they fashion straight.
Hard choice for man — to die, or else to be
That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you see,
Yet age we all prefer; for age we pray,
And travel on to life's last lingering day;
Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,
Find Heaven's extorted boon our greatest curse. . . .
You've cursed it to me as a mighty ill,
Yet borne not, death the price — a greater still;
We covet, yet reject it when arrived —
So thanklessly our nature is contrived.

The blossoming of bosoms that are a maiden's dower
Is like a rosy apple or arbutus in flower.

Megabyzus feeds the hind
Shivering at his door;
He will get a dole of food
For wages — nothing more.

The Golden Age.

[See also Teleclides.]

A. Then none shall own a slave of either sex.
B. But shall an old man have to serve himself?

A. Oh no: I will make all these things come straight.
B. And how will it better them?
A. Why, all utensils
Will come of their own accord when called. "Here, table,
Come up and set yourself! You bread-trough, knead! —
Pitcher, pour wine! Where's the cup? wash yourself! —
The dinner-pot had best give forth some beets! —
March, fish!" — "But I'm not cooked on the other side." —
"Turn over, then, and salt yourself, you fool!"
B. Well, listen, tit for tat: contrariwise
I'll bring the hot baths to my friends' abodes,
On columns such as through the hospital
By the seaside, so that they shall flow to each
Into his bath: he speaks, the water stops.
And then an alabaster box of unguent
Shall come of its own accord, and sponge, and slippers.

Swarms and swarms of lovers come here,
We've so many young pigs and lambs for their cheer.

Python.

[Of Catana. Flourished in the time of Alexander the Great. For Harpalus ("Pallides"), the subject of these sarcastic lines, see note under Dinarchus, in the selections from the Ten Attic Orators. The courtesan referred to was his mistress Pythionica.]

Where grew this reed, a lofty crag aspires,
Beyond the reach of birds; and on its left
A harlot's famous temple, which Pallides
Building, condemned himself to exile for.
Then some of the Barbarians' magi, noting
His sorry plight, persuaded him their spells
Could raise the soul of Pythionica.
* * * * * *
A. But I would learn from you,
Since far from there I dwell — the Attic land
What fortunes hap, and how its people fare.
B. When they declared they led the life of slaves,
They had food in plenty; now they solely eat
Fennel and pulse, and very little corn.
A. And yet I hear that Harpalus has sent them
Thousands of bushels of wheat, not less than Agen,
And has been made a freeman of the city.
B. That was Glycera's wheat; and just the same
A pledge of ruin, not of comradeship.

Moschion.

[Contemporary with Chæremon.]

Origin of Civilization.

First I come forward, and will put in words
The start and ordering of mortals' life.
When that time was, that like the savage beasts
Men had the mountain caves for their abode,
Dwelt in the sunless chasms of the rocks;
When the thatched roof was not, nor cities wide
Fended by towers of stone; nor the curved plow
Had cleft the dark earth clod, the corn-fruit's mother,
Nor the great workman iron had helped to till
The gardens flowing with Iacchus' wine,
But mute and barren was the virgin earth;
And for all food, flesh-eaters slew each others
And furnished forth their feasts; and law was helpless,
And Force held joint dominion with the gods,
The weak being food for the stronger. But when Time,
Progenitor and nourisher of all,
Brought changes to this pristine life of men, —
Either instructed by Prometheus' care,
Or sheer necessity or experience hard
Making their inner being's self a teacher, —
They found a way to cultivate the food
Of chaste Demeter; found the luscious fount
Of Bacchus; and the earth, before untilled,
Now felt the plow as oxen bore the yoke.
And cities towered and houses covered round
They built; and changed their old existence wild
For that of civilized amenities.
Henceforward, too, the law enjoined that dying,
One's dust be covered by a lot-drawn tomb;
No longer lie unburied in men's sight,
Impious remembrancer of former feasts.

Patrocles.

[Date uncertain; somewhere in this period.]

See now the many formidable words
Fate gathers in this little instrument! [the tongue].
Why do we mortals swell with idle threats,
And heap up tools of vengeance with our hands,
Yet look not forward to our near-by doom,
To see and know our own unhappy lot?

Apollonides.

[Uncertain, but in this period.]

Ah, ladies, in our human race
Not gold, or ease, or royal place,
Afford such sweetness ever new
As to good men and women true
Just judgment and right feeling do.

Ecdorus.

[As above.]

Body Like Soul.

Where'er you find a form that's foul of face,
You'll always find it with befitting ways;
For nature out of evil evil breeds,
As serpent unto serpent still succeeds.

Sosiphanes.

[See above.]

O mortals most ill-fated, little blest,
Why do you magnify your offices,
Which one day gave, and one may take away?
If, being naught, you gain success, you straight
Liken yourselves to Heaven, nor bear in mind
Nor see the ruling Hades not far off.

Hermippus.

[Flourished just before Aristophanes.]

As to mischievous habits, if you ask my vote,
I say there are two common kinds of self-slaughter:
One, constantly pouring strong wine down your throat,
'Tother, plunging in up to your throat in hot water.

[On a gluttonous rival:]

If there were such a race of men we had to fight to-day,
And they were captained by a big broiled fish or fatted hog,
The rest should stay at home and send Nothippus to the fray:
He'd single-handed eat the whole Morea for his prog.

Do you know what to do for me? Your little cup I scorn,
But give me just one swig from out that jolly drinking-horn.

Hail, transmarine army! "What then are we doing?
Our bodies are soft to appearance, but then,
The vigor of youth in our muscles is brewing:
Have you heard that Abydans have turned into men?"

War.

Now with shaggy cloaks we're done:
Each one puts his breastplate on,
Binds the greaves upon his thighs;
Sandals white we all despise.
One may see the cottabus staff
Rolled neglected in the chaff;
No last drops the Manes hears,
And the wretched scale appears
Lying on the rubbish pile
Just beside the garden stile.

Eupolis.

[Born B.C. 449; drowned at the battle of Cynossema, 410; also said, but probably without truth, to have been assassinated at the instance of Alcibiades for a lampoon in one of his plays. He collaborated with Aristophanes in the "Knights," and is said to have written part of the closing chorus. He is believed to have been second only to Aristophanes in genius.]

The Parasite.

Mark now, and learn of me the thriving arts
By which we parasites contrive to live:
Fine rogues we are, my friend, of that be sure,
And daintily we gull mankind. — Observe!
First I provide myself a nimble thing
To be my page, a varlet of all crafts;
Next two new suits for feasts and gala days,
Which I promote by turns, when I walk forth
To sun myself upon the public square;
There if perchance I spy some rich, dull knave,
Straight I accost him, do him reverence,
And sauntering up and down, with idle chat
Hold him awhile in play: at every word
Which his wise worship utters, I stop short
And bless myself for wonder; if he ventures
On some vile joke, I blow it to the skies,
And hold my sides for laughter. — Then to supper
With others of our brotherhood, to mess
In some night cellar on our barley cakes,
And club inventions for the next day's shift.

Yes, music is a science deep, involved,
And ever something new will be found in it
By those who have the genius of discovery.

Those whom you'd once have not made wine inspectors
Now you make generals. O city, city!
How much more lucky than rational you are!

A. Let Alcibiades keep away from the women.
B. You're talking nonsense: why don't you go home
And train your own wife to her duty first?

Pherecrates.

[Flourished B.C. 438–420.]

On Old Age.

Age is the heaviest burden man can bear,
Compound of disappointment, pain, and care:
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength;
Resigned to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays;
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.

The Musical Inventors of the Day.

[*Music comes in, dressed in woman's garb, bruised and torn, and Justice inquires the reason.*]

Music — I speak not loath, for 'tis your part
To hear, and speaking glads my heart.
From Melanippides arose
My sorrows: he was first of those
Who seizing me relaxed my wings,
Giving a dozen slacker strings
For the old eleven; yet, be sure,
He was a man I could endure
Compared with these, the last and worst.
For one Cinesias, an accurst
Athenian, making discords vile
By sudden turns for novel style
In strophic endings, so destroyed me
That in the verse where he employed me,
His dithyrambs, like shields in fight
You'd think the left side was the right.
But even this you could not call

Rough in comparison at all:
Phrynis came next, and, having thrown
A certain whirlwind of his own
To the front, with twists and turns of tone
Ruined me quite, while on five strings
A dozen harmonies he rings.
Yet even he could be endured,
For his wrong-doing could be cured,
But, dearest, Timotheus, you see,
Buried and foully murdered me.
Justice — Timotheus who?
Music — A red-head low
Milesian.
Justice — Has he harmed you so?
Music — All that I tell you: I'm undone
By tortuous melodies that run
Along the strings like swarms of ants.
And if by any evil chance
Walking alone he ever meets me,
With the twelve strings he ties and beats me.

The Real "Old Times."

Nobody then had male or female servants, —
No help at all, — and each had for himself
To execute all labors in the house:
Mornings with their own hands they ground the corn,
The hamlet echoed as they thumped the mills.

Settling a Bore.

If a conceited donkey start to bray,
I'd answer him — "Don't have so much to say!
Be pleased to turn your mind and ears this way."

The Feminine Toper.

A. I'm just out of the hot-bath, quite cooked through;
My throat's as dry —
B. I'll bring you something to drink.
A. Dear me, my mouth is sticky with saliva.
B. How large a cup will satisfy you?
A. Well,
Don't make it small: it always stirs my bile
When I've drunk medicine from such a one;
So have mine poured into a good-sized cup. . . .

A. Glyce, this isn't drinkable.
B. Isn't it watered?
A. Why, it's nothing but water.
What did you do, wretch? What did you pour in?
B. Two parts, mamma.
A. To how much wine?
B. Why, four.
A. Go to the deuce! You ought to mix for frogs.

* * * * * * * *

[The same topic elsewhere.]

Then by the potters for the men were made
Broad cups that had no sides, but only bottoms,
Not holding a mussel-shellful — just like tasters;
But for themselves [women] deep cups like merchant vessels
Wine-ships, round, grasped by the middle, belly-shaped; —
Not thoughtlessly, but with long-sighted craft
How they could guzzle wine and give no reasons.
Then, when we charge that they've drunk up the wine,
They tongue us, swearing they have "drunk but one";
But that one's bigger than a thousand cups.

A Floral Invocation.

You with mallow sighings, hyacinthine breath,
Honey-clover speeches, rose smiles for your mate,
Marjoram kisses, love-embraces in a parsley wreath,
Tiger-lily laughter, larkspur gait, —
Pour the wine and raise the pæan as the sacred laws dictate!

Plato ("Comicus").

[Flourished B.C. 428–389.]

On the Tomb of Themistocles.

By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand:
By this directed to thy native shore
The merchant shall convey his freighted store;
And when our fleets are summoned to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.

Epicureanism as its Enemies Fancy.

Father —
Thou hast destroyed the morals of my son,
And turned his mind, not so disposed, to vice,

Unholy pedagogue! With morning drams,
A filthy custom which he caught from thee,
Far from his former practice, now he saps
His youthful vigor. Is it thus you school him?

Sophist —

And if he did, what harms him? Why complain you?
He does but follow what the wise prescribe,
The great voluptuous law of Epicurus,
Pleasure, the best of all good things of earth;
And how but thus can pleasure be obtained?

Father —

Virtue will give it him.

Sophist — And what but virtue
Is our philosophy? When have you met
One of our sect flushed and disguised with wine?
Or one, but one, of those you tax so roundly
On whom to fix a fault?

Father — Not one, but all,
All who march forth with supercilious brow
High arched with pride, beating the city rounds,
Like constables in quest of rogues and outlaws,
To find that prodigy in human nature,
A wise and perfect man! What is your science
But kitchen science? Wisely to descant
Upon the choice bits of a savory cup,
And prove by logic that his *summum bonum*
Lies in his head; there you can lecture well,
And whilst your gray hairs wag, the gaping guest
Sits wondering with a foolish face of praise.

Amipsias.

[Contemporary of Aristophanes.]

A. Best of a few, most trifling of a crowd
Are you here with us also, Socrates?
You're a sturdy man: where did you get that cloak?
B. This happened ill — the tailors stand a loss.
A. Yet he, thus dirty, would not suffer flattery.

Strattis.

[Flourished about B.C. 410-380.]

No one can bear
To drink his wine hot; on the contrary
It should be cooled in a well, or mixed with snow.

Theopompus.

[Exhibited down to about B.C. 376.]

Stop gambling, boy, and for the future eat
More vegetables. Your stomach's indurated:
I'd leave off eating oysters for the present;
And furthermore, new wine's the best for counsel.
If you do this, your fortunes will be easier.

Philonides.

[Date uncertain.]

Because I hold the laws in due respect
And fear to be unjust, am I a coward?
Meek let me be to all the friends of truth,
And only terrible amongst its foes.

Polyzelus.

[Uncertain; in this period.]

Out of three evils before him, he has to make choice of one:
To drag the cross he'll be nailed to, drink hemlock, or scuttle and run
From the ship, which will save him from such an evil reward:
These are Theramenes' three, against which he wishes to guard.

Demetrius.

[About B.C. 400.]

The easiest thing to snare is villainy;
For, always working solely to its gain,
With headlong folly it credits everything.

"MIDDLE COMEDY."

Antiphanes.

[Of Smyrna or Rhodes; began to exhibit about 383 B.C. One of the foremost poets of the "Middle Comedy"; won thirty prizes.]

On Women.

A. Ye foolish husbands, trick not out your wives;
Dress not their persons fine, but clothe their minds.
Tell 'em your secrets? — Tell 'em to the crier,
And make the market place your confidant!
B. Nay, but there's proper penalties for blabbing.

A. What penalties? they'll drive you out of them;
Summon your children into court, convene
Relations, friends, and neighbors to confront
And nonsuit your complaint, till in the end
Justice is hooted down, and quiet prevails. . . .
For this, and only this, I'll trust a woman:
That if you take life from her, she will die,
And being dead she'll come to life no more;
In all things else I am an infidel.
Oh! might I never more behold a woman!
Rather than I should meet that object, gods,
Strike out my eyes — I'll thank you for your mercy.

A Different View of the Same.

The man who first laid down the pedant rule
That love is folly, was himself the fool;
For if to life that transport you deny,
What privilege is left us — but to die?

The Unwelcomeness of Death.

Ah, good my master, you may sigh for death,
And call in vain upon him to release you,
But will you bid him welcome when he comes?
Not you: old Charon has a stubborn task
To tug you to his wherry and dislodge you
From your rich tables, when your hour is come.
I muse the gods send not a plague amongst you,
A good, brisk, sweeping, epidemic plague:
There's nothing else can make you all immortal.

Death's Inn.

Cease, mourners, cease complaint, and weep no more.
Your lost friends are not dead, but gone before,
Advanced a stage or two upon that road
Which you must travel in the steps they trode;
In the same inn we all shall meet at last,
Then take new life and laugh at sorrows past.

The Parasite.

[See also Eupolis.]

What art, vocation, trade, or mystery
Can match with your fine parasite? — The painter?

He! a mere dauber; a vile drudge the farmer:—
Their business is to labor, ours to laugh,
To jeer, to quibble, faith, sirs! and to drink,
Aye, and drink lustily. Is not this rare?
'Tis life — my life at least. The first of pleasures
Were to be rich myself; but next to this
I hold it best to be a parasite,
And feed upon the rich.
Now mark me right!
Set down my virtues one by one: imprimis,
Good will to all men — would they were all rich
So might I gull them all: malice to none;
I envy no man's fortune — all I wish
Is but to share it. Would you have a friend,
A gallant steady friend? I am your man:
No striker I, no swaggerer, no defamer,
But one to bear all these, and still forbear:
If you insult, I laugh, unruffled, merry,
Invincibly good-humored, still I laugh:
A stout good soldier I, valorous to a fault,
When once my stomach's up and supper served.
You know my humor — not one spark of pride,
Such and the same forever to my friends.
If cudgeled, molten iron to the hammer
Is not so malleable; but if I cudgel,
Bold as the thunder. Is one to be blinded?
I am the lightning's flash: to be puffed up?
I am the wind to blow him to the bursting.
Cloaked, strangled? I can do't and save a halter.
Would you break down his doors? behold an earthquake;
Open and enter them? a battering-ram.
Will you sit down to supper? I'm your guest,
Your very fly to enter without bidding.
Would you move off? You'll move a well as soon. —
I'm for all work, and though the job were stabbing,
Betraying, false-accusing, only say
"Do this," and it is done! I stick at nothing;
They call me Thunderbolt for my dispatch.
Friend of my friends am I. Let action speak me:
I'm much too modest to commend myself.

An honest man to law makes no resort:
His conscience is the better rule of court.

Anaxandrides.

[A Rhodian; began to exhibit B.C. 376.]

Evils of Secrecy.

Sweet it is,
When one has had a new idea rise,
To blazon it: for they whose knowledge lies
Sole in themselves, first, have no test in mind
Of technic; next, they are hated, for mankind
Should be given all the freshest things we find.

Ruled by their Stomachs.

[These mock serious lines apparently relate to a still-life picture of a fish.]

A. The lovely handiwork of portrait painters,
Set on an easel, is a thing to admire;
But this ignobly comes from off a platter,
Swiftly evanished from a frying pan!
B. But by what other handicraft, good sir,
Are young men's mouths so quickly set on fire,
Or fingers set to choke their owners, poking
If they're unable to swallow quick enough?
Are not our parties solely made delightful
By the fish market? What men dine together
Without a fry, or black perch that you buy,
Or sprats? And then, as to the blooming boy,
What charms or speeches can you catch him with,
Tell me, if you but take away the skill
Of the fisherman? — for this is how he's tamed,
Vanquished by the cooked faces of the fishes.

The Croaker upon Marriage.

Whoever longs to marry, doesn't long
Sensibly, if his longing ends in marriage;
It starts a train of evils in one's life.
For if a hired man take a woman's riches,
He has a lady mistress, not a wife,
Of whom he's slave and hired man. If again
He takes one bringing naught, he's twice a slave:
For then there's two to feed instead of one.
One takes a punk: she's not worth living with,
Nor bringing into a home in any way.
Another takes a beauty: she belongs
As much to her husband's neighbor as to him.—
So that there's no way evils won't attend it.

Eubulus.

[Flourished from about B.C. 375 to 325; his period almost exactly coinciding with that of the "Middle Comedy."]

Three cups of wine a prudent man may take:
The first of these for constitution's sake;
The second to the girl he loves the best;
The third and last to lull him to his rest,
Then home to bed! But if a fourth he pours,
That is the cup of folly, and not ours;
Loud, noisy talking on the fifth attends;
The sixth breeds feuds and falling out of friends;
Seven beget blows and faces stained with gore;
Eight, and the watch patrol breaks ope the door;
Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
And the swilled sot drops senseless to the ground.

On a Painting of Love.

Why, foolish painter, give those wings to love?
Love is not light, as my sad heart can prove:
Love hath no wings, or none that I can see;
If he can fly, oh! bid him fly from me!

Nicostratus.

[A son of Aristophanes.]

An Ancient Wonderland Animal.

A. Is it a man-of-war, a swan, or a beetle?
When I have found out what, I'll undertake
Any adventure.
B. Doubtless a swan-beetle.

A Health.

A. And I, beloved,
Pour out to you the stirrup-cup of health.
Good health to you!
B. Well, here's to all good luck!
All mortal things are in luck's hands; and foresight
Is blind and helter-skelter, father dear.

If this incessant chattering be your plan,
I would you were a swallow, not a man!

Philetærus.

[Another son of Aristophanes.]

Eat and Drink.

For what, I pray you, should a mortal do
But seek for all appliances and means
To pass his life in comfort day by day?
This should be all our object and our aim,
Reflecting on the chance of human life.
And never let us think about to-morrow,
Whether it will arrive at all or not.
It is a foolish trouble to lay up
Money which may grow stale and useless to you.
* * * * * * *
But whatever mortals
Of good condition live a bounteous life,
I still declare that they are wretched men,
Surely; for dead, you cannot eat an eel,
Nor for the dead are nuptial cakes prepared.

Music cheers Death.

O Zeus! how glorious 'tis to die while piercing flutes are near,
Pouring their stirring melodies into the faltering ear;
On these alone doth Orcus smile, within whose realms of night,
Where vulgar ghosts in shivering bands, all strangers to delight,
In leaky tub from Styx's flood the icy waters bear,
Condemned, for woman's lovely voice, its moaning sounds to hear.

Ephippus.

[In this period; exact dates uncertain.]

How I delight
To spring upon the dainty coverlets;
Breathing the perfume of the rose, and steeped
In tears of myrrh!

Anaxilas.

Courtesan Mistresses.

Whoever has been weak enough to dote,
And live in precious bondage at the feet
Of an imperious mistress, may relate
Some part of their iniquity at least.
In fact, what wonder is there in the world
That bears the least comparison with them?

What frightful dragon, or chimera dire,
What Scylla, what Charybdis, can exceed them?
Nor sphinx nor hydra, nay, nor winged harpy,
Nor hungry lioness, nor poisonous adder,
In noxious qualities is half so bad.
They are a race accursed, and stand alone,
Preëminent in wickedness. For instance
Plangon, a foul chimera, spreading flames,
And dealing out destruction far and near,
And no Bellerophon to crush the monster.
Then Sinope, a many-headed hydra,
An old and wrinkled hag — Gnathine, too,
Her neighbor — oh! they are a precious pair.
Nanno's a barking Scylla, nothing less —
Having already privately despatched
Two of her lovers, she would lure a third
To sure destruction, but the youth escaped,
Thanks to his pliant oars and better fortune.
Phryne, like foul Charybdis, swallows up
At once the pilot and the bark. Theano,
Like a plucked Siren, has the voice and look
Of woman, but below the waist her limbs
Withered and shrunk up to the blackbird's size.
These wretched women, one and all, partake
The natures of the Theban Sphinx. They speak
In doubtful and ambiguous phrase, pretend
To love you truly, and with artless hearts,
Then whisper in your ear some little want —
A girl to wait on them, forsooth, a bed,
Or easy-chair, a brazen tripod too —
Give what you will, they never are content;
And to sum up their character at once,
No beast that haunts the forest for his prey
Is half so mischievous.

Aristophon.

[In this period, but exact dates uncertain.]

Marriage.

A man may marry once without a crime;
But curst is he who weds a second time.

Love.

Love, the disturber of the peace of heaven,
And grand tormenter of Olympian feuds,

Was banished from the synod of the gods:
They drove him down to earth at the expense
Of us poor mortals, and curtailed his wings
To spoil his soaring and secure themselves
From his annoyance — selfish, hard decree!
For ever since, he roams the unquiet world,
The tyrant and despoiler of mankind.

Pythagoras.

I've heard this arrogant impostor tell,
Amongst the wonders which he saw in hell,
That Pluto with his scholars sat and fed,
Singling them out from the inferior dead;
Good faith! the monarch was not overnice
Thus to take up with beggary and lice.

Pythagoras' Disciples.

So gaunt they seem, that famine never made
Of lank Philippides so mere a shade:
Of salted tunny-fish their scanty dole,
Their beverage, like the frogs, a standing pool,
With now and then a cabbage, at the best
The leavings of the caterpillar's feast;
No comb approaches their disheveled hair,
To rout the long established myriads there;
On the bare ground their bed, nor do they know
A warmer coverlet than serves the crow.
Flames the meridian sun without a cloud?
They bark like grasshoppers and chirp as loud;
With oil they never even feast their eyes;
The luxury of stockings they despise,
But, barefoot as the crane, still march along
All night in chorus with the screech-owl's song.

Epicrates.

[An Epirote. Flourished B.C. 376–348.]

Burlesque of the Platonic Ideas.

A. I PRAY you, sir, — for I perceive you learned
In these grave matters, — let my ignorance suck
Some profit from your courtesy, and tell me
What are your wise philosophers engaged in. —
Your Plato, Menedemus, and Speusippus?
What mighty mysteries have they in projection?
What new discoveries may the world expect
From their profound researches? I conjure you,

By Earth, our common mother, to impart them!
B. Sir, you shall know at our great festival.
I was myself their hearer, and so much
As I there heard will presently disclose,
So you will give it ears, for I must speak
Of things perchance surpassing your belief,
So strange they will appear; but so it happened,
That these most sage academicians sate
In solemn consultation — on a cabbage.
A. A cabbage! what did they discover there?
B. Oh, sir! your cabbage hath its sex and gender,
Its provinces, prerogatives, and ranks,
And, nicely handled, breeds as many questions
As it does maggots. All the younger fry
Stood dumb with expectation and respect,
Wond'ring what this same cabbage should bring forth;
The lecturer eyed them round, whereat a youth
Took heart, and breaking first the awful silence,
Humbly craved leave to think — that it was round!
The cause was now at issue, and a second
Opined it was an herb — a third conceived
With due submission it might be a plant —
The difference methought was such that each
Might keep his own opinion and be right;
But soon a bolder voice broke up the council,
And, stepping forward, a Sicilian quack
Told them their question was abuse of time, —
It was a cabbage, neither more nor less,
And they were fools to prate so much about it.
Insolent wretch! amazement seized the troop,
Clamor and wrath and tumult raged amain,
Till Plato, trembling for his own philosophy,
And calmly praying patience of the court,
Took up the cabbage, and adjourned the cause.

Alexis.

[About B.C. 390–288; in his prime about Alexander's period, say 330. He was the model for Menander.]

How the Procuress doctors her Wares.

They fly at all, and as their funds increase,
With fresh recruits they still augment their stock,
Molding the young novitiate to her trade:
Form, feature, manners, everything so changed
That not a trace of former self is left.

Venetian Diploma of Semitecolo

(Sixteenth Century)

This specimen was selected from a fine collection of these documents in the British Museum, on account of the beautiful miniature painting of the illumination. The diploma to which this miniature is attached bears the date 1644, and is from the Doge Francesco Molino, appointing Semitecolo, a noble Venetian, Conte, or Governor, of Pago and Isola, on the coast of Dalmatia. The mystery of the connection of the miniature with the diploma may possibly be explained by supposing that when many of these documents were scattered at the time of the invasion of Venice by the French revolutionists, some person, having obtained possession of several, supplied the defect of a damaged miniature in the present book, from some other of the same description.

VENETIAN DIPLOMA OF SEMITECOLO. (Sixteenth Century.)

This specimen was selected from a fine collection of these documents in the British Museum, on account of the beautiful miniature painting of the illumination. The diploma to which this miniature is attached bears the date 1644.

Is the wench short? a triple sole of cork
Exalts the pigmy to a proper size.
Is she too tall of stature? a low chair
Softens the fault, and a fine easy stoop
Lowers her to a standard pitch. If narrow-hipped,
A handsome wadding readily supplies
What nature stints, and all beholders cry,
"See what plump haunches!" Hath the nymph perchance
A high round paunch, stuffed like our comic drolls,
And strutting out foreright? a good stout busk,
Pushing athwart, shall force the intruder back.
Hath she red brows? a little soot will cure 'em.
Is she too black? the ceruse makes her fair;
Too pale of hue? the opal comes in aid.
Hath she a beauty out of sight? disclose it!
Strip nature bare without a blush. — Fine teeth?
Let her affect one everlasting grin,
Laugh without stint — but ah! if laugh she cannot,
And her lips won't obey, take a fine twig
Of myrtle, shape it like a butcher's skewer,
And prop them open. Set her on the bit
Day after day, when out of sight, till use
Grows second nature, and the pearly rows,
Will she or will she not, perforce appear.

Love.

The man who holds true pleasure to consist
In pampering his vile body, and defies
Love's great divinity, rashly maintains
Weak impious war with an immortal god.
The gravest master that the schools can boast
Ne'er trained his pupils to such discipline,
As love his votaries — unrivaled power,
The first great deity; and where is he
So stubborn and determinedly stiff
But shall at some time bend the knee to love,
And make obeisance to his mighty shrine?
One day, as slowly sauntering from the port,
A thousand cares conflicting in my breast,
Thus I began to commune with myself:
"Methinks these painters misapply their art,
And never know the being which they draw;
For mark their many false conceits of love.
Love is not male nor female, man nor god,
Nor with intelligence nor yet without it,

But a strange compound of all these uniting
In one mixed essence many opposites;
A manly courage with a woman's fear,
The madman's frenzy in a reasoning mind,
The strength of steel, the fury of a beast,
The ambition of a hero — something 'tis,
But by Minerva and the gods! I swear,
I know not what this nameless something is."

Gluttony.

You, sir, a Cyrenean, as I take you,
Look at your sect of mad voluptuaries;
There's Diodorus — begging is too good for him —
A vast inheritance in two short years,
Where is it? Squandered, vanished, gone forever:
So rapid was his dissipation. — Stop!
Stop, my good friend, you cry: not quite so fast!
This man went fair and softly to his ruin:
What talk you of two years? As many days,
Two little days were long enough to finish
Young Epicharides; he had some soul,
And drove a merry pace to his undoing —
Marry! if a kind surfeit would surprise us,
Ere we sit down to earn it, such prevention
Would come most opportune to save the trouble
Of a sick stomach and an aching head:
But whilst the punishment is out of sight,
And the full chalice at our lips we drink,
Drink all to-day, to-morrow fast and mourn,
Sick, and all o'er opprest with nauseous fumes;
Such is the drunkard's curse, and Hell itself
Cannot devise a greater — oh, that nature
Might quit us of this overbearing burden,
This tyrant god, the belly! take that from us
With all its bestial appetites, and man,
Exonerated man, shall be all soul."

The only free gift that the gods gave man, —
Sleep, that prepares our souls for endless night.

Amphis.

[Alive in B.C. 332; no other date known.]

Drink and play, for life is fleeting; short our time beneath the sky;
But for death, he's everlasting when we once have come to die.

Diodorus.

[Of Sinope. Exhibited in 354.]

This is my rule, and to my rule I'll hold,—
To choose my wife by merit, not by gold;
For on that one election must depend
Whether I wed a fury or a friend.

When your foe dies, let all resentment cease:
Make peace with death, and death shall give you peace.

Dionysius.

[Of Sinope. About the same time as Nicostratus.]

The Cook.

The true professor of the art should strive
To gratify the taste of every guest;
For if he merely furnishes the table,
Sees all the dishes properly disposed,
And thinks, having done this, he has discharged
His office, he's mistaken, and deserves
To be considered only as a drudge,
A kitchen drudge, without an art or skill,
And differs widely from a cook indeed,
A master of his trade.
He bears the name
Of general, 'tis true, who heads the army:
But he whose comprehensive mind surveys
The whole, who knows to turn each circumstance
Of time, and place, and action to advantage,—
Foresees what difficulties may occur,
And how to conquer them,—this is the man
Who should be called the general; the other
The mere conductor of the troops, no more.
So in our art it is an easy thing
To boil, to roast, to stew, to fricassee,
To blow the bellows or to stir the fire;
But a professor of the art regards
The time, the place, the inviter, and the guest;
And when the market is well stored with fish,
Knows to select, and to prefer such only
As are in proper season, and in short,
Omits no knowledge that may justly lead
To the perfection of his art. 'Tis true,
Archestratus has written on the subject,
And is allowed by many to have left

Most choice receipts, and curious inventions
Useful and pleasing; yet in many things
He was profoundly ignorant, and speaks
Upon report, without substantial proof
Or knowledge of his own. We must not trust,
Nor give our faith to loose conjectures thus:
For in our art we only can depend
On actual practice and experiment.
Having no fixed and settled laws by which
We may be governed, we must frame our own,
As time and opportunity may serve,
Which if we do not well improve, the art
Itself must suffer by our negligence.

Heniochus.

[Of this period; dates unknown.]

The Demon Guests.

These are towns of every sort,
Which have been crazy now since long ago.
Some one may interrupt and ask me why
They are here before us: I will let him know.
The place in which we meet's the agora
Of Olympia; and fancy to yourselves
The scene is set as for a theater.
Well then, what are these cities doing here?
They came here once to sacrifice to freedom
When they were nearly freed from forced exactions:
After that sacrifice their recklessness
Destroyed them, entertaining stranger guests
Day after day upon the multiple throne;
Namely, two women that have stirred them up,
Always twin lived: Democracy the name
Of one is, Aristocracy the other;
Through whom they've acted since most drunkenly!

Mnesimachus.

[Of this period; dates unknown.]

The Fireeaters.

Dost know whom thou'rt to sup with, friend? I'll tell thee:
With gladiators, not with peaceful guests;
Instead of knives we're armed with naked swords,
And swallow firebrands in the place of food;
Daggers of Crete are served us for confections,

And for a plate of pease a fricassee
Of shattered spears; the cushions we repose on
Are shields and breastplates, at our feet a pile
Of slings and arrows, and our foreheads wreathed
With military ensigns, not with myrtle.

Timocles.

[About B.C. 350–320. Said to have revived the energy of political comedy.]

Demosthenes.

Bid me say anything in preference;
But on this theme, Demosthenes himself
Shall sooner check the torrent of his speech
Than I — Demosthenes! That angry orator,
That bold Briareus, whose tremendous throat,
Charged to the teeth with battering rams and spears
Beats down opposers; brief in speech was he,
But, crossed in argument, his threatening eyes
Flashed fire, whilst thunder volleyed from his lips.

The Ungrateful Mistress.

Wretch that I am,
She had my love when a mere caper-gatherer,
And fortune's smiles as yet were wanting to her.
I never pinched nor spared in my expenses,
Yet now — doors closely barred are the recompense
That waits on former bounties ill bestowed.

The Lessons of Tragedy.

Nay, my good friend, but hear me! I confess
Man is the child of sorrow, and this world,
In which we breathe, hath cares enough to plague us;
But it hath means withal to sooth these cares,
And he who meditates on others' woes
Shall in that meditation lose his own.
Call then the tragic poet to your aid,
Hear him, and take instructions from the stage.
Let Telephus appear: behold a prince,
A spectacle of poverty and pain,
Wretched in both. — And what if you are poor?
Are you a demigod? are you the son
Of Hercules? begone! Complain no more.
Doth your mind struggle with distracting thoughts?

Do your wits wander? are you mad? Alas!
So was Alcmæon, whilst the world adored
His father as their god. Your eyes are dim:
What then? the eyes of Œdipus were dark,
Totally dark. You mourn a son; he's dead:
Turn to the tale of Niobe for comfort,
And match your love with hers. You're lame of foot:
Compare it with the foot of Philoctetes,
And make no more complaint. But you are old,
Old and unfortunate: consult Oëneus;
Hear what a king endured, and learn content.
Sum up your miseries, number up your sighs,
The tragic stage shall give you tear for tear,
And wash out all afflictions but its own.

Xenarchus.

[Contemporary of Timocles.]

Tricks of the Trade.

Poets indeed! — I should be glad to know
Of what they have to boast. Invention — no!
They invent nothing, but they pilfer much,
Change and invert the order, and pretend
To pass it off for new. But fishmongers
Are fertile in resources, they excel
All our philosophers in ready wit
And sterling impudence. The law forbids,
And strictly, too, to water their stale fish —
How do they manage to evade the fine?
Why thus: when one of them perceives the board
Begins to be offensive, and the fish
Look dry and change their color, he begins
A pre-concerted quarrel with his neighbor.
They come to blows: he soon affects to be
Most desperately beaten, and falls down,
As if unable to support himself,
Gasping for breath; another, who the while
(Knowing the secret) was prepared to act,
Seizes a jar of water, aptly placed,
And scatters a few drops of water on his friend,
Then empties the whole vessel on the fish,
Which makes them look so fresh you want to swear
They were just taken from the sea.

Ah, faithless women! when you swear,
I register your oaths in air.

Theophilus.

[Dates uncertain.]

If love be folly, as the schools would prove,
The man must lose his wits who falls in love:
Deny him love, you doom the wretch to death,
And then it follows he must lose his breath.
Good sooth! there is a young and dainty maid
I dearly love, a minstrel she by trade;
What then? Must I defer to pedant rule,
And own that love transforms me to a fool?
Not I, so help me! By the gods I swear,
The nymph I love is fairest of the fair,
Wise, witty, dearer to her poet's sight
Than piles of money on an author's night!
Must I not love her, then? Let the dull sot
Who made the law, obey it! I will not.

"NEW COMEDY."

Menander.

[The greatest name in the "New Comedy," except Philemon; the chief model of Terence and in part of Plautus. Born B.C. 342, died 291.]

A Pure Heart the Best Ceremonial.

If your complaints were serious, 'twould be well
You sought a serious cure: but for weak minds
Weak medicines may suffice. — Go, call around you
The women with their purifying water;
Drug it with salt and lentils, and then take
A treble sprinkling from the holy mess;
Now search your heart: if that reproach you not,
Then, and then only, you are truly pure.

An Early Death Escape from Evil.

The lot of all most fortunate is his,
Who having stayed just long enough on earth
To feast his sight with this fair face of nature,
Sun, sea, and clouds, and Heaven's bright starry fires,
Drops without pain into an early grave.
For what is life, the longest life of man,

But the same scene repeated o'er and o'er?
A few more lingering days to be consumed
In throngs and crowds, with sharpers, knaves, and thieves;
From such the speediest riddance is the best.

The Bane of Envy.

Thou seemst to me, young man, not to perceive
That everything contains within itself
The seeds and sources of its own corruption;
The cankering rust corrodes the brightest steel;
The moth frets out your garment, and the worm
Eats its slow way into the solid oak;
But Envy, of all evil things the worst,
The same to-day, to-morrow, and forever,
Eats and consumes the heart in which it lurks.

Of all bad things with which mankind are curst,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

You say not always wisely, Know Thyself:
Know others, ofttimes is the better maxim.

The Folly of Avarice.

Weak is the vanity that boasts of riches,
For they are fleeting things: were they not such,
Could they be yours to all succeeding time,
'Twere wise to let none share in the possession.
But if whate'er you have is held of fortune,
And not of right inherent, — why, my father,
Why with such niggard jealousy engross
What the next hour may ravish from your grasp,
And cast into some worthless favorite's lap?
Snatch, then, the swift occasion while 'tis yours;
Put this unstable boon to noble uses;
Foster the wants of men, impart your wealth,
And purchase friends: 'twill be more lasting treasure,
And when misfortune comes, your best resource.

Riches No Exemption from Care.

Ne'er trust me, Phanias, but I thought till now
That you rich fellows had the knack of sleeping
A good sound nap, that held you for the night,
And not like us poor rogues, who toss and turn,
Sighing, Ah, me! and grumbling at our duns:

But now I find, in spite of all your money,
You rest no better than your needy neighbors,
And sorrow is the common lot of all.

Man's Miseries Self-Caused.

All creatures are more blest in their condition,
And in their natures worthier than man.
Look at your ass! — a sorry beast, you'll say,
And such in truth he is — poor, hapless thing!
Yet these his sufferings spring not from himself,
For all that Nature gave him he enjoys.
Whilst we, besides our necessary ills,
Make ourselves sorrows of our own begetting:
If a man sneeze, we're sad — for that's ill-luck;
If he traduce us, we run mad with rage;
A dream, a vapor, throws us into terrors,
And let the night owl hoot we melt with fear;
Anxieties, opinions, laws, ambition,
All these are torments we may thank ourselves for.

Dust Thou Art.

When thou wouldst know thereof, what man thou art,
Look at the tombstones as thou passest by;
Within those monuments lie bones and dust
Of monarchs, tyrants, sages, men whose pride
Rose high because of wealth, or noble blood,
Or haughty soul, or loveliness of limb;
Yet none of these things strove for them 'gainst Time:
One common death hath ta'en all mortal men.
See thou to this, and know thee who thou art.

Being a man, ask not release from pain,
But ask the gods for strength to bear thy pain:
If thou wouldst fain escape all woe for aye,
Thou must become a god, or else a corpse.

PHILEMON.

[The second in rank of the poets of the "New Comedy." Began to exhibit about B.C. 330, and lived to be over one hundred, writing plays for nearly seventy years.]

The Honest Man.

ALL are not just because they do no wrong;
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just. I praise not them

Who in their petty dealings pilfer not;
But him whose conscience spurns a secret fraud
When he might plunder and defy surprise —
His be the praise, who looking down with scorn
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
To *be*, not to be thought, an honest man.

Truth.

Now by the gods, it is not in the power
Of painting or of sculpture to express
Aught so divine as the fair form of Truth!
The creatures of their art may catch the eye,
But her sweet nature captivates the soul.

The Chief Good in a Turbulent Age.

Philosophers consume much time and pains
To seek the Sovereign Good, nor is there one
Who yet hath struck upon it: Virtue some
And Prudence some contend for, whilst the knot
Grows harder by their struggle to untie it.
I, a mere clown, in turning up the soil
Have dug the secret forth — all-gracious Jove!
'Tis Peace, most lovely and of all beloved:
Peace is the bounteous goddess who bestows
Weddings and holidays and joyous sports,
Relations, friends, health, plenty, social comforts,
And pleasures which alone make life a blessing.

Misfortune Comes to All.

'Tis not on them alone who tempt the sea
That the storm breaks: it whelms e'en us, O Laches,
Whether we pass the open colonnade,
Or to the inmost shelter of our house
Shrink from its rage. The sailor for a day,
A night perhaps, is bandied up and down,
And then anon reposes, when the wind
Veers for the wished-for point, and wafts him home:
But I know no repose; not one day only,
But every day to the last hour of life
Deeper and deeper I am plunged in woe.

If what we have we use not, and still covet
What we have not, we are cajoled by Fortune
Of present bliss, of future by ourselves.

Two words of nonsense are two words too much;
Whole volumes of good sense will never tire.
What multitudes of lines hath Homer wrote!
Who ever thought he wrote one line too much?

Extremes of fortune are true wisdom's test,
And he's the wisest man who bears them best.

Diphilus.

[Contemporary of Menander and Philemon.]

From off the farm comes once in every year
A cheery ass, to me who love his cheer;
Like hamper burst at once in all its twigs,
Bearing libations, oil, meal, honey, figs.

Time, O my guest, is a wright who works a curse:
He joys in transformations for the worse.

There is no life but evil happenings seize, —
Griefs, cares, and robberies, torments and disease;
Death in physician's guise cuts short their number,
Filling the victim's closing scene with slumber.

To Bacchus.

O friend to the wise, to the children of song
Take me with thee, thou wisest and sweetest, along;
To the humble, the lowly, proud thoughts dost thou bring,
For the wretch who has thee is as blithe as a king;
From the brows of the sage, in thy humorous play,
Thou dost smooth every furrow and wrinkle away;
To the weak thou giv'st strength, to the mendicant gold,
And a slave warmed by thee as a lion is bold.

Suspicious Circumstances.

Wee have in Corinth this good Law in use:
If wee see any person keepe great cheere,
Wee make inquirie, whether he doe worke,
Or if he have Revenues coming in!
If either, then we say no more of him.
But if the Charge exceed his Gaine or Rents,
He is forbidden to run on his course;
If he continue it, he pays a fine;
If he want where withal, he is at last
Taken by sergeants and in prison cast.

For to spend much, and never to get aught,
Is cause of much disorder in the world.
One in the nighttime filcheth from the flocks;
Another breaks a house or else a shop;
A third man gets a share his mouth to stop.
To beare a part in this good fellowship,
One feignes a suit his neighbor to molest,
Another must false witness beare with him;
But such a crue we utterly detest,
And banish from our citie like the pest.

Philippides.

[Flourished about B.C. 320–300.]

When you have erred, be glad that you are blamed;
Thus only is a balanced mind preserved.

It is not hard for those in weakly plight
To tell the lusty ones, "Don't misbehave!"
And 'tis no task to blame the fighting fist,
But to fight personally is not so easy:
Talking is one thing, acting is another.

Desert a Beggar Born.

It grieves me much to see the world so changed,
And men of worth, ingenious and well born,
Reduced to poverty, while cunning knaves,
The very scum of the people, eat their fish,
Bought for two oboli, on plates of silver,
Weighing at least a mina; a few capers,
Not worth three pieces of brass money, served
In lordly silver dish, that weighs at least
As much as fifteen drachmas. In times past
A little cup presented to the gods
Was thought a splendid offering: but such gifts
Are now but seldom seen; and reason good, —
For 'tis no sooner on the altar placed
Than rogues are watching to purloin it thence.

Apollodorus (Carystius).

[Flourished about B.C 300–260.]

Make fast your door with bars of iron quite:
No architect can build a door so tight
But cat and paramour will get through in spite.

Each one by his deeds should be
Illustrious, with humility.

A peaceful life is sweet; it would be blest
And honored, if as peaceful were the rest:
But living wild with monkeys one must be
A monkey. Oh, the life of misery!

When I was young, I pitied those untimely reft in their bloom;
But now when I see the aged borne along to the tomb,
I weep indeed — but for my fate, not for theirs, is the gloom.

A One-Sided Retort.

I do not scorn, Philinus, old men's ways,
Which may be yours when age has come to you,
But yet our fathers are at disadvantage
In this — Unless your sire does something for you,
You rate him, "Haven't you been young yourself?"
But father cannot say in turn to son
When erring — "Haven't you been old yourself?"

There is a certain hospitable air
In a friend's home that tells me I am welcome;
The porter opens to me with a smile,
The yard dog wags his tail, the servant runs,
Beats up the cushion, spreads the couch, and says —
"Sit down, good sir!" ere I can say I'm weary.

EUPHRON.

[Dates unknown.]

TELL me, all-judging Jove, if this be fair, —
To make so short a life so full of care?

Who by his own profession is distrest,
How should he manage well the public chest?

Wretch! find new gods to witness to new lies:
Thy perjuries have made the old too wise!

PHŒNICIDES.

[Flourished about B.C. 272.]

A Courtesan and Her Keepers.

SO HELP me Venus! as I'm fairly sick —
Sick to the soul, my Pythias, of this trade —

No more on't! I'll be no man's mistress, I;
Don't talk to me of Destiny — I've done with't;
I'll hear no prophecies, for mark me well: —
No sooner did I buckle to this business,
Than straight behold a man of war assailed me:
He told me of his battles o'er and o'er,
Showed me good stock of scars, but none of cash —
No, not a doit; but still he vapored much
Of what a certain prince would do, and talked
Of this and that commission — in the clouds:
By which he gulled me of a twelvemonth's hope,
Lived at free cost, and fed me upon love.
At length I sent my man of valor packing,
And a grave son of Physic filled his place:
My house now seemed a hospital of lazars,
And the vile beggar mangled without mercy,
A very hangman bathed in human gore.
My soldier was a prince compared to this,
For his were merry fibs: this son of death
Turned everything he touched into a corpse.
When Fortune, who had yet good store of spite,
Now coupled me to a most learned philosopher;
Plenty of beard he had, a cloak withal,
Enough to spare of each, and more maxims,
More than I could digest, but money — none;
His sect abhorred it; 'twas a thing proscribed
By his philosophy, an evil root,
And when I asked him for a taste, 'twas poison;
Still I demanded it, and for the reason
That he so slightly prized it; all in vain —
I could not wring a drachma from his clutches, —
Defend me, Heaven, from all philosophers!

Posidippus.

[Began to exhibit in 289.]

Our talent gains us much acquaintanceship,
Our soul and manners nearly all our friends.

Strato.

[Uncertain; probably contemporary of the above.]

The Learned Servant.

I've harbored a he-sphinx and not a cook;
For, by the gods, he talked to me in riddles,
And coined new words that pose me to interpret.

No sooner had he entered on his office,
Than, eyeing me from head to foot, he cries —
"How many mortals hast thou bid to supper?"
Mortals! quoth I — what tell you me of mortals?
Let Jove decide on their mortality;
You're crazy, sure: none by that name are bidden.
"No table usher, no one to officiate
As master of the courses?" — No such person;
Moschion and Niceratus and Philinus,
These are my guests and friends, and amongst these
You'll find no table-decker, as I take it.
"Gods! is it possible?" cried he: Most certain,
I patiently replied. He swelled and huffed,
As if, forsooth, I had done him heinous wrong,
And robbed him of his proper dignity;
Ridiculous conceit! — "What offering mak'st thou
To Erysichthon?" he demanded: None.
"Shall not the wide-horned ox be felled?" cries he:
I sacrifice no ox. — "Nor yet a wether?"
Not I, by Jove: a simple sheep, perhaps.
"And what's a wether but a sheep?" cries he.
I'm a plain man, my friend, and therefore speak
Plain language: "What: I speak as Homer does;
And sure a cook may use like privilege,
And more than a blind poet." — Not with me:
I'll have no kitchen Homers in my house!
So pray discharge yourself. — This said, we parted.

Bato.

[Flourished about B.C. 217.]

Being a man, you've erred: in life 'twould be
A miracle to succeed perpetually.

The Scholar.

Good, good, Sibynna!
Ours is no art for sluggards to acquire,
Nor should the hour of deepest midnight see
Us and our volumes parted; still our lamp
Upon its oil is feeding, and the page
Of ancient lore before us: — What, what hath
The Sicyonian deduced? what school points
Have we from him of Chios? Sagest Actides
And Zopyrinus, what are their traditions? —
Thus grapple we with mighty tomes of wisdom,
Sifting and weighing and digesting all.

THE MIMES OF HERONDAS.

[Herondas (or Herodas) flourished probably about B.C. 250.]

(The first three translated by J. A. Symonds: the comments and abstracts by him also.)

The Go-between.

Scene: A Private House, where Metricha, *a young wife, in the absence of her husband,* Mandris, *on the sea, is seated alone within reach of a female slave,* Thressa. Gyllis *comes to pay a visit.*

Metricha — Thressa, some one is knocking at the house door. Won't you run to see whether a visitor has arrived from the country?

Thressa — Who knocks?

Gyllis — It's me.

Thressa — Who are you? Are you afraid to come near?

Gyllis — Well, then, see, I have come up.

Thressa — Who are you, say?

Gyllis — Gyllis, the mother of Philænion. Tell Metricha inside there that I'm here.

Metricha — Invite her in. Who is she?

Thressa — Gyllis.

Metricha — Grandam Gyllis! [*To the slave.*] Turn your back a minute, girl. [*To Gyllis.*] Which of the Fates has coaxed you into coming, Gyllis, to our house? What brings you here like a deity to mortals? I verily believe it must be five months or near it since you, Gyllis, even in a dream, so help me Fate, were seen by any one approaching this door.

Gyllis — I live a long way off, child, and in the lanes the mud is up to one's knees; besides, I have no more strength than a fly. Old age is dragging us down, and the shadow stands anear and waits.

Metricha — Tut, tut! Don't calumniate time in that way! You're strong enough yet, Gyllis, to throttle your neighbors.

Gyllis — Jeer on! That's the way with you young women.

Metricha — Pray don't take fire at what I said.

Gyllis — Well, then, my girl, how long do you mean to go on like a widow, in loneliness, wearing out your solitary bed?

From the day when Mandris set sail for Egypt, ten moons have come and gone, and he does not send you so much as a letter. Truly, he has forgotten, and has drunken at fresh fountains. There, ah, there is the palace of the goddess! For everything, I tell you, that is found upon this earth, or can be found, grows in abundance there in Egypt: riches, gymnasia, power and might, fair sunny skies, glory, splendid shows, philosophers, gold, blooming youths, the temple gardens of twin gods, a king of the best, a museum, wine, all the good things one's heart can wish for, women in bevies — I swear by Hades, the heavens above boast not so many stars — lovely, too, as were the goddesses what time they came to Paris for the prize of beauty (may they not hear me saying this!). But you, poor thing, what is your sort of spirit that you sit and warm that chair? Will you let old age overtake you unawares, and ashes consume your youth? Take another course; for two or three days change your mind: in jocund mirth set up with some new friend! The ship that rides at one anchor is not safely moored. No mortal knows the future. Life is uncertain ever.

Metricha — What are you talking about?

Gyllis — Is there any one near who can overhear us?

Metricha — None that I know of.

Gyllis — Listen, then, to what I have come to tell you after all this time: Gryllus, the son of Matakinë, Patæcius's wife, the fellow who has conquered in five conquests — as a boy at the Pythian games, twice at Corinth with youths in bloom, twice at Olympia with full-grown pugilists — he owns a pretty fortune, too, without having to stir a finger, and as regards the Queen of Love, he is a seal unbroken. The man I'm talking of saw you at the Descent of Misa; fell desperately in love; his bowels burned for you; and now he will not leave my dwelling night or day, my girl, but makes lament to me, and wheedles, and is ready to die of his love-longing. Nay, come, child, Metricha, grant me this one peccadillo. Adjust yourself to the goddess; else will old age, who looks toward you, take you unawares. By doing this you'll get paid twice. See, then, obey my counsels. I love you, by the Fates.

Metricha — Gyllis, whiteness of hair blunts the edge of understanding. As I hope for the return of Mandris and for Demeter to befriend me, I could not have taken words like these from any other woman, but should have taught the lame to sing lame, and turned her out of doors. I beg you never to

come to me again with messages of this kind. Tales that are fit for wantons, go tell to silly girls. Leave Metricha, Pytho's daughter, to warm her chair. Nobody laughs at Mandris with impunity. But, as they say, that's not what Gyllis needs to hear. [*Calling to the slave girl.*] Thressa, rub up the black bowl of whelk; pour in three pints of pure wine, mix with water, and give it us to drink in a big cup. Here, Gyllis, drink!

[1] The rest of the dialogue is too corrupt to be translated. But it appears that Gyllis begins to make excuses for her ill-considered embassy, drinks freely, praises the excellence of Metricha's cellar, takes her leave with compliments, and goes off commending herself to more facile damsels.

[The next mime consists of a speech addressed to a Greek jury by the plaintiff in an action brought against a wealthy sea-captain for assault and battery. The plaintiff is himself a low fellow well known to the whole town for his bad life and infamous vocation; yet he assumes the tone of a practised counsel, breaks out into telling sallies against the character of the defendant, causes the statutes to be read aloud by the clerk of the court, produces a witness, and concludes with a patriotic peroration. The whole piece reads extraordinarily like the parody or burlesque of some Attic oration.]

The Ruffian.

Scene: A Court of Justice in the town of Cos. Battalos *addresses the Jury.*

If that fellow, just because he sails the sea or wears a mantle worth three minæ, while I abide on land and drag about a threadbare cloak and rotten slippers, is to carry away by force one of my own girls without my consent, and that by night, mark you, — I say the security of the city, gentlemen, will be gone, and what you take such pride in, your independence, will be abolished by Thales. His duty it was, knowing who he is and molded out of what clay, to live as I do, trembling with fear before the very lowest of the burghers. But now those men among you who are shields of the city, and who have far more right to brag about their birth than he — they respect the laws, and not one of the burghers ever cudgeled me, foreigner as I am, nor came to break into my house at night, nor set fire to it with torches, nor carried away

with force one of my young women. But that Phrygian who is now called Thales, but was formerly Artimnes, gentlemen of the jury, has done all these things, and has had no regard for law or prefect or archon. (*Turns to the clerk.*) Well, I suppose, clerk, you had better take and read the statute on assault with violence; and do you stop the bung-hole of the water-clock, my friend, till he has finished, so that I may not, as the proverb runs, be throwing good money after bad.

[*Battalos makes the clerk read out a passage of the law, while he bids the slave of the court stop the clepsydra, which times the length of his oration.*]

And if a free man assault a slave woman, or carry her away by force, he shall pay double damages.

[*The clerk stops reading. Battalos goes on with his speech.*]

Those words, gentlemen of the jury, were written by Chærondas, and not by Battalos, the plaintiff in this suit against Thales. If one shall break a door, let him pay a mina, says the lawgiver; if he strike with the fist, another mina; if he burn the house or force entrance, a thousand drachmas; and if he inflict personal injury, the penalty shall be double. For *he* dwelt in a city, Thales; but you have no knowledge of any city, nor indeed of how a city is administered. To-day finds you in Bricindera, yesterday in Abdera; to-morrow, if some one gives you passage money, you will sail maybe to Phaselis. To cut the matter short, gentlemen of the jury, and not to weary you with digressions, I suffered at the hands of Thales what the mouse did when the pitch caught him. I was pummeled, the door of my house was broken in (for which I pay a third as rent), and the lintel overhead was burned. [*Calls to the girl who had been carried off by Thales.*] Come hither, Myrtale, you also, and show yourself to all the folk; don't be ashamed; imagine to yourself that all the jurymen you're looking at are fathers, brothers. Just see, gentlemen, how she's been torn from top to bottom, how that unholy rascal tore her to tatters when he dragged her off by force! Old age, to thee be sacrifices made! Without you, he must have bled for it! [*Turns round to Thales, or to some one in the court who is jeering.*] You laugh? Well, I am a ruffian, and I don't deny it, and Battalos is my name, and my grandsire was Sisymbras, and my father Sisymbriscus, and each and all of us whoremasters —

there! but as for pluck, I'd strangle a lion, if the brute were Thales. [*Addresses the defendant, Thales.*] Perhaps you are in love with Myrtale? Nothing wonderful. I love my loaf. Give this, and you shall get that. Or else, by Jupiter, if you are in heat or so, stuff her price into the palm of Battalos; go take and batter what belongs to you to your own heart's content. [*Addresses the jury.*] There is still one point, gentlemen of the jury — this is the charge I make against yonder fellow — it remains with you, I say, in the absence of witnesses, to pronounce sentence by the rules of equity — should he, however, want to put slaves to the test of torture, I am ready to offer myself also. Here, Thales, take and put me to the rack; only see that the damages are paid into court first. Minos could not make more fair division and distinction by his weighing scales. For the rest, gentlemen of the jury, forget that you are voting for or against Battalos, the brothel keeper. Think that you are acting for all the foreigners established in your town. Now is the time for Cos and Merops to show what they are good for, Thessalus and Herakles the worth of their renown, Asklepios why he removed from Tricca, and for what cause Phœbe gave birth to Leto here. Considering all these matters, hold the helm of justice with right judgment, so that the Phrygian, having felt your lash, may become the better for his punishment, if so be that the proverb transmitted to us from antiquity doth not speak untruth.

[The third mime, which follows, gives us sufficient insight into the behavior of a thoroughly ill-conducted vagabond of a schoolboy. His main vice was gambling in low company. That is the point in the incident of his mistaking Maron for Simon. Pollux informs us that Simon was one of the names for a cast of dice.]

The Schoolmaster.

Scene: A School for Boys, in which there are statues of the Muses. Lampriscus, *the master, is seated there. Enter* Metrotima, *dragging her unwilling son* Kottalos.

Metrotima — May the dear Muses send you something to enjoy, and may you have pleasure in life; so you will promise to drub this boy of mine, till the soul of him, drat it, is left nowhere in his body but the lips. He has ruined me by playing pitch and toss. Yes, Lampriscus, it seems that knuckle-

bones are not enough for him; but he must needs be running after worse mischief. Where the door of the grammar-master stands, or when the cursed tax-day comes round — let me scream like Nannakos — he cannot tell. But the gambling place, where street porters and runaways take up their quarters, is so well known to him that he will point it out to strangers. The unhappy tablets, which I take the pains to spread with wax each month, lie abandoned by his bedpost next the wall, unless perchance he casts a glance on them as though they were the devil; and then, instead of writing something nice, he rubs them bare. His dice — that litter about among the bellows and the nets — are shinier than our oil-flask which we use for everything. But as for spelling out a word, he does not even know his alpha, unless one shouts it five times in his ears. The day before yesterday, when his father was teaching him Maron, what did the pretty fellow do but go and turn Maron into Simon? so that I am driven to call myself a fool for not making him a donkey-boy, instead of putting him to study in the hope of having a support for my declining years. Then if we make him repeat some child's speech — I, or his father, an old man with bad eyes and deaf — the words run out of his head like water from a bottle with a hole in it. "Apollo, the hunter!" I cry out; "even your granny will recite what one asks, and yet she has no schooling — or the first Phrygian you meet upon the road."

But it's no use scolding, for if we go on, he runs away from home, stays out three days and nights, sponging upon his grandmother, a poor old blind woman and destitute; or else he squats up there upon the roof, with his legs stretched out, like a tame ape, peering down. Just fancy what his wretched mother suffers in her entrails when she sees him there. I don't care so much about him indeed. But he smashes all the roofing into broken biscuits; and, when winter comes, I have to pay two shillings for each tile, with tears of anger in my eyes. All the neighbors sing the same old song: "Yonder's the work of master Kottalos, that boy of Metrotima's." And true it is; and I daren't wag a tooth in answer. Look at his back, too, how he's scratched it all over in the wood, till he's no better than a Delian fisher with the creel, who doits his life away at sea. Yet he casts feast days and holidays better than a professional star-gazer; not even sleep will catch him forgetting when you're off your guard. So I beseech you,

Lampriscus, and may these blessed ladies give you prosperous life, and may you light on lucky days, do not . . .

Lampriscus — Nay, Metrotima, you need not swear at him; it will not make him get the less. [*Calls to his pupils.*] Euthies, where are you? Ho, Kokkalos! ho, Phillos! Hurry up, and hoist the urchin on your shoulders; show his rump to the full moon, I say! [*Addresses Kottalos.*] I commend your ways of going on, Kottalos — fine ways, forsooth! It's not enough for you to cast dice, like the other boys here; but you must needs be running to the gambling house and tossing coppers with the common porters! I'll make you more modest than a girl. You shan't stir a straw even, if that's what you want. Where is my cutting switch, the bull's tail, with which I lamm into jail-birds and good-for-nothings. Give it me quick, before I hawk my bile up.

Kottalos — Nay, prithee, Lampriscus, I pray you by the Muses, by your beard, by the soul of Kottis, do not flog me with that cutting, but the other switch.

Lampriscus — But, Kottalos, you are so gone in wickedness that there's not a slave-dealer who'd speak well of you — no, not even in some savage country where the mice gnaw iron.

Kottalos — How many stripes, Lampriscus; tell me, I beg, how many are you going to lay on?

Lampriscus — Don't ask me — ask her.

Kottalos — Oh! oh! how many are you going to give me, if I can last out alive?

Metrotima — As many as the cruel hide can bear, I tell you. [*Lampriscus begins to flog the boy.*]

Kottalos — Stop, stop, I've had enough, Lampriscus.

Lampriscus — Do you then stop your naughtiness!

Kottalos — Never, never again will I be naughty. I swear, Lampriscus, by the dear Muses.

Metrotima — What a tongue you've got in your head, you! I'll shut your mouth up with a gag if you go on bawling.

Kottalos — Nay, then, I am silent. Please don't murder me!

Lampriscus — Let him go, Kokkalos.

Metrotima — Don't stop, Lampriscus, flog him till the sun goes down —

Lampriscus — But he's more mottled than a water-snake —

Metrotima — And he ought to get at least twenty more —

Lampriscus — In addition to his book? —

Metrotima — Even though he learned to read better than Clio herself.

Kottalos — Yah! yah!

[*The boy has been let loose, and is showing signs of indecent joy.*]

Metrotima — Stop your jaw till you've rinsed it with honey. I shall make a careful report of this to my old man, Lampriscus, when I get home; and shall come back quickly with fetters; we'll clamp his feet together; then let him jump about for the Muses he hated to look down on.

(Translation in *Contemporary Review.*)

A Jealous Woman.

Bitinna, the mistress (mother of Batyllis). Gastron, Pyrrhias, Drachon, Cydilla, slaves.

The scene is in the house of Bitinna; Bitinna and Gastron are alone.

Bitinna —
So, Gastron, so! Thou canst not be
Content, it seems, to fondle me?
So proud, thou must to Menon's go
For Amphytæa!

Gastron — Ma'am, I know
Your Amphytæa. . . . I have seen.
The woman. . . .

Bitinna — Talk, talk, talk, to screen
The truth!

Gastron —
Ah, use me as you may,
Your slave; but cease to drink by day
And night my very life-blood!

Bitinna — Oh,
So big of tongue! Cydilla, ho!
Cydilla! [*Enter* Cydilla.]
Where is Pyrrhias? Find him
And bring him. [Cydilla *runs off and instantly returns with* Pyrrhias.]

Pyrrhias —
What's your pleasure?

Bitinna [*pointing to* Gattron] —
Bind him!
Quick, whip the pulley off the pail,
And do it. [*Exit* Pyrrhias. *To* Gastron.]
Sirrah, if I fail

To make thee an instructive case
Of torture, call me to my face
No woman, no, nor half a man.
'Twas I that did it, I began
The mischief, when I treated thee,
Gastron, for human. Thou shalt see.
I am no more the fool, I trow,
Thou think'st me. [*Calling to* PYRRHIAS.]
Come, hast got it?
[PYRRHIAS *returns with the bucket strap.*] Now!
Strip him and bind him.

Gastron — Mercy! oh
Bitinna, mercy!

Bitinna — Strip him. [*To* GASTRON.] Know,
Thou art my slave, my chattel, made
Mine for three dollars duly paid.
And cursed be that detested day
Which brought thee here! What Pyrrhias! Nay,
My eye is on thee. Look alive!
Call that a binding? Tighter! Drive
It in and through! I'll have it cut
His arms off.

Gastron —
Pardon, pardon but
This once, my lady. Being flesh,
I sinned; but catch me in a fresh
Infraction of your will or way —
Then have me branded!

Bitinna — Better pray
To Amphytæa! Roll at her
Those eyes, who pleases to prefer
My foot-rug for her pillow! Ugh!

Pyrrhias —
Please you, he's fastened.

Bitinna — Mark him, you,
If he slips out. Take him away
To Hermon's whipping-house; and say,
He is to have two thousand, one
Thousand upon the back, and one
Upon the belly —

Gastron — Must I go,
Madam, to death, before you know
So much as if the alleged trans-ression
Be proven . . . ?

Bitinna — By your own confession,
Your "pardon but this once!"
Gastron — To cool
Your answer was it spoken.
Bitinna [*to Pyrrhias*] — Fool,
To stand and stare! Cydilla, slap
The rascal's hideous victual-trap.
Go where I told thee. Quick, depart;
And thou, if Pyrrhias will but start,
Go, Drachon, too. Cydilla, slave,
'Twould be considerate if you gave
The fiend a rag or so to grace
His passage through the market pla[illegible].
Now, Pyrrhias, I'll repeat it: say
From me to Hermon, he's to lay
Two thousand on: a thousand here,
And there a thousand. Do you hear?
From this if you one inch deflect,
Your person answers the neglect,
And pays with interest. Off!
[PYRRHIAS *with* GASTRON *begins to go;* BITINNA *stops him with a gesture.*]
And please
To take him not by Miccale's,
But straight. (*Exeunt* PYRRHIAS *and* GASTRON.)
And one thing I forgot —
Run, run, Cydilla (he is not
Yet far), and call him.
Cydilla [*in sudden distress*] — Pyrrhias! Hi!
Art deaf? Alas! she's calling.
Bitinna — Ay,
As hard upon his fellow-slave,
As if the wretch had robbed a grave!
But, Pyrrhias, mark! Though he is sent
Now in your charge to punishment,
Cydilla, sure as these are two
[*Holding up and shaking at him two of her fingers.*]
Within four days shall witness you
Lodged in the jail, and fretting there
Those anklets which you lately wear.
Hark you! His bonds are to remain
So, till you both come back again.
Fetch Cosis, the tattooer, who
Must bring his ink and needles too;

And while we have him, I will see
He puts some ornament on thee:
'Twill save a journey. "Equal fine
For cat and mouse!"

Cydilla — Nay, mother mine,
Not now, not now! Oh, as you pray
To see the happy wedding day
Of your Batyllis, to embrace
Her children, grant one little grace:
Pardon this once.

Bitinna — Cydilla! There!
Your worries, if you don't take care,
I'll run away! — Well, folks may scoff;
I'll let the deep-dyed rascal off;
Though every woman in the place
Might spit contempt upon my face,
"Which is so little royal!" — Yet,
Since he's so liable to forget
He's mortal, he shall have it now
Writ for reminder on his brow.

Cydilla —
This is the twentieth, and before
The Day of Souls come only four.

Bitinna —
First, then, I now discharge you; bless
For that, Cydilla, (dear not less
Than my Batyllis she to me;
These arms have nursed her); presently
The Banquet of the Dead, with least
Expense, will serve your marriage feast.

HYMN TO ZEUS.

By CLEANTHES.

[Stoic philosopher: succeeded Zeno in his school about B.C. 270.]

(Translated by Edward Beecher.)

Great Jove, most glorious of the immortal gods,
Wide known by many names, Almighty One,
King of all nature, ruling all by law.

We mortals thee adore, as duty calls;
For thou our father art, and we thy sons,
On whom the gift of speech thou hast bestowed
Alone of all that live and move on earth.
Thee, therefore, will I praise; and ceaseless show
To all thy glory and thy mighty power.
This beauteous system circling round the earth
Obeys thy will, and wheresoe'er thou leadest,
Freely submits itself to thy control.
Such is, in thine unconquerable hands,
The two-edged, fiery, deathless thunderbolt;
Thy minister of power, before whose stroke
All nature quails and, trembling, stands aghast
By which the common reason thou dost guide,
Pervading all things, filling radiant worlds,
The sun, the moon, and all the host of stars.
So great art thou, the universal king,
Without thee naught is done on earth, O God!
Nor in the heavens above, nor in the sea;
Naught save the deeds unwise of sinful men.
Yet harmony from discord thou dost bring;
That which is hateful, thou dost render fair;
Evil and good dost so coördinate,
That everlasting reason shall bear sway,
Which sinful men, blinded, forsake and shun,
Deceived and hapless, seeking fancied good.
The law of God they will not see nor hear;
Which if they would obey, would lead to life.
But they unhappy rush, each in his way: —
For glory some in eager conflict strive;
Others are lost inglorious, seeking gain;
To pleasure others turn, and sensual joys,
Hasting to ruin, whilst they seek for life.
But thou, O Jove! the giver of all good,
Darting the lightning from thy house of clouds,
Permit not man to perish darkling thus;
From folly save them; bring them to the light;
Give them to know the everlasting law
By which in righteousness thou rulest all,
That we, thus honored, may return to thee
Meet honor, and with hymns declare thy deeds,
And though we die, hand down thy deathless praise,
Since not to men nor gods is higher meed
Than ever to extol with righteous praise
The glorious, universal King Divine.

INVASION OF GREECE BY THE GAULS, B.C. 279.

By PAUSANIAS.

(Translated by J. G. Frazer.)

[Pausanias, Greek antiquarian and art cataloguer, lived under Hadrian and the Antonines, middle of the second century A.D. His chief work, still extant in full, was the "Periegesis (Guide-Book) of Hellas," very valuable not only for its topographical descriptions, but its account of art objects.]

The Gauls inhabit the farthest parts of Europe, on the shore of a great sea (Northern Ocean) which at its extremities is not navigable. The sea ebbs and flows, and contains beasts quite unlike those in the rest of the sea. The name Gauls came into vogue late, for of old the people were called Celts both by themselves and others. A host of them mustered and marched toward the Ionian Sea; they dispossessed the Illyrian nation and the Macedonians, as well as all the intervening peoples, and overran Thessaly. When they were come near to Thermopylæ, most of the Greeks awaited passively the attack of the barbarians; for they had suffered heavily before at the hands of Alexander and Philip, and afterwards the nation had been brought low by Antipater and Cassander, so that in their weakness each thought it no shame to refrain from taking part in the national defense.

But the Athenians, although they were more exhausted than any of the Greeks by the long Macedonian war and many defeats in battle, nevertheless appointed Callipus to the command, and hastened to Thermopylæ with such of the Greeks as volunteered. Having seized the narrowest part of the pass, they attempted to hinder the barbarians from entering into Greece. But the Celts discovered the pass by which Ephialtes the Trachinian once guided the Medes; and, after overpowering the Phocians, who were posted on it, they crossed Mount Œta before the Greeks were aware. Then it was that the Athenians rendered a great service to Greece; for on both sides, surrounded as they were, they kept the barbarians at bay. But their comrades on the ships labored the most; for at Thermopylæ the Samnian Gulf is a swamp, the cause of which, it seems to me, is the warm water which here flows into the sea. So their trial was the greater; for when they had taken the Greeks on board, they made shift to sail through the mud in ships weighed down with arms and men.

But the Gauls were inside of Pylæ; and, scorning to capture the other towns, they were bent on plundering Delphi and the treasures of the gods. The Delphians, and those of the Phocians who inhabit the cities round about Parnassus, put themselves in array against them, and there came also a force of Ætolians; for at that time the Ætolian race excelled in youthful vigor. But when they came to close quarters, thunderbolts and rocks, breaking away from Parnassus, came hurtling down upon the Gauls; and dreadful shapes of men in arms appeared against the barbarians. They say that two of these phantom warriors, Hyperochus and Amadocus, came from the Hyperboreans, and the third was Pyrrhus, son of Achilles.

Most of the Gauls crossed to Asia in ships and plundered the seacoast. But afterwards the people of Pergamus, which was called Teuthrania of old, drove them away from the sea into the country now called Galatia. They captured Ancyra, a city of the Phrygians, founded in former days by Midas, son of Gordius, and took possession of the land beyond the Sangarius. The anchor which Midas found still existed even down to my time, in the sanctuary of Zeus; and there is a fountain called the fountain of Midas —they say that Midas mixed wine with the water of the fountain to catch Silenus. This town of Ancyra, then, was captured by the Gauls, and likewise Pessinus, under Mount Agdistis, where they say that Attis Agdistis is buried. The Pergamenians have spoils taken from the Gauls, and a picture representing the battle with them.

The first foreign expedition of the Celts was made under the leadership of Cambaules. They advanced as far as Thrace, but did not dare to push on any farther, conscious that they were too few in numbers to cope with the Greeks. But when they resolved a second time to carry their arms into an enemy's camp, — a step to which they were chiefly instigated by the men who had been out with Cambaules, and in whom the experience of marauding had bred a love of plunder and booty, — a large force of infantry assembled, and there was no lack of recruits for the cavalry. So the leaders divided the army into three parts, and each was ordered to march against a different country. Cerethrius was to lead his force against the Thracians and the Triballian tribe; Brennus and Acichorius commanded the army destined to attack Pœonia; while Bolgius marched against the Macedonians and Illyrians, and engaged in conflict with Ptolemy, then king of Macedonia. It was this

Ptolemy who first sought the protection of Seleucus, son of Antiochus, and then assassinated his protector, and whose excessive daring earned him the nickname of Thunderbolt. Ptolemy himself fell in the battle, and the Macedonian loss was heavy; but again the Celts had not the courage to march against Greece, and so the second expedition returned home again.

Hereupon Brennus, at public assemblies and in private assemblies with the leading men, energetically urges an expedition against Greece, pointing to the present weakness of Greece, to the wealth of her public treasures, and to the still greater wealth stored up in her sanctuaries in the shape of offerings and of gold and silver coin. So he prevailed on the Gauls to march against Greece, and amongst his colleagues in command, whom he chose from among the leading men, was Acichorius. The assembled army numbered 152,000 foot and 20,400 horse. But though that was the number of the cavalry always on service, the real number was 61,200; for every trooper was attended by two servants, who were themselves good riders and were provided with horses. When the cavalry was engaged, the servants kept in the rear and made themselves useful thus: — If a trooper had his horse killed, the servant brought him a fresh mount; if the trooper himself was slain, the slave mounted his master's horse; but if both horse and man were killed, the slave was ready mounted to take their place. If the man was wounded, one of the slaves brought the wounded man off the field to the camp, while the other took his place in the ranks. — Such was the force and such the intentions with which Brennus marched against Greece.

The spirit of the Greeks had fallen very low, but the very excess of their fear roused them to the necessity of defending Greece. They saw that the struggle would not now be for freedom, as it had been in the Persian War, and that safety was not to be had by a gift of water and earth; for the fate that had overtaken the Macedonians, Thracians, and Pæonians in the former inroads of the Gauls were still fresh in their memory, and reports were reaching them of the atrocities that even then were being perpetrated on the Thessalians. Death or victory, that was the alternative that every man and every state prepared to face. . . .

To meet the barbarians who had come from the ocean, the following Greek forces marched to Thermopylæ: 10,000

heavy-armed infantry and 500 horse from Bœotia; the Bœotarchs were Cephisodotus, Thearidas, Diogenes, and Lysander. From Phocis, 500 horse, and infantry to the number of 3000, under the command of Critobulus and Antiochus. The Locrians, who dwell opposite the island of Atalanta, were led by Midias; their number was 700; they had no cavalry. From Megara there came 400 heavy infantry; the Megarian cavalry was led by Megareus. The Ætolian force was very numerous, and included every arm. The strength of their cavalry is not given. Their light infantry numbered ninety and —, their heavy infantry numbered 7000. The Ætolians were led by Polyarchus, Polyphron, and Lacrates. The general of the Athenians was Callippus, son of Mœrocles, as I have mentioned before, and the Athenian forces consisted of all their seaworthy galleys, 500 horse, and 1000 foot. In virtue of their ancient prestige, they held the command. The kings of Macedonia and Asia contributed 500 mercenaries each. When the Greeks who were assembled at Thermopylæ learned that the Gallic army had already reached Magnesia and the district of Phthiotis, they resolved to send a detachment, consisting of the cavalry and 1000 light infantry, to the Spercheus to dispute the passage of the river. On reaching the river the detachment broke down the bridges and encamped on the bank. But Brennus was no fool, and had, for a barbarian, a pretty notion of strategy. Accordingly, that very night he dispatched a force, not to the places where the old bridges had stood, but lower down the river, in order that they might effect the passage unperceived by the Greeks. At this point the Spercheus spread its waters over the plain, forming a marsh and a lake instead of a narrow rushing stream. Thither, then, Brennus sent some 10,000 Gauls who could swim, or were taller than their fellows; and the Celts are by far the tallest race in the world. This force passed the river in the night by swimming the lagoon, the men using their national bucklers as rafts. The tallest of them were able to cross the water on foot. No sooner were the Greeks on the Spercheus informed that a detachment of the enemy had passed the marsh than they immediately fell back on the main body.

Brennus ordered the people who dwell round the Malian Gulf to bridge the Spercheus. They executed the task with alacrity, actuated at once by a fear of Brennus, and by a desire to get the barbarians out of their country, and thus to save it

from further devastation. When he had led his army across the bridges, he marched on Heraclea. The Gauls plundered the district, and butchered all whom they caught in the fields, but failed to take the city, for the year before the Ætolians had compelled Heraclea to join their confederacy; so now they bestirred themselves in defense of a town which they regarded as belonging as much to them as to its inhabitants. Brennus himself cared little about Heraclea, but was bent on dislodging the enemy from the passes, and penetrating into the interior of Greece, south of Thermopylæ.

He had been informed by deserters of the strength of the Greek contingents assembled at Thermopylæ, and the information inspired him with a contempt for the enemy. So, advancing from Heraclea, he offered battle the next morning at sunrise. He had no Greek soothsayer with him, and he consulted no sacrificial omens after the manner of his people, if indeed the Celts possess an art of divination. The Greeks came on in silence and in order. On engaging, the enemy did not disturb their formation by charging out from the ranks; and the skirmishers, standing their ground, hurled darts and plied their bows and slings. The cavalry on both sides was useless; for the ground at Thermopylæ is not only narrow, but also smooth by reason of the natural rock, and mostly slippery owing to the numerous streams. The Gauls were the worse equipped, their national shields being their only defensive weapon; and in military skill they were still more inferior. They advanced on the foe with the blind rage and passion of wild beasts. Hacked with axes or swords, their fury did not desert them so long as they drew breath; run through with darts and javelins, they abated not of their courage while life remained; some even tore from their wounds the spears with which they had been hit, and hurled them at the Greeks, or used them at close quarters. Meanwhile the Athenian fleet, with much difficulty and at some risk, stood close into the shore, through the mud which pervades the sea for a great distance, and laying the ships, as nearly as might be, alongside the enemy, raked his flank with a fire of missiles and arrows. The Celts were now unspeakably weary; on the narrow ground the losses which they suffered were double or fourfold what they inflicted; and at last their leaders gave the signal to retreat to the camp. Retiring in disorder and without any formation, many were trampled under foot by

their comrades; many fell into the swamp and disappeared beneath the mud; and thus their losses in the retreat were as heavy as in the heat of action.

On that day the Attic troops outdid all the Greeks in valor; and amongst them the bravest was Cydias; he was young, and it was his first battle. He was slain by the Gauls, and his kinsmen dedicated his shield to Zeus of Freedom, with the following inscription: —

"I hang here, missing sadly the bloom of Cydias' youth,
I, the shield of a glorious man, and an offering to Zeus;
I was the first shield through which he thrust his left arm
When rushing Ares raged against the Gaul."

The inscription remained till the shields in the Colonnade of Zeus of Freedom, with other things at Athens, were removed by the soldiers of Sulla.

After the battle at Thermopylæ the Greeks buried their dead and spoiled the barbarians. The Gauls sent no herald to request permission to take up their dead, and deemed it a matter of indifference whether they were laid in earth or were devoured by wild beasts and the birds that prey upon corpses. Their apathy as to the burial of the dead resulted, it seems to me, from two motives: a wish to strike awe into the enemy, and a habitual carelessness toward the deceased. Forty of the Greeks fell in the battle; the exact loss of the barbarians could not be ascertained, for the number that sank under the mud was great.

On the sixth day after the battle a corps of the Gauls attempted to ascend Mount Œta from Heraclea; for here, too, a narrow footpath leads up the mountain just beyond the ruins of Trachis. In those days there was also a sanctuary of Athena above the territory of Trachis, with offerings in it. So they hoped to ascend Œta by this footpath, and to secure the treasures of the sanctuary. [The garrison under Telesarchus] defeated the barbarians; but Telesarchus himself fell —a Greek patriot if ever there was one.

All the barbarian leaders except Brennus now stood in terror of the Greeks, and were perplexed as to the future, seeing that their enterprise made no progress. But it occurred to Brennus that if he could force the Ætolians to return home to Ætolia, his operations against the Greeks would be much

facilitated. So he detached from his army a force of forty thousand foot and some eight hundred horse, and placed it under the command of Orestorius and Combutis. These troops marched back by the bridges over the Spercheus, retraced their steps through Thessaly, and invaded Ætolia. The sack of Callium by Combutis and Orestorius was the most atrocious and inhuman in history. They put the whole male sex to the sword; old men and babes at their mothers' breasts were butchered alike; and after killing the fattest of the sucklings, they even drank their blood and ate their flesh. All matrons and marriageable maidens who had a spark of spirit anticipated their fate by dispatching themselves when the city was taken; but the survivors were forcibly subjected to every kind of outrage by beings who were equal strangers to pity and to love. Such women as chanced to find an enemy's sword, laid hands on themselves; the rest soon perished from want of food and sleep, the ruthless barbarians outraging them in turn, and glutting their lust on the persons even of the dying and dead.

Apprised by messengers of the disasters that had befallen them, the Ætolians immediately set out from Thermopylæ and hastened with all speed to Ætolia, moved with rage at the sack of Callium, but still more with a desire to save the towns which had not yet fallen. From all their towns, too, poured forth the men of military age; even the old men, roused by the emergency, were to be seen in the ranks. The very women marched with them as volunteers, their exasperation at the Gauls exceeding even that of the men. After pillaging the houses and sanctuaries, and firing the town of Callium, the barbarians set out to return. Here they were met by the Patreans, the only Achaians who came to the aid of the Ætolians. Being trained infantry, the Patreans attacked the barbarians in front, but suffered heavily from the numbers and desperation of the Gauls. The Ætolians, on the other hand, men and women, lined the whole road, and kept up a fire of missiles on the barbarians; and as the latter had nothing but their national shields, few shots were thrown away. Pursued by the Gauls, they easily escaped; and then, when their enemies were returning from the pursuit, they fell upon them again with vigor. Hence, dreadful as had been the fate of the people of Callium, — so dreadful, indeed, that in the light of it even Homer's account of the Læstrygones and the Cyclops appears not to be exaggerated, —

yet they were amply avenged ; for out of the 40,800 barbarians less than half returned alive to the camp at Thermopylæ.

Meanwhile the Greeks at Thermopylæ fared as follows : There are two paths over Mount Œta ; one starting above Trachis, is exceedingly steep and in most places precipitous ; the other, leading through the territory of the Ænianians, is more passable for an army. It was by this latter path that Hydarnes, the Mede, once fell on the rear of Leonidas and his men, and by it the Heracleots and Ænianians now offered to lead Brennus, not from any ill will they bore the Greeks, but merely because they would give much to rid their country of the destroying presence of the Celts. Pindar, it seems to me, is right when he says that every man is weighed down by his own troubles and is callous to the sorrows of others. Incited by the promise held out to him by the Ænianians and Heracleots, Brennus left Acichorius in command of the army, with orders to advance to the attack the moment the Greeks were surrounded. Then at the head of a detachment of forty thousand men he set off by the path. It happened that on that day the mist came down thick on the mountain, darkening the sun, so that the Phocian pickets stationed on the path did not perceive the approach of the barbarians till they were close upon them. Attacked by the enemy, they stood bravely to their arms, but were at last overpowered and driven from the path. Nevertheless, they succeeded in running down to their friends, and bringing them word of what was taking place before they were completely surrounded. This gave the Athenian fleet time to withdraw the Greek army from Thermopylæ ; and so the troops dispersed to their several homes.

Brennus lost not a moment, but, without waiting to be joined by the army he had left under Acichorius in the camp, marched on Delphi. The trembling inhabitants betook themselves to the oracle, and the god bade them have no fear. "For," said he, "I will myself guard my own." The Greeks who rallied in the defense of the god were these : the Phocians, who came forth from every city, 400 infantry from Amphissa, and a handful from Ætolia. This small force was dispatched by the Ætolians as soon as they heard of the advance of the barbarians ; afterwards they sent 200 men under Philomelus. But the flower of the Ætolian troops advanced against the army of Acichorius, and without giving battle hung on his rear, capturing his baggage trains and killing his men. This was the chief cause of the

slowness of his march. Besides, he had left behind at Heraclea a corps to guard the camp baggage.

Meantime the Greeks who had mustered at Delphi drew out in order of battle against the army of Brennus, and soon, to confound the barbarians, the god sent signs and wonders, the plainest that ever were seen. For all the ground occupied by the army of the Gauls quaked violently most of the day, and thunder rolled and lightning flashed continually, the claps of thunder stunning the Celts and hindering them from hearing the words of command, while the bolts from heaven set fire not only to the men upon whom they fell, but to all who were near them, men and arms alike. Then, too, appeared to them the phantoms of the heroes Hyperochus, Laodocus, Pyrrhus; some add to these a fourth, to wit, Phylacus, a local hero of Delphi. Of the Phocians themselves many fell in the action, and amongst them Aleximachus, who, on that day, above all the Greeks, did everything that youth and strength and valor could do in slaying the barbarians. The Phocians had a statue of him made and sent it to Apollo at Delphi. Such were the sufferings and terrors by which the barbarians were beset all that livelong day; and the fate that was in store for them in the night was more dismal far. For a keen frost set in, and with the frost came snow, and great rocks came slipping from Parnassus, and crags breaking off, made straight for the barbarians, crushing to death not one or two, but thirty or more at a blow, as they chanced to be grouped together on guard or in slumber.

At sunrise the Greeks advanced upon them from Delphi. All except the Phocians came straight on; but the Phocians, more familiar with the ground, descended the precipices of Parnassus through the snow and getting in the rear of the Celts unperceived, showered their darts and arrows on the barbarians in perfect security. At first, despite the cross-fire of missiles and the bitter cold which told on them, and especially on the wounded, not less cruelly than the arrows of the enemy, the Gauls made a gallant stand, and especially Brennus's own company, the tallest and most stalwart of them all. But when Brennus himself was wounded and carried fainting from the field, the barbarians, beset on every side, fell sullenly back, butchering as they went their comrades, whom wounds or sickness disabled from attending the retreat.

They encamped on the spot where night overtook them on the retreat; but in the night a panic fear fell on them. Cause-

less fears, they say, are inspired by Pan. It was late in the evening when the confusion arose in the army, and at first it was a mere handful who lost their heads, fancying they heard the trampling of charging horses and the onset of foemen ; but soon the delusion spread to the whole army. So they snatched up their arms, and taking sides, dealt death and received it. For they understood not their mother tongue, nor perceived each other's forms and the shapes of their bucklers, both sides alike in their present infatuation fancying that their adversaries were Greeks, that their arms were Greek, and that the language they spoke was Greek. So the God-sent madness wrought a very great slaughter among the Gauls at the hands of each other. The Phocians, who were left in the field to watch the herds, were the first to perceive and report to the Greeks what had befallen the barbarians in the night. Then the Phocians took heart and pressed the Celts more vigorously than ever, keeping a stricter watch on their encampments, and not suffering them to forage unresisted. This immediately produced a dreadful scarcity of corn and all other necessaries throughout the whole Gallic army. Their losses in Phocis amounted to a little under 6000 in action, over 10,000 in the wintry night and the subsequent panic, and as many more by famine.

The Athenians sent scouts to see what was doing at Delphi. When these men returned and reported all that had befallen the barbarians, and what the god had done to them, the Athenians took the field, and on the march through Bœotia were joined by the Bœotians. Their united forces followed the barbarians, lying in wait for and cutting off the hindmost. The fugitives under Brennus had been joined by the army of Acichorius only the night before ; for the march of the latter had been retarded by the Ætolians, who pelted them freely with darts and anything else that came to hand, so that only a small part of them escaped to the camp at Heraclea. Brennus's hurts still left him a chance of life ; but they say that from fear of his countrymen, and still more from wounded pride as the author of the disastrous campaign in Greece, he put an end to himself by drinking neat wine. After that the barbarians made their way with difficulty to the Spercheus, hotly pressed by the Ætolians. But from the Spercheus onward the Thessalians and Malians lay in wait, and swallowed them up so completely that not a man of them returned home.

IDYLS OF THEOCRITUS.

(Translation and introductions by Andrew Lang.)

[Theocritus, the creator of the pastoral poem, was born at Syracuse, and lived later at Alexandria under Ptolemy Philadelphus; his palmiest period being about 270. He developed the responsive verse contest of shepherds into the bucolic "idyl" — "sketch" — of country and sometimes city life.]

Idyl II.

Simætha, madly in love with Delphis, who has forsaken her, endeavors to subdue him to her by magic, and by invoking the Moon in her character of Hecate and of Selene. She tells the tale of the growth of her passion, and vows vengeance if her magic arts are unsuccessful. The scene is probably some garden beneath the moonlit sky, near the town, and within sound of the sea. The characters are Simætha and Thestylis her handmaid.

Where are my laurel leaves? come, bring them, Thestylis; and where are the love charms? Wreath the bowl with bright red wool, that I may knit the witch knots against my grievous lover, who for twelve days, oh, cruel, has never come hither, nor knows whether I am alive or dead, nor has once knocked at my door, unkind that he is! Hath Love flown off with his light desires by some other path — Love and Aphrodite? To-morrow I will go to the wrestling school of Timagetus, to see my love and to reproach him with all the wrong he is doing me. But now I will bewitch him with my enchantments! Do thou, Selene, shine clear and fair; for softly, goddess, to thee will I sing, and to Hecate of Hell. The very whelps shiver before her as she fares through black blood and across the barrows of the dead.

Hail, awful Hecate! to the end be thou of our company, and make this medicine of mine no weaker than the spells of Circe, or of Medea, or of Perimede of the golden hair.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Lo, how the barley grain first smolders in the fire, — nay, toss on the barley, Thestylis! Miserable maid, where are thy wits wandering? Even to thee, wretched that I am, have I become a laughing-stock, even to thee? Scatter the grain, and cry thus the while, "'Tis the bones of Delphis I am scattering!"

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Delphis troubled me, and I against Delphis am burning this aurel; and even as it crackles loudly when it has caught the

flame, and suddenly is burned up, and we see not even the dust thereof, lo, even thus may the flesh of Delphis waste in the burning!

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Even as I melt this wax, with the god to aid, so speedily may he by love be molten, the Myndian Delphis! And as whirls this brazen wheel, so restless, under Aphrodite's spell, may he turn and turn about my doors.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Now will I burn the husks, and thou, O Artemis, hast power to move Hell's adamantine gates, and all else that is as stubborn. Thestylis, hark, 'tis so; the hounds are baying up and down the town! The goddess stands where the three ways meet! Hasten, and clash the brazen cymbals.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Lo, silent is the deep, and silent the winds, but never silent the torment in my breast. Nay, I am all on fire for him that made me, miserable me, no wife, but a shameful thing, a girl no more a maiden.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Three times do I pour libation, and thrice, my Lady Moon, I speak this spell: — Be it with a friend that he lingers, be it with a leman he lies, may he as clean forget them as Theseus, of old, in Dia, — so legends tell, — did utterly forget the fair-tressed Ariadne.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Coltsfoot is an Arcadian weed that maddens, on the hills, the young stallions and fleet-footed mares. Ah! even as these may I see Delphis; and to this house of mine, may he speed like a madman, leaving the bright palestra.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

This fringe from his cloak Delphis lost; that now I shred and cast into the cruel flame. Ah, ah, thou torturing Love, why clingest thou to me like a leech of the fen and drainest all the black blood from my body?

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Lo, I will crush an eft, and a venomous draught to-morrow I will bring thee!

But now, Thestylis, take these magic herbs and secretly smear the juice on the jambs of his gate (whereat, even now,

my heart is captive, though nothing he recks of me), and spit, and whisper, "'Tis the bones of Delphis that I smear."

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

And now that I am alone, whence shall I begin to bewail my love? Whence shall I take up the tale: who brought on me this sorrow? The maiden bearer of the mystic vessel came our way, Anaxo, daughter of Eubulus, to the grove of Artemis; and behold, she had many other wild beasts paraded for that time, in the sacred show, and among them a lioness.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

And the Thracian servant of Theucharides — my nurse that is but lately dead, and who then dwelt at our doors — besought me and implored me to come and see the show. And I went with her, wretched woman that I am, clad about in a fair and sweeping linen stole, over which I had thrown the holiday dress of Clearista.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Lo! I was now come to the midpoint of the highway, near the dwelling of Lycon, and there I saw Delphis and Eudamippus walking together. Their beards were more golden than the golden flower of the ivy; their breasts (they coming fresh from the glorious wrestler's toil) were brighter of sheen than thyself, Selene!

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Even as I looked I loved, loved madly, and all my heart was wounded, woe is me, and my beauty began to wane. No more heed took I of that show, and how I came home I know not; but some parching fever utterly overthrew me, and I la abed ten days and ten nights.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

And oftentimes my skin waxed wan as the color of boxwood, and all my hair was falling from my head, and what was left of me was but skin and bones. Was there a wizard to whom I did not seek, or a crone to whose house I did not resort, of them that have art magical? But this was no light malady, and the time went fleeting on.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Thus I told the true story to my maiden, and said, "Go, Thestylis, and find me some remedy for this sore disease. Ah me, the Myndian possesses me, body and soul! Nay, depart,

and watch by the wrestling ground of Timagetus, for there is his resort, and there he loves to loiter.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

"And when thou art sure he is alone, nod to him secretly, and say 'Simætha bids thee to come to her,' and lead him hither privily." So I spoke; and she went and brought the bright-limbed Delphis to my house. But I, when I beheld him just crossing the threshold of the door, with his light step, —

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Grew colder all than snow, and the sweat streamed from my brow like the dank dews, and I had no strength to speak, nay, nor to utter as much as children murmur in their slumber, calling to their mother dear: and all my fair body turned stiff as a puppet of wax.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

* * * * * * *

Faultless was I in his sight, till yesterday, and he, again, in nine. But there came to me the mother of Philistæ, my flute player, and the mother of Melixo, to-day, when the horses of the sun were climbing the sky, bearing dawn of the rosy arms from the ocean stream. Many another thing she told me; and chiefly this, that Delphis is a lover, and whom he loves she vowed she knew not surely, but this only, that ever he filled up his cup with the unmixed wine, to drink a toast to his dearest. And at last he went off hastily, saying that he would cover with garlands the dwelling of his love.

This news my visitor told me, and she speaks the truth. For indeed, at other seasons, he would come to me three or four times in the day, and often would leave with me his Dorian oil flask. But now it is the twelfth day since I have even looked on him! Can it be that he has not some other delight, and has forgotten me? Now with magic rites I will strive to bind him, but if he still vexes me, he shall beat, by the Fates I vow it, at the gate of Hell. Such evil medicines I store against him in a certain coffer, the use whereof, my lady, an Assyrian stranger taught me.

But do thou farewell, and turn thy steeds to Ocean, lady, and my pain I will bear, as even till now, I have endured it. Farewell, Selene, bright and fair, farewell, ye other stars, that follow the wheels of quiet Night.

Idyl X. — The Reapers

This is an idyl of the same genre as Idyl IV. The sturdy reaper, Milon, as he levels the swaths of corn, derides his languid and lovelorn companion, Battus. The latter defends his gypsy love in verses which have been the keynote of much later poetry, and which echo in the fourth book of Lucretius and in the "Misanthrope" of Molière. Milon replies with the song of Lityerses — a string, apparently, of popular rural couplets, such as Theocritus may have heard chanted in the fields.

Milon — Thou toilsome clod; what ails thee now, thou wretched fellow? Canst thou neither cut thy swath straight, as thou wert wont to do, nor keep time with thy neighbor in thy reaping, but thou must fall out, like an ewe that is foot-pricked with a thorn and straggles from the herd? What manner of man wilt thou prove after midnoon and at evening, thou that dost not prosper with thy swathe when thou art fresh begun?

Battus — Milon, thou that canst toil till late, thou chip of the stubborn stone, has it never befallen thee to long for one that was not with thee?

Milon — Never! What has a laboring man to do with hankering after what he has not got?

Battus — Then it never befell thee to lie awake for love?

Milon — Forbid it; 'tis an ill thing to let the dog once taste of pudding.

Battus — But I, Milon, am in love for almost eleven days!

Milon — 'Tis easily seen that thou drawest from a wine cask, while even vinegar is scarce with me.

Battus — And for Love's sake the fields before my doors are untilled since seedtime.

Milon — But which of the girls afflicts thee so?

Battus — The daughter of Polybotas, she that of late was wont to pipe to the reapers on Hippocoon's farm.

Milon — God has found out the guilty! Thou hast what thou'st long been seeking, that grasshopper of a girl will lie by thee the night long!

Battus — Thou art beginning thy mocks of me; but Plutus is not the only blind god; he too is blind, the heedless Love! Beware of talking big.

Milon — Talk big I do not! Only see that thou dost level the corn, and strike up some love ditty in the wench's praise.

More pleasantly thus wilt thou labor, and, indeed, of old thou wert a melodist.

Battus — Ye Muses Pierian, sing ye with me the slender maiden, for whatsoever ye do but touch, ye goddesses, ye make wholly fair.

They all call thee a *gypsy*, gracious Bombyca, and *lean* and *sunburnt*, 'tis only I that call thee *honey-pale*.

Yea, and the violet is swart, and swart the lettered hyacinth, but yet these flowers are chosen the first in garlands.

The goat runs after cytisus, the wolf pursues the goat, the crane follows the plow, but I am wild for love of thee.

Would it were mine, all the wealth whereof once Crœsus was lord, as men tell! Then images of us twain, all in gold, should be dedicated to Aphrodite, thou with thy flute and a rose, yea, or an apple, and I in fair attire, and new shoon of Amyclæ on both my feet.

Ah, gracious Bombyca, thy feet are fashioned like carven ivory, thy voice is drowsy sweet, and thy ways, I cannot tell of them!

Milon — Verily our clown was a maker of lovely songs, and we knew it not! How well he meted out and shaped his harmony; woe is me for the beard that I have grown, all in vain! Come, mark thou too these lines of godlike Lityerses.

THE LITYERSES SONG

Demeter, rich in fruit and rich in grain, may this corn be easy to win, and fruitful exceedingly!

Bind, ye bandsters, the sheaves, lest the wayfarer should cry, "Men of straw were the workers here, ay, and their hire was wasted!"

See that the cut stubble faces the north wind or the west; 'tis thus the grain waxes richest.

They that thresh corn should shun the noonday sleep; at noon the chaff parts easiest from the straw.

As for the reapers, let them begin when the crested lark is waking, and cease when he sleeps, but take holiday in the heat.

Lads, the frog has a jolly life, he is not cumbered about a butler to his drink, for he has liquor by him unstinted.

Boil the lentils better, thou miserly steward; take heed lest thou chop thy fingers when thou'rt splitting cumin seed.

'Tis thus that men should sing who labor i' the sun, but thy starveling love, thou clod, 'twere fit to tell to thy mother when she stirs in bed at dawning.

Idyl XI. — The Cyclops.

(Translation of Mrs. Browning.)

And so an easier life our Cyclops drew,
The ancient Polyphemus, who in youth
Loved Galatea while the manhood grew
Adown his cheeks and darkened round his mouth.
No jot he cared for apples, olives, roses;
Love made him mad: the whole world was neglected,
The very sheep went backward to their closes
From out the fair green pastures, self-directed.
And singing Galatea, thus, he wore
The sunrise down along the weedy shore,
And pined alone, and felt the cruel wound
Beneath his heart, which Cypris' arrow bore,
With a deep pang; but, so, the cure was found;
And sitting on a lofty rock he cast
His eyes upon the sea, and sang at last: —
"O whitest Galatea, can it be
That thou shouldst spurn me off who love thee so?
More white than curds, my girl, thou art to see,
More meek than lambs, more full of leaping glee
Than kids, and brighter than the early glow
On grapes that swell to ripen, — sour like thee!
Thou comest to me with the fragrant sleep,
And with the fragrant sleep thou goest from me;
Thou fliest . . . fliest, as a frightened sheep
Flies the gray wolf! — yet Love did overcome me,
So long; — I loved thee, maiden, first of all
When down the hills (my mother fast beside thee)
I saw thee stray to pluck the summer fall
Of hyacinth bells, and went myself to guide thee:
And since my eyes have seen thee, they can leave thee
No more, from that day's light! But thou . . . by Zeus,
Thou wilt not care for *that*, to let it grieve thee!
I know thee, fair one, why thou springest loose
From my arm round thee. Why? I tell thee, Dear!
One shaggy eyebrow draws its smudging road
Straight through my ample front, from ear to ear, —
One eye rolls underneath; and yawning, broad
Flat nostrils feel the bulging lips too near.

Yet . . . ho, ho! — *I*, — whatever I appear, —
Do feed a thousand oxen! When I have done,
I milk the cows, and drink the milk that's best!
I lack no cheese, while summer keeps the sun;
And after, in the cold, it's ready prest!
And then, I know to sing, as there is none
Of all the Cyclops can, . . . a song of thee,
Sweet apple of my soul, on love's fair tree,
And of myself who love thee . . . till the West
Forgets the light, and all but I have rest.
I feed for thee, besides, eleven fair does,
And all in fawn; and four tame whelps of bears.
Come to me, Sweet! thou shalt have all of those
In change for love! I will not halve the shares.
Leave the blue sea, with pure white arms extended
To the dry shore; and, in my cave's recess,
Thou shalt be gladder for the noonlight ended, —
For here be laurels, spiral cypresses,
Dark ivy, and a vine whose leaves enfold
Most luscious grapes; and here is water cold,
The wooded Ætna pours down through the trees
From the white snows, — which gods were scarce too bold
To drink in turn with nectar. Who with these
Would choose the salt wave of the lukewarm seas?
Nay, look on me! If I am hairy and rough,
I have an oak's heart in me; there's a fire
In these gray ashes which burns hot enough;
And when I burn for *thee*, I grudge the pyre
No fuel . . . not my soul, nor this one eye, —
Most precious thing I have, because thereby
I see thee, Fairest! Out, alas! I wish
My mother had borne me finnèd like a fish,
That I might plunge down in the ocean near thee,
And kiss thy glittering hand between the weeds,
If still thy face were turned; and I would bear thee
Each lily white, and poppy fair that bleeds
Its red heart down its leaves! — one gift, for hours
Of summer, — one, for winter; since, to cheer thee,
I could not bring at once all kinds of flowers.
Even now, girl, now, I fain would learn to swim,
If stranger in a ship sailed nigh, I wis, —
That I may know how sweet a thing it is
To live down with you in the Deep and Dim!
Come up, O Galatea, from the ocean,
And, having come, forget again to go!

As I, who sing out here my heart's emotion
Could sit forever. Come up from below!
Come keep my flocks beside me, milk my kine, —
Come, press my cheese, distrain my whey and curd!
Ah, mother! she alone . . . that mother of mine . . .
Did wrong me sore! I blame her! — Not a word
Of kindly intercession did she address
Thine ear with for my sake; and ne'ertheless
She saw me wasting, wasting, day by day:
Both head and feet were aching, I will say,
All sick for grief, as I myself was sick.
O Cyclops, Cyclops, whither hast thou sent
Thy soul on fluttering wings? If thou wert bent
On turning bowls, or pulling green and thick
The sprouts to give thy lambkins, — thou wouldst make thee
A wiser Cyclops than for what we take thee.
Milk dry the present! Why pursue too quick
That future which is fugitive aright?
Thy Galatea thou shalt haply find, —
Or else a maiden fairer and more kind;
For many girls do call me through the night,
And, as they call, do laugh out silverly.
I, too, am something in the world, I see!"

While thus the Cyclops love and lambs did fold,
Ease came with song he could not buy with gold.

Idyl XIV.

This idyl, like the next, is dramatic in form. One Æschines tells Thyonichus the story of his quarrel with his mistress, Cynisca. He speaks of taking foreign service, and Thyonichus recommends that of Ptolemy. The idyl was probably written at Alexandria, as a compliment to Ptolemy, and an inducement to Greeks to join his forces. There is nothing, however, to fix the date.

Æschines — All hail to the stout Thyonichus!

Thyonichus — As much to you, Æschines.

Æschines — How long it is since we met!

Thyonichus — Is it so long? But why, pray, this melancholy?

Æschines — I am not in the best of luck, Thyonichus.

Thyonichus — 'Tis for that, then, you are so lean, and hence comes this long moustache, and these lovelocks all adust. Just such a figure was a Pythagorean that came here of late, bare-

foot and wan, — and said he was an Athenian. Marry, he too was in love, methinks, with a plate of pancakes.

Æschines — Friend, you will always have your jest, — but beautiful Cynisca, — she flouts me! I shall go mad some day, when no man looks for it; I am but a hair's breadth on the hither side, even now.

Thyonichus — You are ever like this, dear Æschines, now mad, now sad, and crying for all things at your whim. Yet, tell me, what is your new trouble?

Æschines — The Argive and I and the Thessalian rough rider, Apis, and Cleunichus the free lance were drinking together at my farm. I had killed two chickens and a sucking pig, and had opened the Bibline wine for them, — nearly four years old, — but fragrant as when it left the wine press. Truffles and shellfish had been brought out, it was a jolly drinking match. And when things were now getting forwarder, we determined that each should toast whom he pleased, in unmixed wine, only he must name his toast. So we all drank, and called our toasts as had been agreed. Yet She said nothing, though I was there; how think you I liked that? "Won't you call a toast? 'You have seen the wolf!'" some one said in jest, "as the proverb goes"; then she kindled; yes, you could easily have lighted a lamp at her face. There is one Wolf, one Wolf there is, the son of Labes, our neighbor, — he is tall, smooth-skinned, many think him handsome. His was that illustrious love in which she was pining, yes, and a breath about the business once came secretly to my ears, but I never looked into it, beshrew my beard!

Already, mark you, we four men were deep in our cups, when the Larissa man, out of mere mischief, struck up, "My Wolf," some Thessalian catch from the very beginning. Then Cynisca suddenly broke out weeping more bitterly than a six-year-old maid that longs for her mother's lap. Then I, — you know me, Thyonichus, — struck her on the cheek with clenched fist, — one, two! She caught up her robes, and forth she rushed, quicker than she came. "Ah, my undoing" (cried I), "I am not good enough for you, then — you have a dearer playfellow? Well, be off and cherish your other lover, 'tis for him your tears run big as apples."

And as the swallow flies swiftly back to gather a morsel, fresh food, for her young ones under the eaves, still swifter sped she from her soft chair, straight through the vestibule

and folding doors, wherever her feet carried her. So, sure, the old proverb says, "the bull has sought the wild wood."

Since then there are twenty days, and eight to these, and nine again, then ten others, to-day is the eleventh, add two more, and it is two months since we parted, and I have not shaved, not even in Thracian[1] fashion.

And now Wolf is everything with her. Wolf finds the door open o' nights, and I am of no account, not in the reckoning, like the wretched men of Megara, in the place dishonorable.[2]

And if I could cease to love, the world would wag as well as may be. But now, — now, — as they say, Thyonichus, I am like the mouse that has tasted pitch. And what remedy there may be for a bootless love, I know not; except that Simus, he who was in love with the daughter of Epicalchus, went over the seas, and came back heart-whole, — a man of my own age. And I too will cross the water, and prove not the first, maybe, nor the last, perhaps, but a fair soldier as times go.

Idyl XV.

This famous idyl should rather, perhaps, be called a mimus. It describes the visit paid by two Syracusan women, residing in Alexandria, to the festival of the resurrection of Adonis. The festival is given by Arsinoë, wife and sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and the poem cannot have been written earlier than his marriage, in B.C. 266 (?) Nothing can be more gay and natural than the chatter of the women, which has changed no more in two thousand years than the song of birds.

Gorgo — Is Praxinoë at home?

Praxinoë — Dear Gorgo, how long it is since you have been here! She *is* at home. The wonder is that you have got here at last! Eunoë, see that she has a chair. Throw a cushion on it, too.

Gorgo — It does most charmingly as it is.

Praxinoë — Do sit down.

Gorgo — Oh, what a thing spirit is! I have scarcely got to you alive, Praxinoë! What a huge crowd, what hosts of four-

[1] Shaving in the bronze (and still more, of course, in the stone) age was an uncomfortable and difficult process. The backward and barbarous Thracians were therefore trimmed in the roughest way, like Æschines with his long, gnawed moustache.

[2] The Megarians, having inquired of the Delphic oracle as to their rank among Greek cities, were told that they were absolute last, and not in the reckoning at all.

in-hands! Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless: yes, you really live *too* far away!

Praxinoë — It is all the fault of that madman of mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth and took — a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be neighbors. The jealous wretch, always the same, ever for spite!

Gorgo — Don't talk of your husband Dinon like that, my dear girl, before the little boy, — look how he is staring at you! Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child, she is not speaking about papa.

Praxinoë — Our Lady! the child takes notice![1]

Gorgo — Nice papa!

Praxinoë — That papa of his the other day — we call every day "the other day" — went to get soap and rouge at the shop, and back he came to me with salt — the great, big, endless fellow!

Gorgo — Mine has the same trick, too, a perfect spendthrift — Diocleides! Yesterday he got what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven shillings apiece for — what do you suppose? — dogskins, shreds of old leather wallets, mere trash — trouble on trouble. But come, take your cloak and shawl. Let us be off to the palace of rich Ptolemy, the king, to see the Adonis. I hear the queen has provided something splendid!

Praxinoë — Fine folks do everything finely.

Gorgo — What a tale you will have to tell about the things you have seen to any one who has not seen them! It seems nearly time to go.

Praxinoë — Idlers have always holiday. Eunoë, bring the water and put it down in the middle of the room, lazy creature that you are! Cats like always to sleep soft! Come, bustle, bring the water: quicker! I want water first, and how she carries it! Give it me all the same; don't pour out so much, you extravagant thing. Stupid girl! why are you wetting my dress? There, stop; I have washed my hands, as heaven would have it. Where is the key of the big chest? Bring it here.

Gorgo — Praxinoë, that full body becomes you wonderfully. Tell me, how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom?

Praxinoë — Don't speak of it, Gorgo! More than eight

[1] Our Lady here is Persephone. The ejaculation served for the old as well as for the new religion of Sicily.

pounds in good silver money, — and the work on it! I nearly slaved my soul out over it!

Gorgo — Well, it is most successful; all you could wish.

Praxinoë — Thanks for the pretty speech! Bring my shawl, and set my hat on my head, the fashionable way. No, child, I don't mean to take you. Boo! Bogies! There's a horse that bites! Cry as much as you please, but I cannot have you lamed. Let us be moving. Phrygia, take the child, and keep him amused, call in the dog, and shut the street door.

[*They go into the street.*

Ye gods, what a crowd! How on earth are we ever to get through this coil? They are like ants that no one can measure or number. Many a good deed have you done, Ptolemy; since your father joined the immortals, there's never a malefactor to spoil the passer-by, creeping on him in Egyptian fashion. Oh! the tricks those perfect rascals used to play! Birds of a feather, ill jesters, scoundrels all! Dear Gorgo, what will become of us? Here come the king's war horses! My dear man, don't trample on me. Look, the bay's rearing! See, what temper! Eunoë, you foolhardy girl, will you never keep out of the way? The beast will kill the man that's leading him. What a good thing it is for me that my brat stays safe at home.

Gorgo — Courage, Praxinoë. We are safe behind them now, and they have gone to their station.

Praxinoë — There! I begin to be myself again. Ever since I was a child I have feared nothing so much as horses and the chilly snake. Come along, the huge mob is overflowing us.

Gorgo (to an old woman) — Are you from the Court, mother?

Old Woman — I am, my child.

Praxinoë — Is it easy to get there?

Old Woman — The Achæans got into Troy by trying, my prettiest of ladies. Trying will do everything in the long run.

Gorgo — The old wife has spoken her oracles, and off she goes.

Praxinoë — Women know everything, yes, and how Zeus married Hera!

Gorgo — See, Praxinoë, what a crowd there is about the doors.

Praxinoë — Monstrous, Gorgo! Give me your hand, and you, Eunoë, catch hold of Eutychis; never lose hold of her, for

fear lest you get lost. Let us all go in together; Eunoë, clutch tight to me. Oh, how tiresome, Gorgo, my muslin veil is torn in two already! For heaven's sake, sir, if you ever wish to be fortunate, take care of my shawl!

Stranger — I can hardly help myself, but for all that I will be as careful as I can.

Praxinoë — How close-packed the mob is, they hustle like a herd of swine.

Stranger — Courage, lady, all is well with us now.

Praxinoë — Both this year and forever may all be well with you, my dear sir, for your care of us. A good kind man! We're letting Eunoë get squeezed — come, wretched girl, push your way through. That is the way. We are all on the right side of the door, quoth the bridegroom, when he had shut himself in with his bride.

Gorgo — Do come here, Praxinoë. Look first at these embroideries. How light and how lovely! You will call them the garments of the gods.

Praxinoë — Lady Athene, what spinning women wrought them, what painters designed these drawings, so true they are? How naturally they stand and move, like living creatures, not patterns woven. What a clever thing is man! Ah, and himself — Adonis — how beautiful to behold he lies on his silver couch, with the first down on his cheeks, the thrice-beloved Adonis, — Adonis beloved even among the dead.

A Stranger — You weariful women, do cease your endless cooing talk! They bore one to death with their eternal broad vowels!

Gorgo — Indeed! And where may this person come from? What is it to you if we *are* chatterboxes? Give orders to your own servants, sir. Do you pretend to command ladies of Syracuse? If you must know, we are Corinthians by descent, like Bellerophon himself, and we speak Peloponnesian. Dorian women may lawfully speak Doric, I presume?

Praxinoë — Lady Persephone, never may we have more than one master. I am not afraid of *your* putting me on short commons.

Gorgo — Hush, hush, Praxinöe — the Argive woman's daughter, the great singer, is beginning the "Adonis"; she that won the prize last year for dirge singing. I am sure she will give us something lovely; see, she is preluding with her airs and graces.

The Psalm of Adonis.

O Queen that lovest Golgi, and Idalium, and the steep of Eryx, O Aphrodite, that playest with gold, lo, from the stream eternal of Acheron they have brought back to thee Adonis — even in the twelfth month they have brought him, the dainty-footed Hours. Tardiest of the Immortals are the beloved Hours, but dear and desired they come, for always, to all mortals, they bring some gift with them. O Cypris, daughter of Diônê, from mortal to immortal, so men tell, thou hast changed Berenice, dropping softly in the woman's breast the stuff of immortality.

Therefore, for thy delight, O thou of many names and many temples, doth the daughter of Berenice, even Arsinoë, lovely as Helen, cherish Adonis with all things beautiful.

Before him lie all ripe fruits that the tall trees' branches bear, and the delicate gardens, arrayed in baskets of silver, and the golden vessels are full of incense of Syria. And all the dainty cakes that women fashion in the kneading tray, mingling blossoms manifold with the white wheaten flour, all that is wrought of honey sweet, and in soft olive oil, all cakes fashioned in the semblance of things that fly, and of things that creep, lo, here they are set before him.

Here are built for him shadowy bowers of green, all laden with tender anise, and children flit overhead — the little Loves — as the young nightingales perched upon the trees fly forth and try their wings from bough to bough.

O the ebony, O the gold, O the twin eagles of white ivory that carry to Zeus, the son of Cronos, his darling, his cup-bearer! O the purple coverlet strewn above, more soft than sleep! So Miletus will say, and whoso feeds sheep in Samos.

Another bed is strewn for beautiful Adonis, one bed Cypris keeps and one the rosy-armed Adonis. A bridegroom of eighteen or nineteen years is he, his kisses are not rough, the golden down being yet upon his lips! And now, good-night to Cypris, in the arms of her lover! But lo, in the morning we will all of us gather with the dew, and carry him forth among the waves that break upon the beach; and with locks unloosed, and ungirt raiment falling to the ankles, and bosoms bare, will we begin our shrill sweet song.

Thou only, dear Adonis, so men tell, thou only of the demigods dost visit both this world and the stream of Acheron. For Agamemnon had no such lot, nor Aias, that mighty lord of the terrible anger, nor Hector, the eldest born of the twenty sons of Hecabe, nor Patroclus, nor Pyrrhus that returned out of Troyland, nor the heroes of yet more ancient days, the Lapithæ and Deucalion's sons, nor the sons of Pelops, and the chiefs of Pelasgian Argos. Be gracious now, dear Adonis, and propitious even in the coming year. Dear to

us has thine advent been, Adonis, and dear shall it be when thou comest again.

Gorgo — Praxinoë, the woman is cleverer than we fancied! Happy woman to know so much, thrice happy to have so sweet a voice. Well, all the same, it is time to be making for home. Diocleides has not had his dinner, and the man is all vinegar, — don't venture near him when he is kept waiting for dinner. Farewell, beloved Adonis, may you find us glad at your next coming!

A LAMENT FOR ADONIS.

By BION.

(Translation of Mrs. Browning.)

[Bion was born at Smyrna; flourished about 280; contemporary of Theocritus, and wrote pastorals in the same manner. He was greatly beloved. See "Lament for Bion" under Moschus.]

I.

I mourn for Adonis — Adonis is dead,
Fair Adonis is dead and the Loves are lamenting.
Sleep, Cypris, no more on thy purple-strewed bed:
Arise, wretch stoled in black; beat thy breast unrelenting,
And shriek to the worlds, "Fair Adonis is dead!"

II.

I mourn for Adonis — the Loves are lamenting.
He lies on the hills in his beauty and death;
The white tusk of a boar has transpierced his white thigh.
Cytherea grows mad at his thin gasping breath,
While the black blood drips down on the pale ivory,
And his eyeballs lie quenched with the weight of his brows,
The rose fades from his lips, and upon them just parted
The kiss dies the goddess consents not to lose,
Though the kiss of the Dead cannot make her glad-hearted:
He knows not who kisses him dead in the dews.

III.

I mourn for Adonis — the Loves are lamenting.
Deep, deep in the thigh is Adonis's wound,

But a deeper, is Cypris's bosom presenting.
The youth lieth dead while his dogs howl around,
And the nymphs weep aloud from the mists of the hill,
And the poor Aphrodité, with tresses unbound,
All disheveled, unsandaled, shrieks mournful and shrill
Through the dusk of the groves. The thorns, tearing her feet,
Gather up the red flower of her blood which is holy,
Each footstep she takes: and the valleys repeat
The sharp cry she utters and draw it out slowly.
She calls on her spouse, her Assyrian, on him
Her own youth, while the dark blood spreads over his body,
The chest taking hue from the gash in the limb,
And the bosom, once ivory, turning to ruddy.

IV.

Ah, ah, Cytherea! the Loves are lamenting.
She lost her fair spouse and so lost her fair smile:
When he lived she was fair, by the whole world's consenting,
Whose fairness is dead with him: woe worth the while!
All the mountains above and the oaklands below
Murmur, ah, ah, Adonis! the streams overflow
Aphrodité's deep wail; river fountains in pity
Weep soft in the hills, and the flowers as they blow
Redden outward with sorrow, while all hear her go
With the song of her sadness through mountain and city.

V.

Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead,
Fair Adonis is dead — Echo answers, Adonis!
Who weeps not for Cypris, when bowing her head
She stares at the wound where it gapes and astonies?
— When, ah, ah! — she saw how the blood ran away
And empurpled the thigh, and, with wild hands flung out,
Said with sobs: "Stay, Adonis! unhappy one, stay,
Let me feel thee once more, let me ring thee about
With the clasp of my arms, and press kiss into kiss!
Wait a little, Adonis, and kiss me again,
For the last time, beloved, — and but so much of this
That the kiss may learn life from the warmth of the strain!
— Till thy breath shall exude from thy soul to my mouth,
To my heart, and, the love charm I once more receiving
May drink thy love in it and keep of a truth
That one kiss in the place of Adonis the living.

Thou fliest me, mournful one, fliest me far,
My Adonis, and seekest the Acheron portal, —
To Hell's cruel King goest down with a scar,
While I weep and live on like a wretched immortal,
And follow no step! O Persephoné, take him,
My husband! — thou'rt better and brighter than I,
So all beauty flows down to thee: *I* cannot make him
Look up at my grief; there's despair in my cry,
Since I wail for Adonis who died to me — died to me —
Then, I fear *thee!* — Art thou dead, my Adored?
Passion ends like a dream in the sleep that's denied to me,
Cypris is widowed, the Loves seek their lord
All the house through in vain. Charm of cestus has ceased
With thy clasp! O too bold in the hunt past preventing,
Ay, mad, thou so fair, to have strife with a beast!"
Thus the goddess wailed on — and the Loves are lamenting.

VI.

Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead.
She wept tear after tear with the blood which was shed,
And both turned into flowers for the earth's garden close,
Her tears, to the windflower; his blood, to the rose.

VII.

I mourn for Adonis — Adonis is dead.
Weep no more in the woods, Cytherea, thy lover!
So, well: make a place for his corse in thy bed,
With the purples thou sleepest in, under and over.
He's fair though a corse — a fair corse, like a sleeper.
Lay him soft in the silks he had pleasure to fold
When, beside thee at night, holy dreams deep and deeper
Enclosed his young life on the couch made of gold.
Love him still, poor Adonis; cast on him together
The crowns and the flowers: since he died from the place,
Why, let all die with him; let the blossoms go wither,
Rain myrtles and olive buds down on his face.
Rain the myrrh down, let all that is best fall a-pining,
Since the myrrh of his life from thy keeping is swept.
Pale he lay, thine Adonis, in purples reclining;
The Loves raised their voices around him and wept.
They have shorn their bright curls off to cast on Adonis;
One treads on his bow, — on his arrows, another, —
One breaks up a well-feathered quiver, and one is

Bent low at a sandal, untying the strings,
And one carries the vases of gold from the springs,
While one washes the wound, — and behind them a brother
Fans down on the body sweet air with his wings.

VIII.

Cytherea herself now the Loves are lamenting.
Each torch at the door Hymenæus blew out.
And, the marriage wreath dropping its leaves as repenting,
No more "Hymen, Hymen," is chanted about,
But the *ai ai* instead — "Ai alas!" is begun
For Adonis, and then follows "Ai Hymenæus!"
The Graces are weeping for Cinyris's son,
Sobbing low each to each, "His fair eyes cannot see us!"
Their wail strikes more shrill than the sadder Dioné's.
The Fates mourn aloud for Adonis, Adonis,
Deep chanting; he hears not a word that they say:
He *would* hear, but Persephoné has him in keeping.
— Cease moan, Cytherea! leave pomps for to-day,
And weep new when a new year refits thee for weeping.

CASSANDRA'S PROPHECY.

By LYCOPHRON.

(Translated by Viscount Royston.)

[Lycophron, a Greek critic and tragic poet, born at Chalcis in Eubœa, but an Alexandrian by residence and work, flourished in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, B.C. 285-247. Intrusted by him with the arrangement of the comedies in the Alexandrian library, he wrote a treatise on comedy, but his chief production was a body of tragedies forty-six or sixty-four in number. His only extant work is "Cassandra," an imaginary prophecy by that daughter of Priam concerning the fate of Troy and the Greek and Trojan heroes.]

Hark, how Myrinna groans! the shores resound
With snorting steeds, and furious chivalry:
Down leaps the Wolf, to lap the blood of kings,
Down on our strand; within her wounded breast
Earth feels the stroke, and pours the fateful stream
On high, the fountains of the deep disclosed.
Now Mars showers down a fiery sleet, and winds
His trumpet-shell, distilling blood, and now,
Knit with the Furies and the Fates in dance,

Leads on the dreadful revelry; the fields
With iron harvests of embattled spears
Gleam; from the towers I hear a voice of woe
Rise to the steadfast Empyréan; crowds
Of zoneless matrons rend their flowing robes,
And sobs and shrieks cry loud unto the night
One woe is past! Another woe succeeds!
This, this shall gnaw my heart! then shall I feel
The venomed pang, the rankling of the soul,
Then when the Eagle, bony and gaunt and grim,
Shall wave his shadowy wings, and plow the winds
On clanging penns, and o'er the subject plain
Wheel his wide-circling flight in many a gyre,
Pounce on his prey, scream loud with savage joy,
And plunge his talons in my Brother's breast,
(My best beloved, my Father's dear delight,
Our hope, our stay!) then, soaring to the clouds,
Shower down his blood upon his native woods,
And bathe the terrors of his beak in gore.
Oh God! what column of our house, what stay,
What massy bulwark fit to bear the weight
Of mightiest monarchies, hast thou o'erthrown!
But not without sharp pangs the Dorian host
Shall scoff our tears, and mock our miseries,
And, as the corpse in sad procession rolls,
Shall laugh the loud and bitter laugh of scorn,
When through the blazing helms and blazing prows
Pale crowds shall rush, and with uplifted hands
And earnest prayer invoke protector Jove
Vainly; for then nor foss, nor earthly mound,
Nor bars, nor bolts, nor massy walls, though flanked
With beetling towers, and rough with palisades,
Ought shall avail; but (thick as clustering bees,
When sulphurous streams ascend, and sudden flames
Invade their populous cells) down from the barks,
Heaps upon heaps, the dying swarms shall roll,
And temper foreign furrows with their gore!
Then, thrones and kingdoms, potentates whose veins
Swell high with noble blood, whose falchions mow
"The ranks, and squadrons, and right forms of war,"
Down e'en to earth thy dreaded hands shall crush,
Loaded with death, and maddening for the fray.
But I shall bear the weight of woe, but I
Shall shed the ceaseless tear; for sad and dawn,
And sad the day shall rise when thou art slain!

Saddest, while Time athwart the deep serene
Rolls on the silver circle of the moon.
Thee too I weep, no more thy youthful form
Shall blossom with new beauties, now no more
Thy brother's arms shall twine about thy neck
In strict embrace, but to the Dragon's heart
Swift shalt thou send thy shafts entipped with flame,
And round his bosom weave the limèd nets
Of love; but loathing shall possess thy soul,
Thy blood shall flow upon thy father's hearth,
And low the glories of thine head shall lie.
But I, who fled the bridal yoke, who count
The tedious moments, closed in dungeon walls
Dark and o'er-canopied with massy stone;
E'en I, who drove the genial God of Day
Far from my couch, nor heeded that he rules
The Hours, Eternal beam! essence divine!
Who vainly hoped to live pure as the maid,
The Laphrian virgin, till decrepit age
Should starve my cheeks, and wither all my prime;
Vainly shall call on the Budéan queen,
Dragged like a dove unto the vulture's bed!
But she, who from the lofty throne of Jove
Shot like a star, and shed her looks benign
On Ilus, such as in his soul infused
Sovereign delight, upon the sculptured roof
Furious shall glance her ardent eyes; the Greece
For this one crime, aye for this one, shall weep
Myriads of sons; no funeral urn, but rocks
Shall hearse their bones; no friends upon their dust
Shall pour the dark libations of the dead;
A name, a breath, an empty sound remains,
A fruitless marble warm with bitter tears
Of sires, and orphan babes, and widowed wives!
Ye cliffs of Zarax, and ye waves which wash
Opheltes' crags, and melancholy shore,
Ye rocks of Trychas, Nedon's dangerous heights,
Dirphossian ridges, and Diacrian caves,
Ye plains where Phorcys broods upon the deep,
And founds his floating palaces, what sobs
Of dying men shall ye not hear? what groans
Of masts and wrecks, all crashing in the wind?
What mighty waters, whose receding waves
Bursting, shall rend the continents of earth?
What shoals shall writhe upon the sea-beat rocks?

While through the mantling majesty of clouds
Descending thunderbolts shall blast their limbs,
Who erst came heedless on, nor knew their course.
Giddy with wine, and mad with jollity,
While on the cliffs the mighty felon sat
In baleful guidance, waving in his hand
The luring flame far streaming o'er the main.
One, like a sea bird floating on the foam,
The rush of waves shall dash between the rocks,
On Gyræ's height spreading his dripping wings
To catch the drying gales, and sun his plumes;
But rising in his might, the King of Floods
Shall dash the boaster with his forky mace
Sheer from the marble battlements, to roam
With orcs, and screaming gulls, and forms marine;
And on the shore his mangled corpse shall lie,
E'en as a dolphin, withering in the beams
Of Sol, 'mid weedy refuse of the surge
And bedded heaps of putrefying ooze;
These sad remains the Nereïd shall inurn,
The silver-footed dame beloved of Jove,
And by th' Ortygian Isle shall rise the tomb,
O'er which the white foam of the billowy wave
Shall dash, and shake the marble sepulchre
Rocked by the broad Ægéan; to the shades
His sprite shall flit, and sternly chide the Queen
Of soft desires, the Melinéan dame,
Who round him shall entwine the subtile net,
And breathe upon his soul the blast of love,
If love it may be called, — a sudden gust,
A transient flame, a self-consuming fire,
A meteor lighted by the Furies' torch.
Woe! woe! inextricable woe, and sounds
Of sullen sobs shall echo round the shore
From where Aræthus rolls to where on high
Libethrian Dotium rears his massy gates!
What groans shall peal on Acherusian banks
To hymn my spousals! how upon the soul,
Voice, other than the voice of joy, shall swell,
When many a hero floating on the wave
Sea monsters shall devour with bloody jaws!
When many a warrior stretched upon the strand
Shall feel the thoughts of home rush on his heart,
"By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned!"

EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS OF CALLIMACHUS.

(Verse translations made for this work.)

[Callimachus, a celebrated Greek poet, was born at Cyrene in Africa, and became librarian of the Alexandrian library about B.C. 260, holding the position till his death about 240. He was regarded as the greatest of Greek elegiac poets; and was also a great critic and teacher, several famous men being his pupils.]

Late hearing, Heraclitus, of thine end,
The tears welled in me as the memory rose
How oft we twain had made the sunset close
Upon our converse; yet I know, my friend,
Singer of Halicarnassus, that thou must
Long, long ago have moldered into dust.
But still thy strains survive, and Hades old,
All-spoiler, shall not grasp them in his hold.

Here dwell I, Timon, the man-hater: but pass on: bid me woes as many as you will, only pass on.

A. Doth Charidas rest beneath thee? *B.* If you mean the son of Arimnas the Cyrenæan, he rests beneath me. *A.* O Charidas, what are the things below? *B.* Vast darkness. *A.* And what the returns to earth? *B.* A lie. *A.* And Pluto? *B.* A fable, we have perished utterly. This is my true speech to you; but if you want the pleasant style of speech, the Pellæan's great ox is in the shades. (That is, I can lie to you as well about the immortality of cattle as of men.)

Oft mourn the Samian maids that passed away
Is witty Crethis, graceful in her play,
A fellow-worker brightening all the day,
And free of speech; but here she soundly sleeps
The slumber fate for every mortal keeps.

Would there had never been swift ships: for then we would not lament for Sopolis, son of Dioclides. But now he drifts a corse somewhere in the sea, and in his stead we pass by a name and a cenotaph.

At dawn we were burying Menalippus, and at sunset the maiden Basilo died by her own hand. For she had not the heart to live, when she had placed her brother in the flame. So the house of their sire Aristippus saw a double woe: and

all Cyrene was downcast, when it saw the house of persons happy in their children bereaved.

From small means I had a light subsistence, neither doing aught ill, nor wronging any one. O dear earth, if I, Micilus, have commended aught that is bad, neither do thou lie light on me, nor ye other gods, who hold me.

The three-years-old Astyanax, while sporting round about a well, a mute image of a form drew in to itself. And from the water the mother snatched her drenched boy, examining whether he had any portion of life. But the infant did not defile the Nymphs, for, hushed on the lap of his mother, he sleeps his deep sleep.

Worn out with age and poverty, and no man outstretching a contribution for misfortune, I have come into my tomb by degrees with my trembling limbs. With difficulty have I found the goal of a troublous life. And in my case the custom of the dead hath been changed. For I did not die first, and then was buried; but was buried, and then died.

Bid me not hail, bad heart, but pass on. Thy not laughing is equal joy to me.

The hunter, O Epicydes, hunts on the mountain crag
For hare and trail of antelope — versed in the rime and the snow;
But if any one call to him, "Here is a stricken and dying stag,"
He scorns the helpless quarry and lets the vantage go.
Such is my love: it is apt at pursuing what flies it most fleet,
But hastens, unheeding its gain, past the captive that lies at its feet.

May you sleep, Conopium,
Flinty-hearted maiden,
As at this cold vestibule
You leave me serenading!
May you sleep, you wicked girl,
The sleep you give your lover:
Pity even in a dream
You cannot discover!
Neighbors pity, but not you,
Even in your slumber:
Soon, though, you'll remember this
When gray hairs you number!

THE VOYAGE OF THE ARGO.

By APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

[Apollonius was born about B.C. 235, at Alexandria or its neighbor Naucratis. He studied under Callimachus; they quarreled and lampooned each other bitterly, and the superior prestige of the master prevented the pupil's work from gaining recognition; the latter then removed to Rhodes (whence his nickname "The Rhodian"), was at once acknowledged the best poet of his day, and later returned famous to Alexandria, becoming librarian of the great royal museum there. He died in 181. His chief surviving work is the "Argonautica," an epic on the search for the Golden Fleece, imitating Homer with much grace and force.]

The Harpies.

Here Phineus, son of Agenor, had his home beside the sea; he who, by reason of the divination that the son of Leto granted him aforetime, suffered most awful woes, far beyond all men; for not one jot did he regard even Zeus himself, in foretelling the sacred purpose to men unerringly. Wherefore Zeus granted him a weary length of days, but reft his eyes of the sweet light, nor suffered him to have any joy of all the countless gifts, which those, who dwelt around and sought to him for oracles, were ever bringing to his house. But suddenly through the clouds the Harpies darted nigh, and kept snatching them from his mouth or hands in their talons. Sometimes never a morsel of food was left him, sometimes a scrap, that he might live and suffer. And upon his food they spread a fetid stench; and none could endure to bring food to his mouth, but stood afar off; so foul a reek breathed from the remnants of his meal. At once, when he heard the sound and noise of a company, he perceived that they were the very men now passing by, at whose coming an oracle from Zeus had said that he should enjoy his food. Up from his couch he rose, as it were, a lifeless phantom, and, leaning on his staff, came to the door on his wrinkled feet, feeling his way along the walls; and, as he went, his limbs trembled from weakness and age, and his skin was dry and caked with filth, and naught but the skin held his bones together. So he came forth from his hall, and sat down with heavy knees on the threshold of the court, and a dark mantle wrapped him, and seemed to sweep the ground below all round; and there he sank with never a word, in strengthless lethargy.

But they, when they saw him, gathered round, and were astonied. And he, drawing a labored breath from the bottom

of his chest, took up his parable for them and said : "Hearken, choice sons of all the Hellenes, if 'tis you in very truth, whom now Jason, at the king's chill bidding, is leading on the ship Argo to fetch the fleece. 'Tis surely you. Still doth my mind know each thing by its divining. Wherefore to thee, my prince, thou son of Leto, do I give thanks even in my cruel sufferings. By Zeus, the god of suppliants, most awful god to sinful men. for Phœbus' sake and for the sake of Hera herself, who before all other gods hath had you in her keeping as ye came, help me, I implore ; rescue a hapless wretch from misery, and do not heedlessly go hence and leave me thus. For not only hath the avenging fiend set his heel upon my eyes, not only do I drag out to the end a tedious old age, but yet another most bitter pain is added to the tale. Harpies, swooping from some unseen den of destruction, that I see not, do snatch the food from my mouth. And I have no plan to help me. But lightly would my mind forget her longing for a meal, or the thought of them, so quickly fly they through the air. But if, as happens at times, they leave me some scrap of food, a noisome stench it hath, and a smell too strong to bear, nor could any mortal man draw nigh and bear it even for a little while, no, not though his heart were forged of adamant. But me, God wot, doth necessity, cruel and insatiate, constrain to abide, and abiding to put such food in my miserable belly. Them 'tis heaven's decree that the sons of Boreas shall check ; and they shall ward them off, for they are my kinsmen, if indeed I am that Phineus, who in days gone by had a name amongst men for my wealth and divination, whom Agenor, my sire, begat ; their sister Cleopatra did I bring to my house as wife with gifts of wooing, what time I ruled among the Thracians."

So spake the son of Agenor ; and deep sorrow took hold on each of the heroes, but specially on the two sons of Boreas. But they wiped away a tear and drew nigh, and thus spake Zetes, taking in his the hand of the suffering old man : "Ah ! poor sufferer, methinks there is no other man more wretched than thee. Why is it that such woes have fastened on thee ? Is it that thou hast sinned against the gods in deadly folly through thy skill in divination ? Wherefore are they so greatly wroth against thee ? Lo ! our heart within us is sorely bewildered, though we yearn to help thee, if in very truth the god hath reserved for us twain this honor. For plain to see are the rebukes that the immortals send on us men of earth. Nor will we check

the coming of the Harpies, for all our eagerness, till that thou swear that we shall not fall from heaven's favor in return for this." So spake he, and straight that aged man opened his sightless eyes and lifted them up, and thus made answer: "Hush! remind me not of those things, my son. The son of Leto be my witness, who of his kindness taught me divination; be witness that ill-omened fate, that is my lot, and this dark cloud upon my eyes, and the gods below, whose favor may I never find if I die perjured thus, that there shall come no wrath from heaven on you by reason of your aid."

Then were those twain eager to help him by reason of the oath, and quickly did the young men make ready a feast for the old man, a last booty for the Harpies; and the two stood near to strike them with their swords as they swooped down. Soon as ever that aged man did touch the food, down rushed those Harpies with whir of wings at once, eager for the food, like grievous blasts, or like lightning darting suddenly from the clouds; but those heroes, when they saw them in mid air, shouted; and they at the noise sped off afar across the sea after they had devoured everything, but behind them was left an intolerable stench. And the two sons of Boreas started in pursuit of them with their swords drawn; for Zeus inspired them with tireless courage, and 'twas not without the will of Zeus that they followed them, for they would dart past the breath of the west wind, what time they went to and from Phineus. As when upon the hilltops dogs skilled in the chase run on the track of horned goats or deer, and, straining at full speed just behind, in vain do gnash their teeth upon their lips; even so Zetes and Calais, darting very nigh to them, in vain grazed them with their finger tips. And now, I trow, they would have torn them in pieces against the will of the gods on the floating islands, after they had come afar, had not swift Iris seen them, and darting down from the clear heaven above stayed them with this word of rebuke, "Ye sons of Boreas, 'tis not ordained that ye should slay the Harpies, the hounds of mighty Zeus, with your swords; but I, even I, will give you an oath that they will come no more nigh him."

Therewith she sware by the stream of Styx, most dire and awful oath for all the gods, that these should never again draw near unto the house of Phineus, son of Agenor, for even so was it fated. So they yielded to her oath and turned to hasten back to the ship.

The Symplegades.

After this, when they had built an altar to the twelve blessed gods on the edge of the sea opposite, and had offered sacrifice upon it, they went aboard their swift ship to row away; nor did they forget to take with them a timorous dove, but Euphemus clutched her in his hand, cowering with terror, and carried her along, and they loosed their double cables from the shore.

Nor, I ween, had they started, ere Athene was ware of them, and forthwith and hastily she stepped upon a light cloud, which should bear her at once for all her weight; and she hasted on her way seaward, with kindly intent to the rowers. As when a man goes wandering from his country, as oft we men do wander in our hardihood, and there is no land too far away, for every path lies open before his eyes, when lo! he seeth in his mind his own home, and withal there appeareth a way to it over land or over sea, and keenly he pondereth this way and that, and searcheth it out with his eyes; even so the daughter of Zeus, swiftly darting on, set foot upon the cheerless strand of Thynia.

Now they, when they came to the strait of the winding passage, walled in with beetling crags on either side, while an eddying current from below washed up against the ship as it went on its way; and on they went in grievous fear, and already on their ears the thud of clashing rocks smote unceasingly, and the dripping cliffs roared; in that very hour the hero Euphemus clutched the dove in his hand, and went to take his stand upon the prow; while they, at the bidding of Tiphys, son of Hagnias, rowed with a will, that they might drive right through the rocks, trusting in their might. And as they rounded a bend, they saw those rocks opening for the last time of all. And their spirit melted at the sight; but the hero Euphemus sent forth the dove to dart through on her wings, and they, one and all, lifted up their heads to see, and she sped through them, but at once the two rocks met again with a clash; and the foam leaped up in a seething mass like a cloud, and grimly roared the sea, and all around the great firmament bellowed. And the hollow caves echoed beneath the rugged rocks as the sea went surging in, and high on the cliffs was the white spray vomited as the billow dashed upon them. Then did the current spin the ship round. And the

rocks cut off just the tail feathers of the dove, but she darted away unhurt. And loudly the rowers cheered, but Tiphys himself shouted to them to row lustily, for once more the rocks were opening. Then came trembling on them as they rowed, until the wave with its returning wash came and bore the ship within the rocks. Thereon most awful fear seized on all, for above their head was death with no escape; and now on this side and on that lay broad Pontus to their view, when suddenly in front rose up a mighty arching wave, like to a steep hill, and they bowed down their heads at the sight. For it seemed as if it must indeed leap down and whelm the ship entirely. But Tiphys was quick to ease her as she labored to the rowing, and the wave rolled with all his force beneath the keel, and lifted up the ship herself from underneath, far from the rocks, and high on the crest of the billow she was borne. Then did Euphemus go amongst all the crew, and call to them to lay on to their oars with all their might, and they smote the water at his cry. So she sprang forward twice as far as any other ship would have yielded to rowers, and the oars bent like curved bows as the heroes strained. In that instant the vaulted wave was past them, and she at once was riding over the furious billow like a roller, plunging headlong forward o'er the trough of the sea. But the eddying current stayed the ship in the midst of "the Clashers," and they quaked on either side, and thundered, and the ship timbers throbbed. Then did Athene with her left hand hold the stubborn rock apart, while with her right she thrust them through upon their course; and the ship shot through the air like a winged arrow. Yet the rocks, ceaselessly dashing together, crushed off, in passing, the tip of the carved stern. And Athene sped back to Olympus, when they were escaped unhurt. But the rocks closed up together, rooted firm forever; even so was it decreed by the blessed gods, whenso a man should have passed through alive in his ship.

The Flight of Medea.

Æetes amongst the chosen captains of his people was devising sheer treachery against the heroes all night in his halls, in wild fury at the sorry ending of the contest; and he was very sure, that angry sire, that these things were not being accomplished without the aid of his own daughters.

But upon Medea's heart Hera cast most grievous fear, and she trembled, like some nimble fawn, which the barking of hounds hath frighted in the thickets of a deep woodland. For anon she thought that of a surety her help would never escape her father's eye, and right soon would she fill up her cup of bitterness. And she terrified her handmaids, who were privy thereto; and her eyes were full of fire, and in her ears there rang a fearful sound; and oft would she clutch at her throat, and oft tear the hair upon her head and groan in sore anguish. Yea, and in that hour would the maid have overleaped her doom and died of a poisoned cup, bringing to naught the plans of Hera; but the goddess drove her in panic to fly with the sons of Phrixus. And her fluttering heart was comforted within her. So she in eager haste poured from the casket all her drugs at once into the folds of her bosom. And she kissed her bed and the posts of the doors on either side, and stroked the walls fondly, and with her hand cut off one long tress and left it in her chamber, a memorial of her girlish days for her mother; then with a voice all choked with sobs she wept aloud: "Ah, mother mine! I leave thee here this one long tress instead of me, and go; so take this last farewell as I go far from hence; farewell, Chalciope, farewell to all my home! Would that the sea had dashed thee, stranger, in pieces, or ever thou didst reach the Colchian land!"

So spake she, and from her eyes poured forth a flood of tears. Even as a captive maid stealeth forth from a wealthy house, one whom fate hath lately reft from her country, and as yet knoweth she naught of grievous toil, but a stranger to misery and slavish tasks, she cometh in terror 'neath the cruel hands of a mistress; like her the lovely maiden stole forth swiftly from her home. And the bolts of the doors yielded of their own accord to her touch, springing back at her hurried spells. With bare feet she sped along the narrow paths, drawing her robe with her left hand over her brows to veil her face and fair cheeks, while with her right hand she lifted up the hem of her garment. Swiftly along the unseen track she came in her terror outside the towers of the spacious town, and none of the guard marked her, for she sped on and they knew it not. Then marked she well her way unto the temple, for she was not ignorant of the paths, having wandered thither oft aforetime in quest of corpses and the noxious roots of the earth, as a sorceress must; yet did her heart quake with fear

and trembling. Now Titania, goddess of the moon, as she sailed up the distant sky, caught sight of that maid distraught, and savagely she exulted o'er her in words like these; "So I am not the only one to wander to the cave on Latmos; not I alone burn with love for fair Endymion! How oft have I gone hence before thy cunning spells, with thoughts of love, that thou mightest work in peace, in the pitchy night, the sorceries so dear to thee. And now, I trow, hast thou too found a like sad fate, and some god or sorrow hath given thee thy Jason for a very troublous grief. Well, go thy way; yet steel thy heart to take up her load of bitter woe, for all thy understanding."

So spake she; but her feet bare that other hasting on her way. Right glad was she to climb the river's high banks, and see before her the blazing fire, which all night long the heroes kept up in joy for the issue of the enterprise. Then through the gloom, with piercing voice, she called aloud to Phrontis, youngest of the sons of Phrixus, from the further bank; and he, with his brethren and the son of Æson too, deemed it was his sister's voice, and the crew marveled silently, when they knew what it really was. Thrice she lifted up her voice, and thrice at the bidding of his company cried Phrontis in answer to her; and those heroes the while rowed swiftly over to fetch her. Not yet would they cast the ship's hawsers on the mainland, but the hero Jason leaped quickly ashore from the deck above, and with him Phrontis and Argus, two sons of Phrixus, also sprang to land; then did she clasp them by the knees with both her hands, and spake: "Save me, friends, me most miserable, ay, and yourselves as well from Æetes. For ere now all is discovered, and no remedy cometh. Nay, let us fly abroad the ship, before he mount his swift horses. And I will give you the golden fleece, when I have lulled the guardian snake to rest; but thou, stranger, now amongst thy comrades take heaven to witness to the promises thou didst make me, and make me not to go away from hence in scorn and shame, for want of friends."

So spake she in her sore distress, and the heart of the son of Æson was very glad; at once he gently raised her up, where she was fallen at his knees, and took her in his arms and comforted her: "God help thee, lady! Be Zeus of Olympus himself witness of mine oath, and Hera, queen of marriage,

bride of Zeus, that I will of a truth establish thee as my wedded wife in my house, when we are come on our return to the land of Hellas."

So spake he, and therewith clasped her right hand in his own. Then bade she them row the swift ship with all speed unto the sacred grove, that they might take the fleece and bear it away against the will of Æetes, while yet it was night. Without delay deeds followed words; for they made her embark, and at once thrust out the ship from the shore; and loud was the din, as the heroes strained at their oars. But she, starting back, stretched her hands wildly to the shore; but Jason cheered her with words, and stayed her in her sore grief.

LAMENT FOR BION.

By MOSCHUS.

(Translated by Andrew Lang).

[Moschus was a poet of the school of Theocritus, born at Syracuse, and probably a pupil of Bion, and flourished about B.C. 200; only four of his idyls are extant.]

Wail, let me hear you wail, ye woodland glades, and thou Dorian water; and weep ye rivers, for Bion, the well beloved! Now all ye green things mourn, and now ye groves lament him, ye flowers now in sad clusters breathe yourselves away. Now redden ye roses in your sorrow, and now wax red ye wind-flowers, now thou hyacinth, whisper the letters on the graven, and add a deeper *ai ai* to thy petals; he is dead, the beautiful singer.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ye nightingales that lament among the thick leaves of the trees, tell ye to the Sicilian waters of Arethusa the tidings that Bion the herdsman is dead, and that with Bion song too has died, and perished hath the Dorian minstrelsy.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ye Strymonian swans, sadly wail ye by the waters, and chant with melancholy notes the dolorous song, even such a song as in his time with voice like yours he was wont to sing. And

tell again to the Œagrian maidens, tell to all the Nymphs Bistonian, how that he hath perished, the Dorian Orpheus.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

No more to his herds he sings, that beloved herdsman, no more 'neath the lonely oaks he sits and sings, nay, but by Pluteus's side he chants a refrain of oblivion. The mountains too are voiceless and the heifers that wander by the bulls lament and refuse their pasture.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Thy sudden doom, O Bion, Apollo himself lamented, and the Satyrs mourned thee, and the Priapi in sable raiment, and the Panes sorrow for thy song, and the fountain fairies in the wood made moan, and their tears turned to rivers of waters. And Echo in the rocks laments that thou art silent, and no more she mimics thy voice. And in sorrow for thy fall the trees cast down their fruit, and all the flowers have faded. From the ewes hath flowed no fair milk, nor honey from the hives, nay, it hath perished for mere sorrow in the wax, for now hath thy honey perished, and no more it behooves men to gather the honey of the bees.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Not so much did the dolphin mourn beside the sea-banks, nor ever sang so sweet the nightingale on the cliffs, nor so much lamented the swallow on the long ranges of the hills, nor shrilled so loud the halcyon o'er his sorrows.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Nor so much, by the gray sea waves, did ever the sea bird sing, nor so much in the dells of dawn did the bird of Memnon bewail the son of the Morning, fluttering around his tomb, as they lamented for Bion dead.

Nightingales, and all the swallows that once he was wont to delight, that he would teach to speak, they sat over against each other on the boughs and kept moaning, and the birds sang in answer, "Wail, ye wretched ones, even ye!"

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Who, ah, who will ever make music on thy pipe, O thrice desired Bion, and who will put his mouth to the reeds of thine instrument? who is so bold?

For still thy lips and still thy breath survive, and Echo, among the reeds, doth still feed upon thy songs. To Pan shall I bear the pipe? Nay, perchance even he would fear to set

his mouth to it, lest, after thee, he should win but the second prize.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Yea, and Galatea laments thy song, she whom once thou wouldst delight, as with thee she sat by the sea-banks. For not like the Cyclops didst thou sing, — him fair Galatea ever fled, but on thee she still looked more kindly than on the salt water. And now hath she forgotten the wave, and sits on the lonely sands, but still she keeps thy kine.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

All the gifts of the Muses, herdsman, have died with thee, the delightful kisses of maidens, the lips of boys; and woful round thy tomb the loves are weeping. But Cypris loves thee far more than the kiss wherewith she kissed the dying Adonis.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

This, O most musical of rivers, is thy second sorrow, this, Meles, thy new woe. Of old didst thou lose Homer, that sweet mouth of Calliope, and men say thou didst bewail thy goodly son with streams of many tears, and didst fill all the salt sea with the voice of thy lamentation — now again another son thou weepest, and in a new sorrow art thou wasting away.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Both were beloved of the fountains, and one ever drank of the Pegasean fount, but the other would drain a draught of Arethusa. And the one sang the fair daughter of Tyndarus, and the mighty son of Thetis, and Menelaus, Atreus's son, but that other, — not of wars, not of tears, but of Pan, would he sing, and of herdsmen would he chant, and so singing, he tended the herds. And pipes he would fashion, and would milk the sweet heifer, and taught lads how to kiss, and Love he cherished in his bosom and woke the passion of Aphrodite.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Every famous city laments thee, Bion, and all the towns. Ascra laments thee far more than her Hesiod, and Pindar is less regretted by the forests of Bœotia. Nor so much did pleasant Lesbos mourn for Alcæus, nor did the Teian town so greatly bewail her poet, while for thee more than for Archilochus doth Paros yearn, and not for Sappho, but still for thee doth Mytilene wail her musical lament;

[Here seven verses are lost.]

And in Syracuse Theocritus; but I sing thee the dirge of an Ausonian sorrow, I that am no stranger to the pastoral song, but heir of the Doric Muse which thou didst teach thy pupils. This was thy gift to me; to others didst thou leave thy wealth, to me thy minstrelsy.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we the great and mighty or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long, and endless, and unawakening sleep. And thou, too, in the earth will be lapped in silence, but the nymphs have thought good that the frog should eternally sing. Nay, him I would not envy, for 'tis no sweet song he singeth.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Poison came, Bion, to thy mouth, thou didst know poison. To such lips as thine did it come, and was not sweetened? What mortal was so cruel that could mix poison for thee, or who could give thee the venom that heard thy voice? surely he had no music in his soul.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

But justice hath overtaken them all. Still for this sorrow I weep, and bewail thy ruin. But ah, if I might have gone down like Orpheus to Tartarus, or as once Odysseus, or Alcides of yore, I, too, would speedily have come to the house of Pluteus, that thee perchance I might behold, and if thou singest to Pluteus, that I might hear what is thy song. Nay, sing to the Maiden some strain of Sicily, sing some sweet pastoral lay.

And she too is Sicilian, and on the shores by Ætna she was wont to play, and she knew the Dorian strain. Not unrewarded will the singing be; and as once to Orpheus's sweet minstrelsy she gave Eurydice to return with him, even so will she send thee too, Bion, to the hills. But if I, even I, and my piping had aught availed, before Pluteus I too would have sung.

LEADERS AND FORTUNES OF THE ACHÆAN LEAGUE.

By POLYBIUS.

(Translated by E. S. Shuckburgh.)

[Polybius, born B.C. 204, was son of Lycortas, a leader of the Achæan League in its latter days, and himself was one of its active officials from youth. In B.C. 167 the Romans deported him to Italy as one of a thousand political prisoners and kept him there sixteen years. He, however, became tutor to the sons of Æmilius Paulus, the conqueror of Macedonia, one of whom by adoption was the younger Scipio; and so gained the high respect and friendship of the Scipio circle and all the foremost men in Rome, which he served in political and military capacities. In B.C. 151 he returned to Greece, and as commissioner after its conquest in B.C. 146 gained perhaps better terms for it. He died about B.C. 122. His great literary work was the "Histories" of Roman affairs from the beginning of the Hannibalic war (B.C. 220) to the final crushing of Greece and Carthage (B.C. 146), with a lengthy introduction on the Achæan League and other matters. Only five of its forty books are preserved in full, with several long fragments of others.]

When at length the country did obtain leaders of sufficient ability, it quickly manifested its intrinsic excellence by the accomplishment of that most glorious achievement, — the union of the Peloponnese. The originator of this policy in the first instance was Aratus of Sicyon; its active promotion and consummation was due to Philopœmen of Megalopolis; while Lycortas and his party must be looked upon as the authors of the permanence which it enjoyed.

For the first twenty-five years of the league, a secretary and two strategi for the whole union were elected by each city in turn. But after this period they determined to appoint one strategus only, and put the entire management of the affairs of the union in his hands. The first to obtain this honor was Margos of Caryneia (B.C. 255–254). In the fourth year after this man's tenure of the office, Aratus of Sicyon (born 271) caused his city to join the league, which, by his energy and courage, he had, when only twenty years of age, delivered from the yoke of its tyrant. In the eighth year again after this, Aratus, being elected strategus for the second time, laid a plot to seize the Acrocorinthus, then held by Antigonus; and by his success freed the inhabitants of the Peloponnese from a source of serious alarm: and having thus

liberated Corinth, he caused it to join the league. In his same term of office, he got Megara into his hands, and caused it to join also. These events occurred in the year before the decisive defeat of the Carthaginians (B.C. 241), in consequence of which they evacuated Sicily and consented for the first time to pay tribute to Rome.

Having made this remarkable progress in his design in so short a time, Aratus continued thenceforth in the position of leader of the Achæan League, and in the consistent direction of his whole policy to one single end: which was to expel Macedonians from the Peloponnese, to depose the despots, and to establish in each state the common freedom which their ancestors had enjoyed before them. So long, therefore, as Antigonus Gonatas was alive, he maintained a continual opposition to his interference, as well as to the encroaching spirit of the Ætolians, and in both cases with signal skill and success; although their presumption and contempt for justice had risen to such a pitch that they had actually made a formal compact with each other for the disruption of the Achæans.

After the death of Antigonus, however, the Achæans made terms with the Ætolians, and joined them energetically in the war against Demetrius; and, in place of the feelings of estrangement and hostility, there gradually grew up a sentiment of brotherhood and affection between the two peoples. Upon the death of Demetrius (B.C. 229), after a reign of only ten years, just about the time of the first invasion of Illyricum by the Romans, the Achæans had a most excellent opportunity of establishing the policy which they had all along maintained. For the despots in the Peloponnese were in despair at the death of Demetrius. It was the loss to them of their chief supporter and paymaster. And now Aratus was forever impressing upon them that they ought to abdicate, holding out rewards and honors for those of them who consented, and threatening those who refused with still greater vengeance from the Achæans. There was therefore a general movement among them to voluntarily restore their several states to freedom and to join the league. I ought, however, to say that Ludiades of Megalopolis, in the lifetime of Demetrius, of his own deliberate choice, and foreseeing with great shrewdness and good sense what was going to happen, had abdicated his sovereignty and become a citizen of the national

league. His example was followed by Aristomachus, tyrant of Argos, Xeno of Hermione, and Cleonymus of Phlius, who all likewise abdicated and joined the democratic league.

But the increased power and national advancement which these events brought to the Achæans excited the envy of the Ætolians; who, besides their natural inclination to unjust and selfish aggrandizement, were inspired with the hope of breaking up the union of Achæan states, as they had before succeeded in partitioning those of Acarnania with Alexander, and had planned to do those of Achaia with Antigonus Gonatas. Instigated once more by similar expectations, they had now the assurance to enter into communication and close alliance at once with Antigonus (Doson — acceded B.C. 229) (at that time ruling Macedonia as guardian of the young King Philip), and with Cleomenes, King of Sparta. They saw that Antigonus had undisputed possession of the throne of Macedonia, while he was an open and avowed enemy of the Achæans, owing to the surprise of the Acrocorinthus; and they supposed that if they could get the Lacedæmonians to join them in their hostility to the league, they would easily subdue it, by selecting a favorable opportunity for their attack, and securing that it should be assaulted on all sides at once. And they would in all probability have succeeded, but that they had left out the most important element in the calculation, namely, that in Aratus they had to reckon with an opponent to their plans of ability equal to almost any emergency. Accordingly, when they attempted this violent and unjust interference in Achaia, so far from succeeding in any of their devices, they, on the contrary, strengthened Aratus, the then president of the league, as well as the league itself. So consummate was the ability with which he foiled their plan and reduced them to impotence. The manner in which this was done will be made clear in what I am about to relate.

There could be no doubt of the policy of the Ætolians. They were ashamed indeed to attack the Achæans openly, because they could not ignore their recent obligations to them in the war with Demetrius: but they were plotting with the Lacedæmonians; and showed their jealousy of the Achæans by not only conniving at the treacherous attack of Cleomenes upon Tegea, Mantinea, and Orchomenus (cities not only in alliance with them, but actually members of their league), but by con-

firming his occupation of those places. In old times they had thought almost any excuse good enough to justify an appeal to arms against those who, after all, had done them no wrong; yet they now allowed themselves to be treated with such treachery, and submitted without remonstrance to the loss of the most important towns, solely with the view of creating in Cleomenes a formidable antagonist to the Achæans. These facts were not lost upon Aratus and the other officers of the league; and they resolved that without taking the initiative in going to war with any one, they would resist the attempts of the Lacedæmonians. Such was their determination, and for a time they persisted in it; but immediately afterwards Cleomenes began to build the hostile fort in the territory of Megalopolis, called the Athenæum, and showed an undisguised and bitter hostility. Aratus and his colleagues accordingly summoned a meeting of the league, and it was decided to proclaim war openly against Sparta.

[Aratus gave up to Antigonus the citadel of Corinth, making him master of Greece; and Cleomenes was defeated at Sellasia.]

This was the origin of what is called the Cleomenic War. At first the Achæans were for depending on their own resources for facing the Lacedæmonians. They looked upon it as more honorable not to look to others for preservation, but to guard their own territory and cities themselves; and at the same time the remembrances of his former services made them desirous of keeping up their friendship with Ptolemy (Euergetes, B.C. 247–222), and averse from the appearance of seeking aid elsewhere. But when the war had lasted some time, and Cleomenes had revolutionized the constitution of his country, and had turned its constitutional monarchy into a despotism, and, moreover, was conducting the war with extraordinary skill and boldness, seeing clearly what would happen, and fearing the reckless audacity of the Ætolians, Aratus determined that his first duty was to be well beforehand in frustrating their plans. He satisfied himself that Antigonus was a man of activity and practical ability, with some pretensions to the character of a man of honor; he however knew perfectly well that kings look on no man as a friend or foe from personal considerations, but ever measure friendships and enmities solely by the standard of expediency. He therefore conceived the idea

of addressing himself to this monarch, and entering into friendly relations with him, taking occasion to point out to him the certain result of his present policy. But to act openly in this matter he thought inexpedient for several reasons. By doing so he would not only incur the opposition of Cleomenes and the Ætolians, but would cause consternation among the Achæans themselves, because his appeal to their enemies would give the impression that he had abandoned all the hopes he once had in them. This was the very last idea he desired should go abroad; and he therefore determined to conduct this intrigue in secrecy.

The Battle of Sellasia, B.C. 221.

Cleomenes had expected the attack, and had secured the passes into the country by posting garrisons, digging trenches, and felling trees; while he took up position at a place called Sellasia, with an army amounting to twenty thousand, having calculated that the invading forces would take that direction: which turned out to be the case.

The sight of these preparations decided Antigonus not to make an immediate attack upon the position, or rashly hazard an engagement. He pitched his camp a short distance from it, covering his front by the stream called Gorgylus, and there remained for some days; informing himself by reconnaisances of the peculiarities of the ground and the character of the troops, and at the same time endeavoring by feigned movements to elicit the intentions of the enemy. But he could never find an unguarded point, or one where the troops were not entirely on the alert; for Cleomenes was always ready at a moment's notice to be at any point that was attacked. He therefore gave up all thoughts of attacking the position; and finally an understanding was come to between him and Cleomenes to bring the matter to the decision of battle. And indeed, fortune had there brought into competition two commanders equally endowed by nature with military skill.

The moment for beginning the battle had come: the signal was given to the Illyrians, and the word passed by the officers to their men to do their duty; and at the moment they started into view of the enemy and began assaulting the hill. But the light-armed troops who were stationed with Cleomenes' cavalry, observing that the Achæan lines were not covered by any

other troops behind them, charged them on the rear; and thus reduced the division while endeavoring to carry the hill of Evas to a state of great peril,— being met as they were on their front by Eucleidas from the top of the hill, and being charged and vigorously attacked by the light-armed mercenaries on their rear. It was at this point that Philopœmen of Megalopolis, with a clear understanding of the situation and a foresight of what would happen, vainly endeavored to point out the certain result to his superior officers. They disregarded him for his want of experience in command and his extreme youth; and accordingly he acted for himself, and cheering on the men of his own city made a vigorous charge on the enemy. This effected a diversion; for the light-armed mercenaries, who were engaged in harassing the rear of the party ascending Evas, hearing the shouting and seeing the cavalry engaged, abandoned their attack upon this party and hurried back to their original position to render assistance to the cavalry. The result was that the division of Illyrians, Macedonians, and the rest who were advancing with them, no longer had their attention diverted by an attack upon their rear, and so continued their advance upon the enemy with high spirits and renewed confidence. This afterwards caused it to be acknowledged that to Philopœmen was due the honor of the success against Eucleidas.

It is clear that Antigonus at any rate entertained that opinion; for after the battle he asked Alexander, the commander of the cavalry, with the view of convicting him of his shortcoming, "Why he had engaged before the signal was given?" And upon Alexander answering that "He had not done so, but that a young officer from Megalopolis had presumed to anticipate the signal, contrary to his wish:" Antigonus replied, "That young man acted like a good general in grasping the situation; you, general, were the youngster."

What Eucleidas ought to have done, when he saw the enemy's lines advancing, was to have rushed down at once upon them, thrown their ranks into disorder, and then retired himself step by step to continually higher ground into a safe position; for by thus breaking them up, and depriving them to begin with of the advantages of their peculiar armor and disposition, he would have secured the victory by the superiority of his position. But he did the very opposite of all this, and thereby forfeited the advantages of the ground. As though

victory were assured, he kept his original position on the summit of the hill, with the view of catching the enemy at as great an elevation as possible, that their flight might be all the longer over steep and precipitous ground. The result, as might have been anticipated, was exactly the reverse. For he left himself no place of retreat, and by allowing the enemy to reach his position, unharmed and in unbroken order, he was placed at the disadvantage of having to give them battle on the very summit of the hill: and so, as soon as he was forced by the weight of their heavy armor and their close order to give any ground, it was immediately occupied by the Illyrians; while his own men were obliged to take lower ground, because they had no space for maneuvering on the top. The result was not long in arriving: they suffered a repulse, which the difficult and precipitous nature of the ground over which they had to retire turned into a disastrous flight.

Simultaneously with these events the cavalry engagement was also being brought to a decision, in which all the Achæan cavalry, and especially Philopœmen, fought with conspicuous gallantry, for to them it was a contest for freedom. Philopœmen himself had his horse killed under him, and while fighting accordingly on foot received a severe wound through both his thighs. Meanwhile the two kings on the other hill, Olympus, began by bringing their light-armed troops and mercenaries into action, of which each of them had five thousand. Both the kings and their entire armies had a full view of this action, which was fought with great gallantry on both sides: the charges taking place sometimes in detachments, and at other times along the whole line, and an eager emulation being displayed between the several ranks, and even between individuals. But when Cleomenes saw that his brother's division was retreating, and that the cavalry in the low ground were on the point of doing the same, alarmed at the prospect of an attack at all points at once, he was compelled to demolish the palisade in his front, and to lead out his whole force in line by one side of his position. A recall was sounded on the bugle for the light-armed troops of both sides, who were on the ground between the two armies; and the phalanxes shouting their war cries, and with spears couched, charged each other. Then a fierce struggle arose: the Macedonians sometimes slowly giving ground and yielding to the superior courage of the soldiers of Sparta, and at another time the Lacedæmonians being forced to give

way before the overpowering weight of the Macedonian phalanx. At length Antigonus ordered a charge in close order and in double phalanx; the enormous weight of this peculiar formation proved sufficient to finally dislodge the Lacedæmonians from their strongholds, and they fled in disorder and suffering severely as they went. Cleomenes himself, with a guard of cavalry, effected his retreat to Sparta; but the same night he went down to Gythium, where all preparations for crossing the sea had been made long before in case of mishap, and with his friends sailed to Alexandria.

After the expulsion of Cleomenes (B.C. 222–221) the Peloponnesians, weary of the wars that had taken place, and trusting to the peaceful arrangement that had been come to, neglected all warlike preparations. Aratus, however, indignant and incensed at the audacity of the Ætolians was not inclined to take things so calmly, for he had, in fact, a grudge of long standing against these people. Wherefore he was for instantly summoning the Achæans to an armed levy, and was all eagerness to attack the Ætolians. Eventually he took over from Timoxenus the seal of the league (B.C. 220) five days before the proper time, and wrote to the various cities summoning a meeting in arms of all those who were of the military age, at Megalopolis.

Aratus had many of the qualities of a great ruler. He could speak, and contrive, and conceal his purpose: no one surpassed him in the moderation which he showed in political contests, or in his power of attaching friends and gaining allies: in intrigue, stratagem, and laying plots against a foe, and in bringing them to a successful termination by personal endurance and courage, he was preëminent. Many clear instances of these qualities may be found; but none more convincing than the episodes of the capture of Sicyon and Mantinea, of the expulsion of the Ætolians from Pellene, and especially of the surprise of the Acrocorinthus. On the other hand, whenever he attempted a campaign in the field, he was slow in conception and timid in execution, and without personal gallantry in the presence of danger. The result was that the Peloponnese was full of trophies which marked reverses sustained by him; and that in this particular department he was always easily defeated.

[He died in 213, at fifty-eight, and believed himself poisoned by Philip V., probably without reason.]

In consequence of having been so often elected Strategus of the Achæan League, and of having performed so many splendid services for that people, Aratus after his death met with the honors he deserved, both in his own native city and from the league as a body. They voted him sacrifices and the honors of heroship, and, in a word, everything calculated to perpetuate his memory; so that, if the departed have any consciousness, it is but reasonable to think that he feels pleasure at the gratitude of the Achæans, and at the thought of the hardships and dangers he endured in his life.

Philopœmen.

Philopœmen was of good birth (born B.C. 252), descended from one of the noblest families in Arcadia. He was also educated under that most distinguished Mantinean, Cleander, who had been his father's friend before, and happened at that time to be in exile. When he came to man's estate, he attached himself to Ecdemus and Demophanes, who were by birth natives of Megalopolis, but who, having been exiled by the tyrant, and having associated with the philosopher Arcesilaus during their exile, not only set their own country free by entering into an intrigue against Aristodemus the tyrant, but also helped in conjunction with Aratus to put down Nicocles, the tyrant of Sicyon. On another occasion, also, on the invitation of the people of Cyrene, they stood forward as their champions and preserved their freedom for them. Such were the men with whom he passed his early life; and he at once began to show a superiority to his contemporaries by his power of enduring hardships in hunting, and by his acts of daring in war. He was, moreover, careful in his manner of life, and moderate in the outward show which he maintained; for he had imbibed from these men the conviction, that it was impossible for a man to take the lead in public business with honor who neglected his own private affairs; nor again to abstain from embezzling public money if he lived beyond his private income.

Being then appointed Hipparch by the Achæan league at this time (210), and finding the squadrons in a state of utter demoralization, and the men thoroughly dispirited, he not only restored them to a better state than they were, but in a short

time made them even superior to the enemy's cavalry, by bringing them all to adopt habits of real training and genuine emulation.

[An account of his military reforms is given. He had also rebuked dandyism in the officers, and urged them to transfer the care of their persons to their armor, which they do.]

So true it is that a single word spoken by a man of credit is often sufficient not only to turn men from the worst courses, but even to incite them to the noblest. But when such a speaker can appeal to his own life as in harmony with his words, then indeed his exhortation carries a weight which nothing can exceed. And this was above all others the case with Philopœmen. For in his dress and eating, as well as in all that concerned his bodily wants, he was plain and simple; in his manners to others without ceremony or pretense; and throughout his life he made it his chief aim to be absolutely sincere. Consequently a few unstudied words from him were sufficient to raise a firm conviction in the minds of his hearers; for as he could point to his own life as an example, they wanted little more to convince them. Thus it happened, on several occasions, that the confidence he inspired, and the consciousness of his achievements, enabled him in a few words to overthrow long and, as his opponents thought, skillfully argued speeches.

So on this occasion, as soon as the council of the league separated, all returned to their cities deeply impressed both by the words and the man himself, and convinced that no harm could happen to them with him at their head. Immediately afterwards Philopœmen set out on a visitation of the cities, which he performed with great energy and speed. He then summoned a levy of citizens (B.C. 208), and began forming them into companies and drilling them; and at last, after eight months of this preparation and training, he mustered his forces at Mantinea, prepared to fight the tyrant Machanidas in behalf of the freedom of all the Peloponnesians.

Second Battle of Mantinea.

Machanidas had now acquired great confidence, and looked upon the determination of the Achæans as extremely favorable to his plans. As soon as he heard of their being in force at Mantinea (B.C. 207), he duly harangued his Lacedæmonians at Tegea, and the very next morning at daybreak advanced upon

Mantinea. He led the right wing of the phalanx himself; his mercenaries marched in two parallel columns on each side of his front, and behind them were carts carrying quantities of field artillery and bolts for the catapults. Meanwhile Philopœmen, too, had arranged his army in three divisions, and was leading them out of Mantinea.

Machanidas at first looked as though he meant to attack the enemy's right wing in column; but when he got within moderate distance he deployed into line by the right, and by this extension movement made his right wing cover the same amount of ground as the left wing of the Achæans, and fixed his catapults in front of the whole force at intervals. Philopœmen understood that the enemy's plan was, by pouring volleys from the catapults into his phalanx, to throw the ranks into confusion; he therefore gave him no time or interval of repose, but opened the engagement by a vigorous charge of his Tarentines close to the temple of Poseidon, where the ground was flat and suitable for cavalry. Whereupon Machanidas was constrained to follow suit by sending his Tarentines forward also.

At first the struggle was confined to these two forces, and was maintained with spirit. But the light-armed troops coming gradually to the support of such of them as were wavering, in a very short time the whole of the mercenaries on either side were engaged. They fought sometimes in close order, sometimes in pairs; and for a long time so entirely without decisive result that the rest of the two armies, who were watching in which direction the cloud of dust inclined, could come to no conclusion, because both sides maintained for a long while exactly their original ground. But after a time the mercenaries of the tyrant began to get the better of the struggle, from their numbers, and the superiority in skill obtained by long practice, the Illyrians and men with body armor, who formed the reserve supporting the mercenaries of the Achæan army, were unable to withstand their assault; but were all driven from their position, and fled in confusion towards the city of Mantinea, which was about seven stades distant.

And now there occurred an undoubted instance of what some doubt, namely, that the issues in war are for the most part decided by the skill or want of skill of the commanders. For though perhaps it is a great thing to be able to follow up a first success properly, it is a greater thing still that, when the first step has proved a failure, a man should retain his presence of

mind, keep a good lookout for any error of judgment on the part of the victors, and avail himself of their mistakes. At any rate one often sees the side, which imagines itself to have obtained a clear victory, ultimately lose the day; while those who seemed at first to have failed recover themselves by presence of mind, and ultimately win an unexpected victory. Both happened on this occasion to the respective leaders.

The whole of the Achæan mercenaries having been driven from their ground, and their left wing having been thoroughly broken up, Machanidas abandoned his original plan of winning the day by outflanking the enemy with some of his forces and charging their front with others, and did neither; but, quite losing his head, rushed forward heedlessly with all his mercenaries in pursuit of the fugitives, as though the panic was not in itself sufficient to drive those who had once given way up to the town gates.

Meanwhile the Achæan general was doing all he could to rally the mercenaries, addressing the officers by name, and urging them to stand; but when he saw that they were hopelessly beaten, he did not run away in a panic nor give up the battle in despair, but, withdrawing under cover of his phalanx, waited until the enemy had passed him in their pursuit, and left the ground on which the fighting had taken place empty, and then immediately gave the word to the front companies of the phalanx to wheel to the left, and advance at the double, without breaking their ranks. He thus swiftly occupied the ground abandoned by his mercenaries, and at once cut off the pursuers from returning, and got on higher ground than the enemy's right wing. He exhorted the men to keep up their courage, and remain where they were, until he gave the word for a general advance; and he ordered Polybius of Megalopolis to collect such of the Illyrians and body armor men and mercenaries as remained behind and had not taken part in the flight, and form a reserve on the flank of the phalanx, to keep a lookout against the return of the pursuers. Thereupon the Lacedæmonians, excited by the victory gained by the light-armed contingent, without waiting for the word of command, brought their sarissæ to the charge and rushed upon the enemy. But when in the course of their advance they reached the edge of the dike, being unable at that point to change their purpose and retreat when at such close quarters with the enemy, and partly because they did not consider the dike a serious obstacle, as the slope

down to it was very gradual, and it was entirely without water or underwood growing in it, they continued their advance through it without stopping to think.

The opportunity for attack which Philopœmen had long foreseen had now arrived. He at once ordered the phalanx to bring their sarissæ to the charge and advance. The men obeyed with enthusiasm, and accompanied their charge with a ringing cheer. The ranks of the Lacedæmonians had been disorganized by the passage of the dike, and as they ascended the opposite bank, they found the enemy above them. They lost courage and tried to fly; but the greater number of them were killed in the ditch itself, partly by the Achæans, and partly by trampling on each other. Now this result was not unpremeditated or accidental, but strictly owing to the acuteness of the general. For Philopœmen originally took ground behind the dike, not to avoid fighting, as some supposed, but from a very accurate and scientific calculation of strategical advantages. He reckoned either that Machanidas when he arrived would advance without thinking of the dike, and that then his phalanx would get entangled, just as I have described their actually doing; or that if he advanced with a full apprehension of the difficulty presented by the dike, and then changing his mind and deciding to shrink from the attempt, were to retire in loose order and a long straggling column, the victory would be his, without a general engagement, and the defeat his adversary's. For this has happened to many commanders, who having drawn up their men for battle, and then concluded that they were not strong enough to meet their opponents, either from the nature of the ground, the disparity of their numbers, or for other reasons have drawn off in too long a line of march, and hoped in the course of the retreat to win a victory, or at least get safe away from the enemy, by means of their rear guard alone.

However, Philopœmen was not deceived in his prognostication of what would happen; for the Lacedæmonians were thoroughly routed. Seeing therefore that his phalanx was victorious, and that he had gained a complete and brilliant success, he set himself vigorously to secure the only thing wanting to complete it, that is, to prevent the escape of Machanidas. Seeing, therefore, that, in the course of the pursuit, he was caught between the dike and the town with his mercenaries, he waited for him to attempt a return. But when Machanidas saw that his army was in full retreat, with the enemy at their heels, he

knew that he had advanced too far, and had lost his chance of victory; he therefore rallied the mercenaries that he had with him, and tried to form close order, and cut his way through the enemy, while they were still scattered and engaged in the pursuit. Some of his men, understanding his plan and seeing no other hope of safety, kept by him at first; but when they came upon the ground, and saw the Achæans guarding the bridge over the dike, they lost heart, and the whole company began falling away from him, each doing the best he could to preserve his own life. Thereupon the tyrant gave up all hope of making his way over the bridge, and rode along the edge of the dike, trying with all his might to find a place he could cross.

[Philopœmen kills him in a hand-to-hand encounter.]

Simias immediately . . . carried off the tyrant's head, and then hurried off to overtake the pursuing party, being eager to give the soldiers ocular evidence of the fall of the enemy's commander, that they might continue the pursuit of their opponents with all the more confidence and spirit right up to Tegea. And this, in fact, added so greatly to the spirit of the men that it contributed more than anything else to their carrying Tegea by assault, and pitching their camp next day on the Eurotas, undisputed masters of all the open country. For many years past they had been vainly trying to drive the enemy from their own borders, but now they were themselves devastating Laconia without resistance, without having lost any great number of their own men in the battle; while they had killed not less than four thousand Lacedæmonians, taken even more prisoners, and possessed themselves of all their baggage and arms.

Philopœmen and Aristænus, the Achæans, were unlike both in character and policy. Philopœmen was formed by nature in body and mind for the life of a soldier, Aristænus for a statesman and debater. In politics they differed in this, that whereas during the periods of the wars with Philip and Antiochus, Roman influence having become supreme in Greece, Aristænus directed his policy with the idea of carrying out with alacrity every order from Rome, and sometimes even of anticipating it, still he endeavored to keep up the appearance of abiding by the laws, and did in fact maintain the reputation of doing so, only giving way when any one of them proved to plainly militate against the rescripts from Rome, — but Philopœmen accepted, and loyally performed, all Roman orders which were in

harmony with the laws and the terms of their alliance; but when such orders exceeded these limits, he could not make up his mind to yield a willing obedience, but was wont first to demand an arbitration, and to repeat the demand a second time; and if this proved unavailing, to give in at length under protest, and so finally carry out the order. . . .

Aristænus used to defend his policy before the Achæans by some such arguments as these: "It was impossible to maintain the Roman friendship by holding out the spear and the herald's staff together. If we have the resolution to withstand them face to face, and can do so, well and good. But Philopœmen himself does not venture to assert this: why should we lose what is possible in striving for the impossible? There are but two marks that every policy must aim at, — honor and expediency. Those to whom honor is a possible attainment should stick to that, if they have political wisdom; those to whom it is not, must take refuge in expediency. To miss both is the surest proof of unwisdom; and the men to do that are clearly those who, while ostensibly consenting to obey orders, carry them out with reluctance and hesitation. Therefore we must either show that we are strong enough to refuse obedience, or, if we dare not venture even to suggest that, we must give a ready submission to orders."

Philopœmen, however, said that "People should not suppose him so stupid as not to be able to estimate the difference between the Achæan and Roman states, or the superiority of the power of the latter. But as it is the inevitable tendency of the stronger to oppress the weaker, can it be expedient to assist the designs of the superior power, and to put no obstacle in their way, so as to experience as soon as possible the utmost of their tyranny? Is it not, on the contrary, better to resist and struggle to the utmost of our power? And if they persist in forcing their injunctions upon us, and if by reminding them of the facts we do something to soften their resolution, we shall at any rate mitigate the harshness of their rule to a certain extent, especially as up to this time the Romans, as you yourself say, Aristænus, have always made a great point of fidelity to oaths, treaties, and promises to allies. But if we at once condemn the justice of our own cause, and, like captives of the spear, offer an unquestioning submission to every order, what will be the difference between the Achæans and the Sicilians or Capuans, who have been notoriously slaves this long time past?

Therefore, it must either be admitted that the justice of a cause has no weight with the Romans, or, if we do not venture to say that, we must stand by our rights, and not abandon our own cause, especially as our position in regard to Rome is exceedingly strong and honorable. That the time will come when the Greeks will be forced to give unlimited obedience, I know full well. But would one wish to see this time as soon or as late as possible? Surely as late as possible! In this, then, my policy differs from that of Aristænus. He wishes to see the inevitable arrive as quickly as possible, and even to help it to come: I wish to the best of my power to resist and ward it off."

From these speeches it was made clear that while the policy of the one was honorable, of the other undignified, both were founded on considerations of safety. Wherefore, while both Romans and Greeks were at that time threatened vith serious dangers from Philip and Antiochus, yet both these statesmen maintained the rights of the Achæans in regard to the Romans undiminished; though a report found its way about that Aristænus was better affected to the Romans than Philopœmen.

HELLAS AND ROME.

By LORD DE TABLEY.

[John Byrne Leicester Warren, Lord de Tabley, was born in 1835, died in 1897. He gained great note as a collector of and writer on "book plates," but was also a poet of fine talent. His books were "Eclogues and Monodramas" (1864), "Rehearsals" (1870).]

Of Greece the Muse of Glory sings,
  Of Greece in furious onset brave;
Whose mighty fleets, on falcon wings,
  To vengeance sweep across the wave.

There on the mounded flats of Troy
  The hero captains of the morn
Come forth and conquer, though the boy
  Of Thetis keeps his tent in scorn.

There in the sweet Ionian prime
  The much enduring sailor goes,
And from the thorny paths of time
  He plucks adventure like a rose.

Rome

There sits Atrides, grave and great,
Grim king of blood and lust-deeds done,
Caught in the iron wheels of Fate
To hand the curse from sire to son.

A fated race! And who are these
With viper locks and scorpion rods,
Dim shades of ruin and disease,
Who float around his household gods?

Alas, for wife and children small:
Blood comes, as from the rosebush bloom;
The very dogs about his hall
Are conscious of their master's doom.

Or see the fleet victorious steed
In Pindar's whirlwind sweep along,
To whom a more than mortal meed
Remains, the bard's eternal song.

What are the statues Phidias cast,
But dust between the palms of Fate?
A thousand winters cannot blast
Their leaf; if Pindar celebrate.

Great Hiero, Lord of Syracuse,
Or Theron, chief of Acragas,
These despots wisely may refuse
Record in unending brass.

For Pindar sang the sinewy frame,
The nimble athlete's supple grip;
He gave the gallant horse to fame,
Who passed the goal without a whip,

The coursers of the island kings
Jove-born, magnanimously calm:
When gathered Greece at Elis rings
In pæan of the victor's palm.

Or hear the shepherd bard divine
Transfuse the music of his lay
With echoes from the mountain pine,
And wave-wash from the answering bay.

And all around in pasturing flocks
His goatherds flute with plaintive reeds,

His lovers whisper from the rocks,
  His halcyons flit o'er flowery meads:

Where galingale with iris blends
  In plumy fringe of lady fern;
And sweet the Dorian wave descends
  From topmost Ætna's snowbright urn.

Or gentle Arethusa lies,
  Beside her brimming fountain sweet,
With lovely brow and languid eyes,
  And river lilies at her feet.

Or listen to the lordly hymn,
  The weird Adonis, pealing new,
Full of the crimson twilight dim,
  Bathed in Astarte's fiery dew.

In splendid shrine without a breath
  The wounded lonely hunter lies;
And who has decked the couch of death?
  The sister-spouse of Ptolemies.

We seem to hear a god's lament,
  The sobbing pathos of despair;
We seem to see her garments rent,
  And ashes in ambrosial hair.

Clouds gather where the mystic Nile,
  Seven-headed, stains the ambient deep,
The chidden sun forgets to smile,
  Where lilies on Lake Mœris sleep.

Slumber and silence cloud the face
  Of Isis in gold-ivory shrine,
And silence seems to reach the race
  Whose youth was more than half divine.

'Tis gone — the chords no longer glow;
  The bards of Greece forget to sing;
Their hands are numb, their hearts are slow;
  Their numbers creep without a wing.

Their ebbing Helicons refuse
  The droplet of a droughty tide.
The fleeting footsteps of the Muse
  We follow to the Tiber side.

The Dorian Muse with Cypris ends;
With Cypris wakes the Latian lyre;
And, sternly sweet, Lucretius blends
Her praise inspired with epic fire.

To thee, my Themmius, amply swells
Rich prelude to her genial power,
Her world-renewing force, which dwells
In man, bird, insect, fish, or flower.

Supremely fair, serenely sweet,
The wondering waves beheld her birth,
The power whose regal pulses beat
Through every fiber of the earth.

Why should we tax the gods with woe?
They sit outside, they bear no part;
They never wove the rainbow's glow,
They never built the human heart.

These careless idlers who can blame?
If Chance and Nature govern men:
The universe from atoms came,
And back to atoms rolls again.

As earthly kings they keep their state,
The cup of joy is in their hands;
The war note deepens at their gate,
They hear a wail of hungry lands.

They feast, they let the turmoil drive,
And Nature scorns their fleeting sway:
She ruled before they were alive,
She rules when they are passed away.

Before the poet's wistful face
The flaming walls of ether glow:
He sees the lurid brink of space,
Nor trembles at the gulf below.

He feels himself a foundering bark,
Tossed on the tides of time alone;
Blindly he rushes on the dark,
Nor waits his summons to be gone.

Wake, mighty Virgil, nor refuse
Some glimpses of thy laureled face:

Sound westward, wise Ausonian Muse,
The epic of a martial race.

Grim warriors, whom the wolf dug rears,
Strong legions, patient, steadfast, brave,
Who meet the shock of hostile spears,
As sea walls meet the trivial wave.

Justice and Peace their highest good,
By sacred law they held their sway;
The ruler's instinct in their blood
Taught them to govern and obey.

They crushed the proud, the weak they spared,
They loosed the prostrate captive's chain
And civic rights and birthright shared
Made him respect their equal reign.

They grappled in their nervous hands
The natives as a lump of dough;
To Calpe came their gleaming bands,
To Ister grinding reefs of snow.

And where the reedy Mincius rolled
By Manto's marsh the crystal swan,
There Maro smote his harp of gold,
And on the chords fierce glory shone.

The crested meter clomb and fell;
The sounding word, the burnished phrase
Rocked on like ocean's tidal swell,
With sunbeams on the waterways.

He sang the armored man of fate,
The father of eternal Rome,
The great begetter of the great,
Who piled the empire yet to come.

He sang of Daphnis, rapt to heaven,
At threshold of Olympian doors,
Who sees below the cloud-rack driven,
And wonders at the gleaming floors.

He sang the babe whose wondrous birth,
By Cumæ's sibyl long foretold,
Should rule a renovated earth,
An empire and an age of gold.

He sang great Gallus, wrapt in woe,
When sweet Lycoris dared depart
To follow in the Rhineland snow
The soldier of her fickle heart.

The nectared lips that sang are mute,
And dust the pale Virgilian brows,
And dust the wonder of the lute,
And dust around the charnel-house.

Above the aloes spiring tall,
Among the oleander's bloom,
Urned in a craggy mountain hall,
The peasant points to Virgil's tomb.

The empire, which oppressed the world,
Has vanished like a bead of foam;
And down the rugged Goths have hurled
The slender roseleaf sons of Rome.

For ages in some northern cave
The plaintive Muse of herdsmen slept,
Till, waking by the Cam's wise wave,
Once more her Lycid lost she wept.

As pilgrims to thy realm of death,
Great Maro, we are humbly come,
To breathe one hour thy native breath,
To scan the lordly wreck of Rome.

And though thy muses all are fled
To some uncouth Teutonic town,
Sleep, minstrel of the mighty dead,
Sleep in the fields of thy renown.

THE MILLENNIAL GREECE.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

(From "Hellas.")

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 3, p. 311.]

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,

The earth doth like a snake renew
  Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
  From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
  Against the morning star;
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
  Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sighs again,
  And loves, and weeps, and dies;
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
  If earth Death's scroll must be—
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
  Which dawns upon the free,
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
  And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
  The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
  Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than one who rose,
  Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh cease! must hate and death return?
  Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
  Of bitter prophecy!
The world is weary of the past,—
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

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